

PUNCH

VOL 83



LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1882.

AP101
P8
J.83

DECEMBER
1883



THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

LONDON:
BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



THE Supreme Moment had arrived, and a wild shout of triumphant rejoicing went up from the Astronomers.

They were of all sorts and conditions, these last. A motley crew; for among them were Statesmen, Poets, Financiers, Philosophers, and the larger and lesser lights of Science, Literature, and Art.

But with one accord they all swept their well-smoked seventy-five-inch reflectors on to the central wonder of the hour, and watched the progress of the Great Transit in an attitude of inquiring but respectful awe.

It was a tremendous and memorable phenomenon. The internal contact of Ingress was over, and the dark body of the living planet, that seemed to have a majestic wink in its eye, was now moving swiftly but splendidly across the illuminated disc of the great world beyond.

"Ach! mein Gott! but it is nicely I have focussed him!" shouted a burly German Chancellor, quite carried away by the impressive brilliance of the spectacle. "So! I have him. See, he already corrects for us the political parallax."

"Extremely glad, my dear Chancellor, that he has induced you to admit the possibility of correcting anything." It was a Grand Old Man that spoke, and as he followed the remarkable object, now clearly defined in the very meridian of its passage, he saluted it instinctively, through his eye-piece, with a friendly but courteous nod. "Ah," he continued, following the progress with reflective interest, "we are very old friends, he and I; and I think I may venture to add that for a period of something like two-and-forty years I have seldom if ever had my eye off him. *Hinc illi triumph!*"

"Mais, sapristi, mon bon WILLIAMS, but you anticipate!" rejoined a portly Frenchman, whose arm was still in a sling. "Triumphus, indeed! *Le vrai triomphe* is not for one alone. *Il faut que nous y soyons.* Without us your year closes in a fanfaronade. Oui. But it is only yet December. Do not promise yourself too much!"

"It is far better to promise yourself something in December than in May," remarked a melancholy Astronomer in an ample cloak and a sad voice.

There was an unsympathetic laugh from the scientific crowd, and the Speaker might have replied. But at that moment the marvellous load-star of their speculations neared the further limit of the gleaming orb.

Once more, amid a breathless silence, a thousand seventy-five-inch reflectors were following the course of the mystifying Planet.

And now the lineaments and features of a striking and familiar face began to be visible, as the vivid body prepared to enter upon the internal contact of Egress. A thrill of strange delight swept over the multitude.

"It is not Venus—it is more beautiful!" shouted several thousand enthusiastic voices in chorus.

"Quite so; and it seems to be taking on a remarkably pleasing appearance; undergoing a species of natural development!" cried a Noble Earl, sympathetically. "'Sans changer' is a fine motto, but give me the surprise of practical progress."

"Kismet! let me have a look, then!" whined a slippered Buffoon in a fez, at the same moment trying in vain to fix the moving wonder of the heavens with half an inverted and cracked opera-glass. "But I can see nothing," he added, in disgust. "I never can."

"None so blind as those who won't see," threw in an Egyptian Philosopher, quietly working out his passage to Ceylon in a cushioned arm-chair, and surveying the transit tranquilly through the smoke of his cigarette. "But, dear me," he continued, with placid interest, "in the name of the Pharaohs, what is the humorous celestial body about?"

As he spoke the now living ball of the Planet, in apparent obedience to some wondrous law of its existence, seemed slowly to uncoil itself, and be feeling for something in its coat-pocket. In another moment it had flung a glittering parcel into the air.

There was a cry of frantic excitement from the bewildered Astronomers.

"Who is he? What is he about? What has he cast to us?" they shouted.

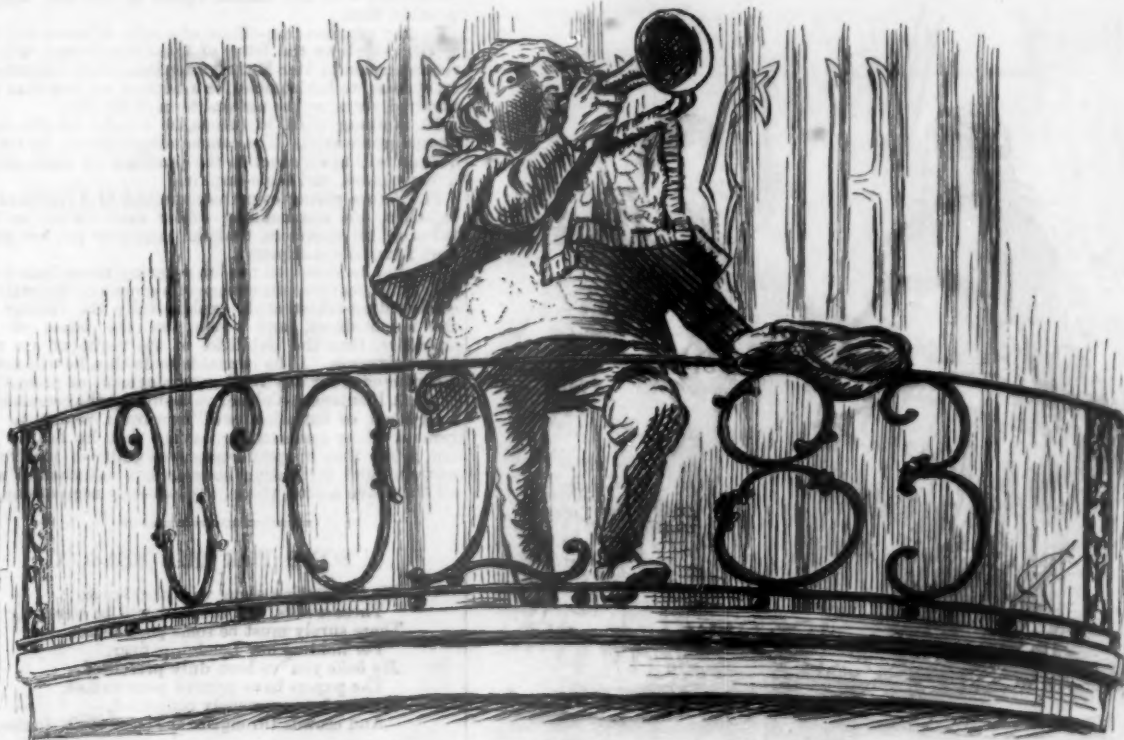
"Don't you know?" replied a stout, good-natured-looking old Gentleman, shutting up his telescope. "Why, that's my trusted old friend, Mr. PUNCH, making his half-yearly transit across the world; and——"

At this moment a magnificent book shot from the heavens into the midst of the now capering throng.

"I thought so!" continued the Speaker, indicating the splendid present with satisfaction. "And that is his——"

"Eighty-Third Volume!"





A MODEL TRIAL; OR, HOW MUCH MORE OF IT?

THIS was the four hundred and seventeenth day of the hearing of this important case. The interest of the public in the proceedings showed no signs of abatement, and the Court, as in former years, was crowded in every nook and corner by a highly select and aristocratic audience.



On taking his seat on the Bench, Mr. BARON BUBBLESOME, who seemed in excellent spirits, ordered an additional row of stalls to be added to the Bench, in order to accommodate several distinguished members of the Peerage who had been awaiting his arrival.

Lord TILBURY SMUDGITT being recalled, for the fifteenth time, deposed.—I have spent a great deal of the various intervals that have elapsed, owing to the repeated adjournments of this trial, in continuing my dabbling a little in sculpture. I have done a few more colossal groups; one of them political, one representing "The Struggles of the Titans." The models were all members of the aristocracy.

The work referred to, which consisted of thirteen figures, five-and-twenty feet high, engaged in violent combat, was here brought through the window into the Court, and placed on the Counsel's table.

Baron Bubblesome. Ah, they are excellent likenesses, Lord TILBURY, every one of them. (*To the Jury.*) As Lord TILBURY SMUDGITT says, they are all likenesses of members of the aristocracy. I have known them personally, and can compliment him thoroughly on his success.

Fifty-second Expert (*steps into witness-box, and, in answer to the first question, replies*). I am a Music-Master.

Mr. Baron Bubblesome. Pardon me, but what is the object of calling this Witness?

Sir Hardly Differd, Q.C. May it please your Ludship, as it has been stated in the alleged libel that the Plaintiff lacks accomplishments, we are calling Witnesses to prove that, on the contrary, he is a most accomplished gentleman.

Mr. Baron Bubblesome (*waving his hand*). Oh, I see; but as the Plaintiff has had the honour of shaking hands with an Earl, I should almost have thought such a course unnecessary. (*Smiles at the Jury.*) Eh, Gentlemen?

Sir Hardly. I am afraid, my Lud, with all respect, that I must press the point.

Mr. Baron Bubblesome (*with elaborate politeness*). Oh, very well! (*Expert is about to continue.*) Allow me. It seems that this gentleman is a Music-Master? (*Expert bows.*) You play the big-drum? (*Same business.*) Then I will myself test your proficiency. (*Loud applause in Court.*) If you will kindly follow me into my private room, I will, at a considerable sacrifice of personal convenience, carry out my intention. (*With intense courtesy.*) The Court stands adjourned until I have learned to play the drum—the big-drum! (*Great applause, amidst which his Ludship retires.* For some time a loud banging is heard, when the Judge and the Witness return.) I have satisfied myself that the Witness is a perfect master of the instrument I have selected. He has made me as proficient a performer as himself. (*Loud applause.*) And now, Sir HARDLY, we will go on. (*Smiles at the Jury, and waves his hand with extreme courtesy.*) As the Plaintiff has had the honour of shaking hands with an Earl, I scarcely think these Witnesses are necessary; but we will go on.

Fifty-third Expert called.

Fifty-third Expert. I am a Professor of Athletic Exercises. Mr. Baron Bubblesome. Pardon me, I will pursue the course I have already followed. (*Courteously to Jury.*) At great personal inconvenience, I will test this gentleman's proficiency in ground and lofty tumbling. I, myself, will receive instruction in the flying-trapeze. (*Great applause, during which his Ludship and Expert retire. Sounds of heavy falls, and loud groans. After a long pause they return—his Ludship rubbing his back painfully.*) I find that this Witness is most expert in the businesses of leaping, which have been his especial study. I have been caused great personal inconvenience. (*Murmurs of sympathy.*) Really, considering that the Plaintiff has shaken hands with an Earl—(*Smiles at, and bows to Jury.*) But we will go on—go on.

[Other Experts are examined, and Mr. Baron BUBBLESOME takes lessons in Horsemanship, Comic Singing, Amateur Cookery, and Salmon Fishing. Trial adjourned over another vacation.]

HAPPY THOUGHT.—"The Pale of Society." Most of the young men and women, M.P.'s, and other Up-all-nighters, at the close of the London Season.



A DISQUISITION ON WAISTS.

"MY DEAR SOPHY, YOU ARE KILLING YOURSELF BY INCHES!"

"MY DEAR AUNT LOO, YOU ARE KILLING YOURSELF BY YARDS!"

WARRIORS IN A NICE MESS!

THE following general order, in addition to the one already issued upon the subject of Mess Expenses by the Commander-in-Chief, is hourly expected to be circulated:—

1. The monthly mess bills will be paid on or before the 7th of each succeeding month. Any officer neglecting to comply with this regulation will at once have his effects sold by public auction, and be called upon to resign his commission for the benefit of his brother officers, being junior to himself, who will settle amongst themselves, in equal proportions of so many days' pay, the deficit.
2. Before any officer goes out for a walk, after parade, he will make a declaration upon oath that he has paid for his breakfast.
3. Commanding officers, with a view to discountenancing, in every way, all extravagant living amongst their officers, will frequently substitute, for their ordinary dinners, an egg with their tea.
4. The custom in some regiments of asking a guest in to lunch, is strictly forbidden in future.
5. Balls, and all other expensive regimental entertainments, can only be given on the responsibility of officers commanding corps, who will obtain the permission of the General commanding the district, which will be countersigned by the Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant General, after being submitted to the Chief of the Pay Department, acting in consultation with the representative of the Chaplain-General. Officers refusing to contribute to the expenses will receive the special countenance and protection of their Colonels, who will take care to supply them with a month's shooting, or a fortnight's fishing, at their own cost, as a small reward, in recognition of their *esprit de corps*, hospitality, and generosity.
6. Expenses of all entertainments that may be allowed, will be submitted to the General officer at his annual inspections, and an abstract of the accounts will be published in the local journals, for the information of the regimental guests.
7. All mess accounts will be audited monthly, writs against the Mess Committee being issued, at the same time, for all outstanding accounts. To carry this regulation into effect more easily, officers of the sheriffs of the county will be *ex officio* honorary members of the mess.
8. Any officer presenting the mess with a silver tea-spoon, or an electro-plated lucifer-box, on the occasion of a first appointment or promotion, will be

prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law, and, if possible, shot.

9. Any commanding-officer who fails to carry out the spirit, as well as the letter of these regulations, will be recommended to Her MAJESTY for immediate execution; or, at least, to banishment for a term of not less than one hundred years, or the natural term of his life.

10. Nothing shall, in future, be bought for the mess except necessaries. The commanding-officers, in consequence, will never sanction the purchase of tooth-picks, finger-glasses, and table-napkins.

11. Before giving over the command of a regiment or battalion, the commanding-officer shall swear, on the bones of his ancestors, that the mess does not owe more than fourpence-halfpenny.

12. In the event of the mess owing more than fourpence-halfpenny on the change of a command, the retiring commanding-officer shall explain fully the reasons for the indebtedness, and swear, on the bones of his ancestors, that the liabilities of the regiment are well under sixpence. If he is unable to do this, he will not be recommended for any further employment or promotion.

13. A Lieutenant-Colonel on assuming the command of a regiment or battalion, will forward a report to the general officer commanding, saying that he has, or has not, found that his predecessor was guilty of insolvency or fraud, and intimating his complete satisfaction with all the above useful, polite, and soldierly regulations.

A SONG FOR THE SEASON.

WE'RE getting along with the Season!

Three weeks, and the Row will be clear;

There surely must be some good reason

For holding our London so dear.

Ma belle you've been duly presented,

The papers have printed your names,

Mamma was supremely contented,

And crowds thronged the street of St. James.

And now come the out-of-town dinners,

"At homes," with the crush on the stairs,

Of witty and wicked old sinners,

And young ones who give themselves airs.

How Fashion's kaleidoscope changes,

In Park, Piccadilly, Pall Mall;

When many a maiden arranges

Her future—how fare you, *ma belle*?

"I've lived and have loved," said the poet.

And you, while you live, do you love?

Is one face, though scarcely you know it,

All the other new faces above?

Is one voice more sweet than all voices?

Does one hand weave magical spell?

The heart that loves wisely rejoices—

How is it with you, then, *ma belle*?

Unless you keep troth, as a maiden,

In even this era, may do,

Unless with no false vows you're laden,

Unless you are honest and true,

In spite of the pearls and the coral,

Or diamonds, trust me, *ma belle*,

You'll weep o'er the bitter old moral—

"*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle!*"

SCRUTTON V. TAYLOR.

THE result of this Scrutton into the case affecting the St. Paul's Industrial School was that Miss TAYLOR had to pay a thousand pounds damages, and "was lustily cheered by the crowd on her leaving Court." This was cheering, of course; but only a large subscription will be consolatory as compensation. Sir HENRY HAWKINS, who in hot weather could stifle Justice herself in his Court, if she couldn't sit with all the windows closed, might have adorned his speech with this moral, addressed to Miss TAYLOR:—

"Though justly indignant, pray don't interfere,
Unless you have got the right pig by the ear."

ARMS FOR THE SALVATION ARMY.—Converted Rifles.



CETEWAYO'S COMING!

WHAT 'LL THEY DO WITH HIM? "NO REASONABLE OFFER REFUSED."

IMPROVEMENT AND NO D.T.-ERIORATION.—Opening in State of the new *Daily Telegraph* Offices last Wednesday, when Royal Highnesses, Grand Transparencies, Excellencies, General Brilliances, and All the Talents were sumptuously entertained from ten at night till any time the next morning. "Machinery and Music" were combined, though a band was scarcely required, seeing what a "powerful Organ" the Proprietors of the D. T. possess on their own premises. Ladies were shown the separate loose boxes where the leaders are kept, and the stall where Pegasus stands ready saddled and bridled for the most daring journalist. The room where "ARNOLD'S Exercises" are written attracted much attention, and the D. T. special composer, Signor An-Di-Ti, was much interested in visiting the "compositeurs" department. The Electric Light was rendered almost unnecessary by the presence of "G.A.S.," whose brilliant reflections will make memorable the brightest days of the D. T. as the George Augustan Era of Journalism. "Great crowd," observed a Noble Duke, who, from his interest in the Fire Brigade, is generally sup-

posed to be ready to throw cold water on everything, and desirous of even putting out the "Grand Old Man." "Great crowd," repeated a certain Royal Personage, adding, as he turned to the Proprietor-Editor, "in fact quite a Levée-Lawson."

CAKES AND CUSTOMS.—Foreigners visiting Richmond should be always recommended to try the favourite food of the natives—those little cakes called Maids of Honour. And when they visit Windsor they should be careful to show their thorough acquaintance with English manners and customs by ordering at dessert several cakes of Old Windsor. Taken with water, on a dusty day, they are highly recommended by the faculty.

MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS will probably engage CETEWAYO to appear as *Othello* for a few weeks. Why not the Jersey "LILLIE" for *Desdemona*? Here's a chance!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



"THE NOSES HAVE IT."

[The writer of *From the Cross Benches*, in the *Observer*, has drawn attention to the eye-glasses of the House of Commons, through which individual Members take their peculiar views of public affairs. The "Ayes" having had it "with glasses round," our Artist has let the "Noes" have it. The public will find little difficulty in apportioning each nose to its rightful owner, as in every instance the correct tip has been given.]

House of Commons, Monday Night, June 26.—Great rush on CHAPLIN to-night. Always the case now when there comes up geographical question. Everybody turns to CHAPLIN. The thing to know is, where 's Birkenhead, and how to get there? Overmastering desire to see the place that has returned Mr. MACLIVER as its representative. Some difficulty in finding CHAPLIN. Mind distracted by the affairs of Europe. Still, always accessible to humble querists. Ever ready to impart useful information.

"Birkenhead," he says, "is a one-horse place situate on the Mersey, a river which runs from land to sea, through Runcorn and other salubrious rural districts."

Lot of men going down. Spend Saturday to Monday, thoroughly examine the place, and make acquaintance of the singular people who live there. Meanwhile, have MACLIVER with us, more than ever like Jack-in-the-Box, popping up every two minutes at question time with intent to move Adjournment. The SPEAKER, who takes a fatherly interest in young men, did his best to save the youth, but no use. Egged on by Members near him, who are always ready for a lark.

"It's that young rascal, HICKS, that's at the bottom of this," HARCOURT says, with trained faculty for getting at the root of conspiracies.

MACLIVER on his legs, gets in a word occasionally edgewise amid the uproar. Howled at impartially from both sides. Cheered on by the humorous HICKS.

It was when he sat down that there was a rush for CHAPLIN, to get to know all about Birkenhead. *Business done.*—Obstruction.

Tuesday Morning.—We are a great business assembly, and a pattern to the world. Wasted our time till Midnight, then set to work. Then Westminster saw another sight. SPEAKER ill, and no wonder. But nothing can tame the restless spirit of LYON PLAYFAIR, nor sap his monumental energy.

"Could you manage without me in the morning, PLAYFAIR?" SPEAKER asked; "got a bad cold. Dr. LYONS (whose address still the same), ordered me to put my feet in hot water, and head out of the window for half-an-hour. It's a little hard on you; but, if you don't mind—"

"Why, cert'nly," said the Leonine PLAYFAIR. "GOSSET not very well, either, and he may as well go. I can manage to be Speaker, Chairman of Committees, and Sergeant-at-Arms all at same time." But Captain GOSSET would not go. "BRADLAUGH might come," said the indomitable man-at-arms, "and I would not be absent from my post."

So LYON PLAYFAIR's ambition was limited to the accomplishment of the dual office of Speaker and Chairman of Committees. A beautiful sight to see him hopping from SPEAKER's chair to his own, according as the House was in Committee, or sitting in full estate.

"*Corsican Brothers* nothing to it," said Sir ESKINE MAY, looking on, full of admiration. "The man who rides two horses at the same moment of no account."

"Reminds me," said HARCOURT, as LYON PLAYFAIR skipped backwards and forwards, whilst the young day looked in and blinked with astonishment, "of the early bird trying to catch the worm."

Business done.—Votes in Supply.

Wednesday Afternoon.—Distinguished visitor turned up this afternoon. Had on a robe of deer-skin trimmed with fur, eminently suitable for Midsummer day; a belt beautifully beaded; a head-dress of the feathers of the eagle; whilst his legs were decently covered with trousers, conveniently ornamented with rows of deer-hoofs.

Every step he took tremendous jingling. Thought first it was the coppers in his pocket. Found it was the deer-hoofs rattling. EVELYN ASHLEY introduced me to him. Gentleman's name WAH-BUN-HA-KEE; and he's "chief of the Muncey or Wolf tribe of the Red Indians" (*vide Daily News*). Seems the Red Indians, having red up all FENIMORE COOPER's novels, have gone in for Captain MAR-ETATT. WAH-BUN-HA-KEE been reading *Japhet in Search of a Father*. Thought he'd be "WAH-BUN-AH-KEE in Search of a Son"—not actual son, but one of the tribe of which old WAH is Chief. DRUMMOND, however, not here to-day: absent on State business.

Conversation of old Gentleman with the trousers rather peculiar. He says, when ASHLEY introduced me:—

"Ha-Ha, Toby, Punchy-Wunchee, Have you seen my Drum-Mond-Wolf-Ee?"

On the shores of Gitchie Gumee
Of the shining Big-Sea-Water
Stands North-Cote-Ee, Grand Old

Woman,
Pointing with her finger westward,
O'er the water pointing westward
To the purple clouds of sunset.

If I find my Drum-Mond-Wolf-Ee,
Son of Keneu, great war-eagle,
I would say unto him Thus-Ly:

"Bring your bow, O Drum-Mond-Wolf-Ee,

Bring your arrows jasper-headed,
Bring your war-club, Puggawangun,
And your mittens, Minjekahum,
And your birch canoe for sailing,
And the oil of Mishe-Hahma.

Leave your Gorst and Come-Along-O-
Quit your Randolph-Church-a-Lily.
Never mind terrace Dilky-Wilk-y
And the Gib-Er-Al-Ter Quest-yon,
Or your Bug-A-Boo Glads-Stoney.
Come back to your own good people,
Wah-bun-ha-kee, chief of Wolf-Ee.

With his deer hoofs Jing-Ly-Ing-Ly.
Long I've sought you, Mishe-Hahma,
Come back to your home, your people,
Live among them, toil among them,
Clear the fishing-grounds and rivers,
Slay all monsters and magicians,
Dilky-Wilk-y, Glad-Stee-Onyes.
'Minne-wawa,' said the pine-trees,
'Mudwy-arhke,' said the water.
Now, then, Toby, Punchy-Wunchee,
Tell me where is Drum-Mond-Wolf-Ee?"

"Don't know," I said, perhaps a little shortly. Distinguished Foreigner's conversational style, like his name and his deer-hoofs, a trifle too polysyllabic for me.

"Oh, very well," said the dark gentleman in trimmed trousers, evidently a little hurt. "I'll call to-morrow."

And he stalked off, jingling, "*God Bless the Prince of Wales*" with his deer-hoofs. *Business done.*—Obstruction.

Thursday Night.—All sorts of rumours current about the Conference. Baron DE WORMS full of information. After all, DILKE the only safe man. Go and ask him. Found him in his room behind Mr. SPEAKER's chair, where he smokes long cigars, and conceals short answers. Busy with the *Times*.

"Anything fresh about Conference to-day?"

"Just looking," said DILKE. "Always read the Paris Correspondent of the *Times* when I want to know anything about Foreign Affairs. Learn more there than is to be found at the Foreign Office. Sometimes BLOWITZ is a little hampered with his responsibilities. Can't tell all he knows, for fear of European complications. But, on the whole, does pretty well. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT a mere chicken compared with him, and WORMS an ignoramus. Fact is, BLOWITZ is the Grand Old Man of English journalism. Have a cigar? Not just now? Well, 'oh recce,' as BIGGAR said to the maiden lady when he quitted Paris, not meaning to return."

All very well this. But DILKE hasn't answered my question about the Conference. Begin to think there's more in complaints against his answers than I thought.

Business done.—Obstruction.

Saturday.—Arrangements made for running this concern night and day. Divided into two shifts. One lot work by day; one lot work by night. A great many do neither, but go about Town to dinner-parties, theatres, and Opera, wiping their brows, sighing and yawning, and complaining of "enormous hard work in present Parliament."

Night pretty peaceful. HEALY epigrammatic, REDMOND wordy, WARTON snuffy, T. P. O'CONNOR alternatively offensive and apologetic, HARCOURT wide awake, and SHAW-LEFEVRE in the Chair, vice LYON PLAYFAIR gone to bed. At eight o'clock this morning House filled up, Members coming down fresh and rosy. REDMOND goes a step too far. Thunderbolt falls. Sixteen Irish Members suspended at one fell blow. Speechless consternation of Members who have been in bed all night, just come down to take up the running, and find themselves suspended. Mr. BIGGAR unusually distressed. SPEAKER sent for. The Sixteen of All Ireland expelled. Walk out with various airs, from defiance to depression. After this proceeding get a little dull, and the House a-weary, sitting till Sabbath morning.

Business done.—A Scene, but not the end of the Act.

IDYLS OF AN OPTIMIST;

Or, Carols in Couleur-de-Rose.

I.—SILVER THAMES.

O RIVER of row-boats, romance, floating rubbish,
Of osiers and outfalls, white swans, and strange smells!
That TIMON in truth must be terribly tubbish
Whose thought upon thee without tenderness dwells.
Receptacle rolling of dead porkers' progenies,
Sweeper of sewage away to the sea,
Dim grow the eyes e'en of urban DIOGENES,
Dreaming of thee!

Tracking, in fancy, we'll say a swollen terrier
Bobbing about on thy ochre-hued flood,
Ravishes! What can be mellowier, merrier,
Than thy flat miles of maledorous mud?
Fleet from its font with soft silvery trickle
Meanders thy stream in clear curve and bright loop,
Down to dun reaches as yellow as pickle,
As slabby as soup.

Oh, but to think of the pools where thy gudgeon
Spring open-gilled at that Circe the bait!
And of the nooks where, with buckle and bludgeon,
Still by thy slime-banks the man-bashers wait!
Think how deliciously, coyly, capriciously,
Babbles thy flood, bearing barbel and bream,
Onward to ink-pools where, beerily, viciously,
Burgeons blaspheme.

"By Tamise" ripe in sweet SPENSER's urbane age
Mooned urchin angler, spooned amorous maid,
All unprophectic of mud and main drainage,
Tricklings of gas-works, and taintings of trade.
Callow Aroadians whose mute observancy
Hung on bright billows and low-sweeping branches,
What did they wot of our own Thames Conservancy,
Cads, and steam-launches?

Silvery dace—and drains—brown-mottled perch—and dyes!
Troutlings—and chemical refuse to choke them!
Were there joint Nymphs of romance and of merchandise,
Battersea—say—were the place to invoke them.
Lovely to think how the utilitarian
Snuff-coloured Naiads of Wapping delight in
Nastiness fluvial, foulness riparian,
Ever their sight in!

Talk of the Rheingold great WAGNER enlarges on?
Think of the Thames—hoard deep down in that flood,
Flowing with tugs, penny-steamers, and barges on!
Thames-Maiden treasure of muck and of mud.
Think, and applaud Metropolitan tastefulness
Which to our Thames renders tributes like these,
Noise and much nastiness, poison, huge wastefulness,
Dirt and disease!

O river of contrasts and wild contradictions,
Low ripples, loud 'ARRIES, swift silver, and sewage,
More lovely than streamlets of classical fictions,
More filthy than Acheron's fluvial brewage!
Talk not of Greek floods, their reed-borderers a-quiver
With Pan at his pipe-making, Nymphs at their toilet;
The Ancients ne'er had such a beautiful river—
Such boobies to spoil it!

CRICKET HITS.

(By Dumb-Crambo, off his own Bat.)



Long Leg and Short Leg.



Short Mid Off.



Cutting for Four.



A Clean Bowl.

THE SPENDTHRIFT'S GUIDE.—No. I.

THE art of Money-grubbing has been so much exalted for many years, and has even been raised to the level of a cardinal virtue, under the softened title of "Self-Help," that perhaps it would be well to recognise the existence of the opposite quality, and to publish a few words of advice for the guidance of Spendthrifts. Every man who has money is not born with the talent for spending it well; and, even if he possess this talent, it may be improved by judicious teaching. Let us teach.

Our first lesson shall be on keeping a Yacht. This form of money-spending is simply ridiculous. Not one man in a hundred gets any real enjoyment out of it, unless enjoyment can be got out of feeling always uncomfortable, if not absolutely ill; and in watching the ruddy faces of an idle crew, who are eating and drinking, and being clothed at your expense.

Our second lesson shall be on keeping Horses. The horse is a noble animal, honest and truthful as a Newfoundland dog, but the same cannot be said of those who deal in him, and look after him. Horse-dealers, stablemen, grooms, and helps are not influenced by the horse's nature, and a "horsey" man generally is a man not to be too much trusted. Those who keep horses spend much money for the profit, and often for the enjoyment of other people; and, out of fifty riders, there is probably only one who really understands and enjoys horse-riding, and is not in perpetual fear of breaking his neck, even if he is lucky enough to escape a "cropper."

Locomotion we admit to be necessary, and locomotion is only brought to its highest state of perfection on English Railways. The first rude attempt at luxury and comfort in travelling is the Saloon-Car. Our recommendation to the Spendthrift is to have a private travelling carriage, fitted by the most artistic and expensive upholsterers of the day, provided with a bath-room, sleeping-berths, a wine-cellar, a portable kitchen, a drawing-room, a dining-room, a servants' room, a luggage-box, and any further convenience which highly-paid ingenuity can suggest. This car fitted on to the network of railways, and worked on a mileage arrangement with the companies, would form a most agreeable money-spending machine, the invitations to which would be more coveted than any invitations for a cruise in the *Cyclone*. One day at Brighton, the next in the Highlands, and the next on the coast of Cornwall—these are only a few of the enjoyments which such a carriage would bring within the reach of a select number. An Italian cook, a small private band, a barber, an artist, and a descriptive writer ought to form part of the travelling staff, and every care ought to be taken to make the journeys as expensive as possible. If the Spendthrift is not equal to the direction of so much outlay, he should select, as manager, a head-servant from some embarrassed family of distinction. By all means let him avoid the mistake of taking his servants from *millionnaires*, unless he wants a walking embodiment of *Poor Richard's Almanack*.

LAST week Cambridge showed a good front to Oxford, with three Studds in it. Cantab motto just now, "The proper Study of mankind is Cricket."



MUSIC AT HOME—WITH A VENGEANCE.

Lady Midas. "HOW CHARMINGLY YOU PLAY, HERR LEIBHART! DEAR MRS. PONSONEY DE TOMPKYNS MUST REALLY BRING YOU DOWN TO PLAY TO US AT MIDAS TOWERS, OUR PLACE IN SURREY, YOU KNOW, AND—I WILL SHOW YOU MY ROSES, THE FINEST ROSES IN ALL ENGLAND! WILL THURSDAY SUIT YOU?"

Herr Leibhardt. "YOU ARE FERRY VRENTLY, MATÂME! POT I HAF A VIFE AND ZIX JILTREN, AND—ZEY TO NOT LIV UPON RÔSES!"

EGYPTIAN BONDS.

A Duett from the celebrated Opera "European Concert."

John. Now then, do come on, and keep step, if you can!

Such h'bling and halting are shocking!

Johnny. I love not ze joint-promenade on zis plan,
Zose fellows in front zere are mocking.

John. Of course; and no wonder! Come, do stir your stumps!

Enough of this floundering and fumbling!

Johnny. I am not a frog zat can travel by jumps,
Or use half my legs vizout stumbling.

John. They're getting ahead, ARABI and the Turk.

Now then—One, two, three, all together!

Johnny. Pouf! *Je suis tout en eau!* Zis is terrible work,
Zis racing with two legs in tether.

John (savagely). By Jove, you are right; 'tis as much to my taste
As dancing a hornpipe in fetters.

Johnny. Zey are mocking zemselves of our running. Make haste!

Sall Egyptian and Turk prove our betters!

John. Faugh! I feel like a one-legged and broken-winged crane.

This handicap why did we enter?

Johnny. To talk of ze Crisis's gravity's vain

If we can't find our gravity's centre.

John (glowering at the pair in front). They go well together,
confound them! Oh, why

Did SALISBURY couple and cramp us?

Johnny. And why does your pusey-cat, GRANVILLE, not try

To unbind us? You blow like a grampus!

John. You roll like a porpoise! Look out! We'll be over,

And then where's our *Status quo ante*?

Johnny. Ah! zis is not vat you call being "in clover."

Our comfort—and credit—are scanty.

John (heartily). Of course we're fast friends! (*Aside.*) But at
present it seems

Fast friends are extremely slow-goers.

Johnny (avec effusion). Vive l'entente cordiale! (*Aside.*) But
NAPOLEON's dreams

Had high aims zis leg-tethering lowers.

John. Come! After them! Quick! (*Aside.*) Were you only
away;

By thunder, how soon I would tackle them!

Johnny. Vite! Vite! (*Aside.*) But my legs would make moeh
better play,

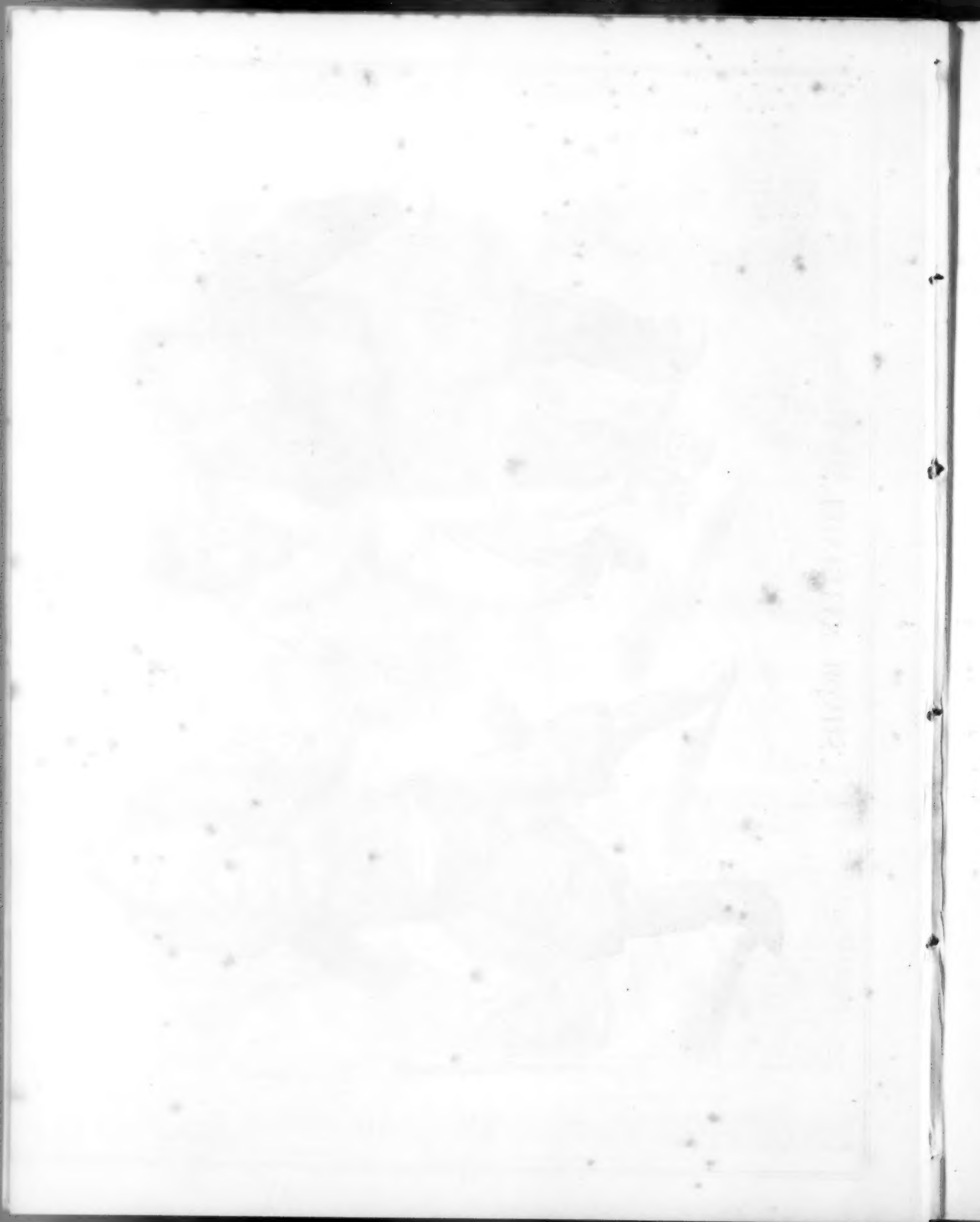
If zis "keeping step" did not so shackle them!

"PUNCH AMONG THE PROPHETS."—To those kindly-disposed, but unpoetic persons, who have pointed out to us that it is BASIL's brother, ERNEST WILBERFORCE, and not BASIL himself, who is "Bishop-Designate" of Newcastle, and that therefore *Punch's* "Prophetic utterance," in his celebrated letter, dated Vol. vii., p. 169, 1844, when Master BASIL was only three years old, is no prophecy at all, we simply reply, that they have yet to learn the rules which regulate the discernment of all prophecy, and to understand the distinction between a "prophecy," which this did not claim to be, and a "prophetic utterance," which this undoubtedly was. "BASIL" for "BASIL's brother," would have been sufficiently explicit for any ordinary "prophetic utterance," the name of "BASIL" being typical rather than personal. But beyond this there is a special key to any "prophetic utterance" of *Mr. Punch's* which is peculiarly applicable in this instance, and it is this:—*Mr. Punch* conceals truth beneath jest. "BASIL" was written in jest; the truth had to be sought for; and so when he wrote BASIL, he meant Basil to be taken *Ernestly*. *Verb. sap.*

A YOUTHFUL Criminal, belonging to the lowest form, who has just mastered the Thieves' Alphabet, receives lessons from the Magistrates in the shape of short sentences with a little exercise, which enable him to make rapid progress in his profession.



“EGYPTIAN BONDS.”



MODERN LIFE IN LONDON: OR, "TOM AND JERRY" BACK AGAIN.



THE TRIO AT HENLEY REGATTA.

It was about the beginning of July when our TRIO began to find themselves a *little* overdone with the gaiety of "LIFE IN LONDON." They had "seen life" with the best of the GOES, and, as YOUNG LOGIC said, had *waked up* some of the "boys," who in return had taken them round, and pronounced the two OLD COCKS, as they denominated the CORINTHIAN and JERRY HAWTHORN, Esq., to be "all there when the bell rung." "I am not *au fait* with that *flash* expression," said TOM when this compliment was first conveyed to him, but if it means that my Coz and I are still game to enjoy the lark, laugh at the *spree*, and be *alive* when a RAMBLE is proposed, I can assure you that we can still take credit for perusing with the most marked attention the *grand living BOOK OF BOOKS*,

MAN!!!

That was undoubtedly true; but still, to "make a clean breast of it," we must say that "MODERN LIFE IN LONDON" had begun to tell upon the TRIO. YOUNG BOB had been for some time in a highly *crapulous* condition, and was observed on more than one occasion to fortify himself before breakfast with a *wineglassful* of "Worcester Sauce," a plan for obviating the *Blue Devils*, which had been taught him by a young friend named SERGIUS, late a *shining light* in a Hussar Regiment. TOM and JERRY were *seasoned casks*; but while in "old days" they were accustomed to *sluice* a few glasses of good old wine over their *scories* after dinner, and to "hold their own" when the bottle went *merrily round*, they were not "up" to the perpetual *pegs* that seemed to be "the thing" in these days. They were *game* to take THE DUSTMAN on board after a night's *jollification*, but they were "bowled out" by the matutinal "stims" which were in vogue with LOGIC and his *pals*. Nor were they so eager for the Big Cigars and everlasting cigarettes which these young heroes *puffed*; while, as the CORINTHIAN remarked, "LIFE IN LONDON" was regarded through a *couleur de B.-and-S. pair of barnacles*.

"Right you are, old man," said YOUNG BOB, slapping the CORINTHIAN on the shoulder, "and I'll tell you what it is; we are all getting a little *played out*. What do you say to having a *spell* of fresh air on the Thames, and joining some of the *Chappies* at Henley Regatta." "We are more at home," said CORINTHIAN TOM, "in *hippie* than aquatic contests, my dear BOB; but take us wherever LIFE is to be seen, and we are 'on,' as you say;" while JERRY acquiesced, for he was "making tracks" for *Point Nonplus*, and felt as if the mere mention of another Brandy-and-Soda would cause him to *see spiders*! So the TRIO agreed to try "The River," and it was admitted on all hands that this was the month of all others in which one ought to be on the *bosom* of FATHER THAMES. They surrendered themselves, therefore, to the *whim* of the moment, for

Pleasure was the sole target at which they aimed, and a few *fleeting hours* found them mooning at MARLOW, wandering at WARGHAVE, spooning at SHEPPERTON, chatting at CHERTSEY, dawdling at DATCHET, flirting at FORMOSA, bathing at BISHAM, fishing at FAIRFORD, paddling at PANGBOURNE, swimming at SONNING, walking at WALTON, smoking at SURBITON, talking at TWICKENHAM, or revelling at RICHMOND. Our TRIO agreed that no one could see LIFE IN LONDON without a day on the River, which has found its own painter in KEELEY HALSWELLE, and its *limner* in LESLIE, while what says ASHEY-SHERRY, the Laureate of the Thames, in his poem on "Blankton Weir," a title which YOUNG BOB said always reminded him of bad language. We have taken some *small liberties* with the verses:—

"Oh, jolly July afternoons, when leaving bores and bills,
We rowed with pantalotted pets in furbelows and frills;
We brimmed the beaker with champagne and crowned the cheerful cup,
And heard her gentle accents say, 'Now, Jon, do "liquor up"!'
Come back those days of curls and girls, and flirting without fear,
As show these rhymes of spoony times about old Blankton Weir!"

While "on the river," TOM, JERRY, and YOUNG LOGIC of course "did Henley," and the two former were loud in praise of the pleasant old town and of the famous Regatta, which, as BOB truly said, might be held to resemble an aquatic Asot. For there the *fashionables* congregated intent on the races provided for their amusement, whether it was the Grand Challenge Cup, or the Steward's, the Silver Goblets, or the Diamond Soulas, the Ladies' Challenge Plate, or the Visitors' Cup. It was indeed a *charming sight*—when they got clear of a few *Snobs*, who bring such otherwise undeserved odium on *Launches*—and one worthy of the pencil of the artist—for dainty damsels in *diaphanous* dresses, were attended by "gay Cavaliers," and all the "Upper Ten" seemed to have hied from the West End to the River. JERRY, who, as we know, was a *great admirer* of The Sex, kept so constantly looking from side to side, as each fair Syren met his enraptured gaze, that the CORINTHIAN jokingly remarked that his Coz had better take care, or his eyes would *wobble out of his head*. "What would Mary Rosebud say," added TOM, who had dipped his nose into The Cup pretty often, but JERRY smiled, and made no articulate reply. It is needless to say that The TRIO saw all the "Fun of the Fair." They lounged on the lawn of THE LION, rowed on THE RIVER, roystered at Remenham, pic-nicked with perpetual parties, and lunched, as YOUNG BOB said, "All over the shop." Indeed, TOM and the CORINTHIAN began to feel as they were rowed home, that, whatever might be the advantages of LIFE ON THE RIVER, it was quite as capable of *sewing you up* as LIFE IN LONDON.

"LARGE BY DEGREES, AND HIDEOUSLY BIG."

THREE sizes are, it is said, now kept for sale at Ladies' Outfitters. They are known severally as "Crinolette," "Crinoletter," and "Crinolettet." It is rumoured there is even a greater monstrosity to be obtained; namely, the "Crinolettissimus." Let us hope the last rumour is devoid of foundation.

SUB JUDICE.—The libel against Mr. BELT is, that, as he can't sculpt, he chisels. Pity it couldn't have been taken during the silly season. More Judges wanted. Great loss to the newspapers, and therefore most inconsiderate of the Last of the Barons. It has been so far interesting and amusing. The appearance of every bust in Court being the signal for another bust of laughter.

QUITE A LITTLE HOLIDAY.

AN excellent Charitable Institution, St. Peter's Hospital, Covent Garden, was formally opened last Thursday, St. Peter's Day. Among the "patrons and friends" present at the ceremony, was H.E. Cardinal MANNING. Quite right. How delighted His Eminence must have been on finding himself let in for (according to the *Morning Post* report) "a brief religious office, conducted by the Bishop of St. ALBANS," assisted by the choir of St. Andrews, Wells Street, and, finally, at having to receive the blessing of the Establishment at the hands of the Bishop of St. ALBANS, who "pronounced the benediction." "Benediction *coram Cardinali*," murmured His Eminence to himself. "Well—I am blessed!—but no matter," he continued to a friend, who had pointed out what a consolation this scene would afford to Dr. PUSEY, in addition to His Eminence's recent change of opinion on the Deceased Wife's Bill—"No matter; one blessing from the Bishop of St. 'All bans' won't do me much harm."

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 91.



MADAME RISTORI.

RISTORI'D TO US THIS WEEK.

ON PUBLIC GROUNDS.

IF Mr. JAMES, M.P. for Gateshead, instead of bothering Mr. SHAW LEEFVRE about Regent's Park, where there is already plenty of ground open to the public, would stir up the First Commissioner to inquire into the condition of Mud-Salad Market, and the blockade of the streets thereabouts, he would do a good and popular service, as considerable correspondence on the subject sent to us testifies. If he would further inquire into the locks, bolts, and barriers on the Duke of BEDFORD's property, Tavistock and Gordon Square way, *en route* for Euston Station, he would earn the title of M.P. for Open-Gatehead, and Londoners would be glad to bestow it upon him.

THE Battle of Waterloo has been won by Blucher DE KEYSER, Sheriff *in esse*, Lord Mayor *in posse*.

O WATERLOW!
Why did you so
Oppose DE KEYSER?
Hope now you're wiser.

AT STAFFORD HOUSE.—What that meeting had immediately before them was the Easton Question.

THE COLLEGE OF DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

(Model Essays.)

LYCEUM.—A Lyceum *première*, attended by most distinguished representatives of Literature and Art. . . . House rose at its popular favourite. . . . Perhaps not the play of SHAKESPEARE's calculated to show the popular lessee to his full advantage. . . . Scenery splendid. . . . Miss TERRY has been better suited with a part. . . . Mounting simply gorgeous. . . . Play depressing, dull, and wearisome to Nineteenth Century audience. . . . In the interests of Art, Mr. IRVING deserves all success.

ST. JAMES'S.—In the interests of Art, a drama adapted from the French. . . . Mother kills her illegitimate daughter, and confesses fact to her legitimate son. . . . Possibly, novel to English ears, but full of pathos and dramatic situation. . . . Mr. HARE plays an elderly gentleman. . . . Mrs. KENDAL very womanly. . . . Mr. KENDAL very manly. . . . Will appeal to the more intellectual class of playgoers. . . . We understand that a new piece is already in rehearsal.

DRURY LANE.—Crammed gallery testified to glories of Old Drury. . . . Magnificent spectacular effects. . . . Hearty cheers greeted the bursting of the balloon in mid-air. . . . Enthusiastic applause was bestowed on the explosion in the coal mine. . . . The moral lesson shown by the intensely realistic scene depicting the hanging of the villain (a word of praise is due to the representatives of MARWOOD and the Chaplain) had an intensely beneficial effect. . . . Certain to draw money to the coffers of the National Temple of the Drama.

COMEDY.—Slightly incoherent plot. . . . *Le Duc, le Marquis, les Soldats*. . . . Pretty *ingénue*. . . . Music familiar, but tuneful. . . . Charming dresses. . . . Bevy of damsels.

STRAND AND AVENUE.—Same as Comedy.

HAYMARKET.—The great Parisian success. . . . The half-hour discussion on the best way of forcing asparagus, uninteresting to British Public. . . . Mr. BANCROFT artistic, but at sea without drawl and eye-glass. . . . Mr. CONWAY very pretty, and his dress shoes warmly applauded. . . . In parts too long. . . . Mrs. BANCROFT very winsome as the school-girl. . . . House wearied.

GAIRTY.—Miss FARREN. . . . Miss VAUGHAN. . . . Miss CONNIE GILCHRIST. . . . Mr. TERRY. "All there"—as usual.

A HANDBOOK OF KNOWLEDGE.

No. VI.—THE BRITISH 'BUS.

1. Chiefly concerning the Interior thereof.

Q. What is an Omnibus?

A. A lumbering vehicle, licensed to carry a fixed number of passengers, and to torture as many as can be crammed into it.

Q. What is the meaning of the word "carry," in this connection?

A. It means simply to convey, in the sense in which luggage is conveyed in a railway van, calves in a netted market-cart, or pigs in a Belfast steamer.

Q. But if the vehicle is licensed to accommodate—

A. Pardon me. It is *not*—emphatically not. Accommodation implies convenience, comfort, fair apportionment of space—considerations which the constructors, licensers, proprietors, and conductors of Omnibuses absolutely ignore.

Q. What, then, is their guiding principle?

A. The same as that of the linen-packer, or cargo-stower—namely, to get the greatest bulk into the smallest space.

Q. How is this achieved?

A. In the first place by the ingenious manner in which what is humorously called "sitting-room" is allotted.

Q. Explain how this is done?

A. By ignoring the doctrine of averages. For example, the inside of an Omnibus contains barely enough sitting-room for twelve small and spare persons, without luggage. It is licensed to carry a dozen people, with no qualification as to bulk or bundles.

Q. What is the result of this thoughtful arrangement?

A. That when the vehicle is what is known as, "full inside," it is most commonly crammed to agonising and suffocating repletion.

Q. How is this?

A. It results from two facts; one quite natural, and to be expected, the other, phenomenal, certainly, but matter of long and conclusive experience. The first is, that the average omnibus passenger is, more or less, obese. The second is, that he, or she, is inordinately addicted to big bundles. Both these facts are systematically ignored



"OPPOSITION."

First Town Councillor (who had recently been to Venice). "NOW THAT WE'VE A PEOPLE'S PARK, AND A LAKE IN IT, I SHOULD SUGGEST THAT HALF A DOZEN GONDOLAS MIGHT BE PURCHASED, AS THEY'D GIVE QUITE A——"

Second Ditto (untraveller). "OH, I DON'T SEE THE GOOD OF HAVIN' ANY MORE O' THEM FOREIGN BIRDS! WE'VE PLENTY O' DUCKS AN' GEESSE ALREADY! 'T ANY RATE A PAIR WOULD BE ENOUGH TO BREED FROM. AS TO 'ALF A DOZEN, I CONSIDER IT 'D BE A WASTE O' PUBLIC MONEY, AN' I 'LL OPPOSE IT TOOTH AND——"

[*They don't part friends.*]

by all connected with the management of Omnibuses, with the result that the many portly passengers are painfully compressed, whilst the few spare ones are completely choked and paralysed.

Q. How do you gain access to the interior of an Omnibus?

A. First catch your 'Bus. This you do, if haply at all, at the cost of prolonged shouting, delicious waving of umbrella or walking-stick, and breathless chase through mud and muck.

Q. Are all 'Bus Conductors blind and deaf, that it is so difficult to arrest their attention?

A. Presumably not. But their eyes are commonly engaged with the latest racing-returns, and their ears in straining to catch the graphic narratives and full-flavoured *facetiae* addressed to them across the roof by their drivers.

Q. Having, at length, recognised your existence, and perceived your pursuit, does the Conductor stop his 'Bus to take you up?

A. Not necessarily. If behind time, owing to too numerous halts at hostleries on the road; or, if engaged in racing with a rival 'Bus, he will probably shout to you to "Come along, Sir!" grab your outstretched hand, haul you violently on to the high and slippery step, thrust you headlong into the vehicle, and slam the door against the rear of your person, with a vociferous "right behind!" which you will be disposed to resent as ironically personal.

Q. When fairly inside, how are you received?

A. As an impertinent intruder, and the common enemy of those already seated.

Q. What is the reason of this?

A. Nothing can be advanced which could fairly be called a *reason* for so absolutely unreasonable a state of things. But it is simple fact that the Briton who has got into a public vehicle, of whatever kind, always regards his fellow-Briton, who is only trying to get in, with unconcealed contempt and bitter aversion.

Q. How is this manifested in the present instance?

A. By the passengers spreading themselves over the whole available space, and "glowering" at the unhappy incomer with looks of dark disfavour.

Q. What do you then do?

A. Toller helplessly from end to end of the 'Bus, stumbling over the resolutely protruded knees of one, the doggedly planted umbrella of another, and the ingeniously ambushed bag, bale, or bundle of a third. The jolting of the vehicle causes you perhaps to tread on the toes of a sour gentleman on one side, and possibly to tumble into the lap of a severe spinster on the other. This elicits energetic protests, but no attempt to "make room for you." If, in answer to your passionate appeal or the surly summons of the Conductor, place is at last reluctantly yielded to you, it is probably an inch or two of uncomfortable sitting between the many-cornered box of a journeying domestic and the plethoric basket of a travelling washerwoman.

Q. When you have fairly settled down, what next happens?

A. A final and unusually bulky "fare" enters, and "jamming" down between you and the next sitter, hides you from human ken, reducing you at the same time to a condition of utter breathlessness and absolute immobility both of body and limb.

Q. What next occurs?

A. The Conductor at once seizes this moment to thrust his head in at the door, and demand the immediate production of your fare.

Q. What is the effect of this?

A. A frenzied and prolonged struggle of closely-wedged and bundle-hampered people to get at inner pockets and inaccessible purses, productive of such physical discomfort and mental distress as all but cynical despisers of their kind would gladly draw a veil over.

Q. Could not these troubles and tortures be at all mitigated?

A. Most of them could be entirely avoided by the simple but untried plan of allotting to each "fare" just sufficient room to move, to breathe, and to get at his pockets in.

Q. Why is this obvious course not taken?

A. Because proprietors, from interest, and the public, from long usage, regard that as "passenger-accommodation" which is really only pilchard-packing.

(*To be continued.*)

ROYAL ACADEMY SCULPTURE.



No. 1560. Mr. Hermann Vezin
rejecting a part.



Nos. 1570, 1580, 1581, 1582. Model for arrangement of Ornaments on Mantel-
piece. This lot going cheap: reduction on taking a quantity.



No. 1569. Serious Jack-in-the-Box.
Model for a Sunday toy.



No. 1596. "Look here! Who the
d-uce has been trying to cut pens
with my sword?"



No. 1633. Rising out of the well's
mouth,—the first Number of Truth.



No. 1668.
A Single Skuller.



No. 1679.
The Grand Old Man going on
ahead.

"O RARE BEN!"

We hope that the prominent supporters of the newly-started Actors' Benevolent Fund will do their best to sweep away the benefit system, which, as a remnant of the time when the Actor was a "vagabond," is a disgrace to a "profession" whose members are so anxious to see themselves ranked on a level with the members of the recognised professions who do not take benefits. The theatrical persons really requiring benefits are the poorer brethren on the stage, who don't get them, and who have to be content with "ticket nights." Only the wealthy comedians and tragedians are the recipients of benefits; and how they have in any way deserved them we utterly fail to see.

Sometimes this appeal *ad misericordiam* which the poverty-stricken Actor, who is earning not more than from three to four thousand a-year—poor fellow!—makes to the soft-hearted public, is styled, in a light and airy sort of way, a "Complimentary Benefit." What this may exactly mean—beyond meaning a pocketful of money to the *bénéficiaire*—it is difficult to say, as the "compliment" is paid by the Actor to himself, since it is he who starts the idea, fixes the dates, and makes all the arrangements for extracting an extra sum from the pockets of the theatre-going public. If it were styled a "Complimentary Benefit," it would be a little nearer the truth.

On such occasions, some of the "élite of the Profession" kindly give their services to their unfortunate brother-Actor,—the poor beggar with three thousand a year,—who, when their benefits come round, will assist them as they have assisted him. Such kind, disinterested, generous people! Sometimes, so urgent are the needs of the hardly-used Actor, who takes this means of adding to his scanty capital of perhaps about eighty thousand pounds carefully invested, that the "Complimentary Benefit" will extend over a *matinée* and an evening representation; and the usual modest theatrical advertise-

ments will inform the public, on the day in question, that "all the seats are taken," which, in other words, means that the poor struggling Actor, for whose "benefit" our charitable sympathies have been aroused, is calculating on netting a big sum by his appeal. Were the Benefit a spontaneous tribute, offered by a sympathising public to a deserving Actor in pecuniary difficulties, we should not have one word to say against it, but everything in its favour. Such an event would be, in the present state of theatrical affairs, an exception. But against the existing system of Benefits, a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance, we, in the best social interests of the Theatrical Profession, energetically protest, and shall continue to raise our voice against this abuse, as against many others. If the Public would only withhold its patronage from such "Benefits," the system would soon die out, and the epithet invariably coupled with BEN JONSON's name we should then be gladly able to apply to the Actor's "Ben," and speak of it, as of him, as "Rare."

An Æsthetic Farm.

On this æsthetic farm the cows they say,
Are fed on sunflowers, and the poet begs
You'll notice crops of lilies, while each day
Artistic fowls lay terra-cotta eggs.

TITLE DEEDS.

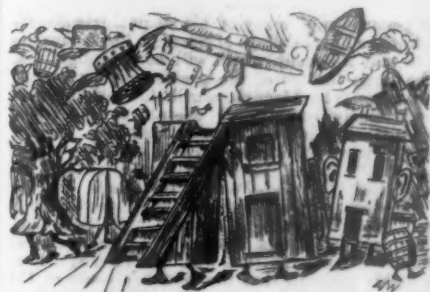
MISS HELEN MATHERS wrote a novel called *Comin' thro' the Rye*. Another lady has just brought out a story called *Gin a Body meet a Body*. Probably in the course of a few weeks we shall see announced, *Need a Body cry*, by the Author of *Gin a Body kiss a Body*.

ROMANY RYE AND ITALIANY RI-STORI.

ANY one who at this time of year may be in want of change of scene, cannot do better than visit the Princess's Theatre, to see the *Romany Rye*, in which the changes of scene are really a triumph of this department of Stage-craft. "Craig's-Nest" is one of Mr. BEVERLY's master-pieces; and Messrs. SMITH, HALL, and HANN have done their very best.

Our Mister BEVERLY
Has very cleverly
Painted a beautiful Scene in Act One,
Messrs. SMITH, HALL, and HANN
Have done all that they can,
But the *Romany Rye*, like their colours, won't run.

The merit of the piece is that, come in when you will, you are safe



Moving Scenes in Sensational Drama.]

to see something melodramatically exciting, and you can leave after you've seen it without feeling the slightest interest in what may have gone before, or any curiosity as to what is to follow. It is one of those pieces constructed on the "keep moving" principle; and when there is any chance of the action flagging, or the dialogue becoming flat, some one has only to say, "Where is the girl?" and be answered, "On board the *Grampus*," or "In Black BILL's cellar," or "Beyond our reach—in his power," for some one immediately to shout, "Whatever it costs, she must be saved!" or "I will find her, though I die for it!" or, if it is the Villain speaking, "Once on the deck of the *Porpoise*, the proofs destroyed, and the will burnt, the gy-urrl is in my power!" and on we go again to the next sensation scene. The best written part in it is that of *Boss Knivell*, capably played by Mr. GEORGE BARRETT.

We were never more thoroughly taken in than by the *Edward Marsden* of Mr. MARKS, whom at first we had set down for a middle-aged, amiable, and highly respectable cavalry officer, but who proved to be as big a scoundrel as was ever let loose on society. As he developed gradually into a full-blown villain, employing "bashers" to do for the virtuous hero, we were lost in admiration of the Art which had so cleverly deceived us; and even when he was found out and collared by police in plain clothes, we should still have been ready, in spite of the most daring evidence to the contrary, to assert his intense respectability.

We are sorry to think that the Author forced him to confess his own guilt and his accomplices's as well.

Mr. WILSON BARRETT is perpetually posing as the *Deus ex machina*, and is so often rescuing *Gertie Heckett* from imminent peril, that it is no wonder this accumulation of "little savings" should tell at last, and that, changing her name to *Hearne*, she becomes *His'n*.

"Madame RISTORI, with a powerful Company," at Drury Lane. It is a powerful company, physically, at least, as there are no finer Actors—no, beg pardon, we should say finer men—on the stage, than Messrs. WILLIAM RIGNOLD of the Heavy Weights, J. K. BARNES, of the barn-shakers, H. R. TRESDALE, and last, though not by any means least, being quite six feet high, and big in proportion, Mr. ARTHUR DACE, whose costume, as *Malcolm*, appeared to have been arranged for ballet purposes without the sanction of the Lord CHAMBERLAIN, who, of course, could have had no idea that the part of *Young Malcolm* was likely to be turned into that of "The Dancing Scotchman." Only the absence of the bagpipes prevented Mr. DACE from showing that he was the Scotch youth who must have his fling,

as he stood with bare arms and short kilt, representing, probably, the outskirts of Scotland, ready to do the heel-and-toe, and utter



The "Powerful Company"
at Drury Lane.

uneasily shrieks, at a moment's notice. Capitably put on the stage by Mr. HARRIS, but where were the bagpipes?

Mr. WILLIAM RIGNOLD was immense as *Macbeth*; his lungs are in excellent order, and he did such justice to his fine voice, as to suggest that he should be styled the "bos" of this show." Unfortunately for him, Mr. BARNES played *Macduff* with so much point—to his sword—that, on Wednesday night, he managed to pink *Macbeth*, and put him *hors de combat*. We are glad to say the wound is not serious.

Seldom has the gentle and ill-fated Scotch Monarch found a better representative than in Mr. ARTHUR MATHISON, who made himself up after the model of King DAVID in the stained-glass window of a Gothic Church. Had he only been accompanied by a harp—or, rather, had he brought it on himself—for if he had "brought it on himself," it would have been, evidently, his own responsibility, and nothing to do with Mr. HARRIS—he might have played one of his own compositions, words and music—and then—ah! on second thoughts, in that case, he wouldn't have been *Duncan*, (unless as an advertisement for "DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.," Music Publishers)—and so, on the whole, Mr. MATHISON was quite right. Taking him in profile, there was just a suggestion of *Shylock*—an amiable *Shylock* with white locks, which was quite in keeping with the combined notion of Hebrew monarchy and Scottish thrift.

With such a powerful company it would have been better to have given Madame RISTORI a chance quite alone. She was overweighted by Mr. *Macbeth*; she was hampered by everybody; and the house was wearied and worried by the time her great opportunity arrived. At the commencement, alone and without *Macbeth*, she was admirable; but with what was, some years ago when she first played the sleep-walking scene in English at the Opéra Comique, a wonderful performance, we were, we regret to say, sadly disappointed. The actress now requires a smaller house and a smaller stage; and only those scenes in which *Lady Macbeth* appears should have been performed.

Three French and two German Companies, Italian Opera, and Italian Tragedians,—we've been a trifle overdosed with foreign talent this season.

Discorgons, at the Gaiety, is only *Delicate Ground* developed in length and breadth; and the delicacy omitted.

The Biggar's Petition.

PITY no worries of a Grand Old Man,
Whose "naming" often shows us to the door;
Give it him hot and strong, whenever you can,
We only earn our wages—nothing more.

THE "CORRECT CHEESE."

It is always very difficult to decide what really comes under this heading, but it is quite certain that the combination of skim-milk, mud, and oleo-margarine which is largely sold as Cheddar, is not entitled to that honour.



Madame Ristori as Lady Macbeth—
"The Woman in White."



Hearne and His'n.



PROMISING !

Tourist. "HAVE YOU ANY DECENT CIGARS?"

Highland Grocer. "DECENT CIGARS! AY, HERE ARE DECENT CIGARS ENOUGH."

Tourist. "ARE THEY HAVANAHS, OR MANILLAS?"

Highland Grocer. "THEY'RE JUST FROM KIRCALDY!"

THE BENEFIT NUISANCE.

(Forthcoming Paragraphs in the Daily Papers.)

FOLLOWING a precedent set him by his histrionic brothers, the celebrated Mr. WIGBLOCK, Q.C., has determined to give one performance for his own advantage. The learned gentleman will be supported at the *matinée* (which is fixed to take place in the large Court of the Old Bailey) by an enormous amount of forensic talent. Wishing to show their respect to the *bénéficiaire*, Mr. Justice HAWK (the well-known Member of the Judicial Hanging Committee), Mr. Serjeant VALENTINE (the amusing cross-examiner), and many others, will put in an appearance. The entertainments will include a screaming Breach of Promise Case and an exciting Trial for Murder. Tickets will be supplied by Mr. WIGBLOCK and the Ushers of the Court. All the places on the Bench have already been secured, and there seems every probability that the popular Queen's Counsel will find the interesting occasion not only highly complimentary but exceedingly lucrative.

HIS Grace the PRIMATE, at the request of a number of Clerical admirers, has consented to take his first Benefit in the Cathedral attached to his archdiocese. His Grace on this occasion will be supported by the Bishops of MARGATE and RAMSGATE, and the mirth-provoking Archdeacon of HERNE BAY. The entertainments will include selections from several Oratorios, interspersed with short sermons by the most popular preachers. Plans of the Cathedral may be seen at all the libraries, where tickets for the best places are now on sale.

HIS brother Officers wishing to show their respect to Field-Marshal Sir WELLINGTON SMOOKS, G.C.B., G.S.I., &c., &c., have determined upon organising a Grand Review and Sham Fight for his Benefit, which will be under the immediate patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of

WALES and many other members of the Royal Family. The performances will take place in Hyde Park, to which admittance, on this occasion, will only be by ticket. One of the "features" of the occasion will be an amusing scene caused by Prince CHRISTIAN assuming (for the first time) the duties of a General. Bayonet-drill in quiet and slow time will be performed by a picked company from the Household Brigade, and there will be several charges by Light and Heavy Cavalry. The whole will conclude with a grand March Past by thousands of Regulars, Militia, and Volunteers. Applications for places on the Grand Stand should be made to the D.A.-G., Horse Guards, Pall Mall, or at the private residence of the Field-Marshal. It promises (if blessed with sunshine) to be a most brilliant affair. By the way, to discount the weather, tickets of admission will be sold at double their nominal price on the day itself.

By the persuasion of many of his medical friends, the President of the Royal College of Surgical Physicians has decided to take a Benefit, which will be held night and day in the large theatre of the greatest of our leading establishments. The *bénéficiaire* will, himself, perform several extremely complicated operations. The programme will also include a short address by Dr. MCQUINZEY, upon "How to Turn a Hospital to the Best Account," and a screaming Farce, enacted by Students, called *The Out-Patient, the Knife, and the Young Beginners*, and a recitation, in character, by a celebrated Dietary Physician, entitled "No Soup; or, What I did with the PRIME MINISTER." From the great demand for tickets of admission, which has already arisen, it seems highly probable that the Banker's books of the learned President will derive considerable benefit from the interesting performances.

At the suggestion of Mr. J. L. TOOLE, and many other distinguished theatrical friends, Mr. HENRY IRVING has kindly consented to take a Benefit, &c., &c.

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&c.! &c.! &c.!

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

A RIVERAIN RHYME.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round—
Where'er his stages may have been—
May sigh to think that he has found
His wettest weather at an inn.

SHERSTONE. Edited by the Lazy One.

BESIDE the river in the rain—
The sopping sky is leaden grey—

I watch the drops run down the pane!

Myself I fail to entertain—
I sit and drone a dismal lay—
Beside the river in the rain!

I've studied *Bradshaw*, all in vain;

I've smoked the very blackest clay;

I watch the drops run down the pane.

I've gazed upon big fishes slain,
That on the walls make brave display,
Beside the river in the rain.

I've read the local print inane,
And find it anything but gay;

I watch the drops run down the pane.

I almost feel my boundless brain

At last shows signs of giving way;

I watch the drops run down the pane.

I'll take at once the London train;

No longer I'll attempt to stay,

Beside the river in the rain,
To watch the drops run down the pane!

* We never knew he "entertained." No cards received.—Ed.





RULE BRITANNIA.

Britannia (to Sir E. Watkin). AS I RULE THE WAVES, I MUST DRAW THE LINE SOMEWHERE, SO I STOP IT AT CHANNEL TUNNELS—TILL FURTHER NOTICE. BUT HAPPY TO COME AND LUNCH WITH YOU ANY DAY AND TALK IT OVER.

JUVENILE-ISTS.

A "SOCIETY for the Suppression of Juvenile Smoking" has just been started. We suggest a few more Societies:—

Society for the Total and Unconditional Abolition of "Tip-cat" on the Public Pavements.

Society for Suppressing Perambulators.

Society for giving Gratuitous Musical Instruction to the Vendors of Peripatetic Vegetables, Fruits, and Flowers.

The "Anti-Cooling-Drink-and-go-in-for-real-Champagne-while-you-are-about-it" Society.

Society for Investigating the Causes which lead the Corporation, or Board of Works, or whoever it is, to take up the whole of the Thames Embankment and Relay it with Sharp Flints once a Month.

The Association for Suppressing Creditors.

The Anti-Tax-Collecting Association, and Rate-payers' Defence League.

Finally, why not start a Society for the Abolishing of East Winds, Impertinent Officials, Forty-Minute Sermons, Railway Imbecility, and wickedness of all kinds.

ONE SEA-SIDE'D ADVICE.

"PHYSICIAN, heal yourself,"—this saw's a trite 'un; Now a Sea-"Saw" for use of Doctor Brighton.

"If in bad odour you and Ma' Gate be,"

Says Farther Ramsgate, "Best come down to me."

* * * Yes: only, if so, wouldn't it be as well were Sir WATKIN, of the Sub-Marines, with Mr. SEVERAL-MYLES-AN-HOUR FENTON, S. E. R., to put their Ramsgate to Deal trains in convenient correspondence with the L. C. and D. Deal to Dover trains, as facility for such excursions, including a trip by boat to a foreign shore, and back again, within reasonable time, and without unreasonable prices or delays, would be a Great Attraction, specially on Sundays, to holiday visitors. *Verb. sup.*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

FUTURE ARRANGEMENTS OF THE HOUSE FOR A WEEK'S CONTINUOUS SITTING.—SNUG BERTHS FOR SEVERAL MEMBERS.

Monday Night, July 3.—Great State Trial. Mr. O'DONNELL been saying bad words to the Chairman of Committees. House met to-night to consider his conduct. Rather, a godsend this, as we've nothing else to do. Ireland settled. No eruptions in Egypt. General business well advanced; and really, but for O'DONNELL, might shut up House. As it is, House crowded.

Prisoner refuses to plead. House taken aback. Not expected affairs would take this particular turn. Usual thing for Irish Members is to outrage all the decencies of debate, and then to "withdraw," sometimes, if in gracious mood, to express regret; whereupon tears of joy fill the eyes of the majority, penitent sinner is embraced, and on the whole finds the proceedings so agreeable, and personally profitable, that he seeks earliest opportunity of repeating them.

Mr. O'DONNELL on new tack: "won't plead." Mr. WARTON well up in ancient precedents, suggests the press—not the *Morning Post*, but a few hundred-weights of iron such as they used in good old times to lay upon chests of prisoners who refused to plead. (Hence the phrase "the Iron Chest.")

NEWSPAPER very doubtful. "The only press law," he says, "not too antique for the House of Commons, are those still kept on the books with reference to newspapers."

Only thing to be done with O'DONNELL was, to pass sentence, and this Mr. GLADSTONE, as resident Magistrate, proceeded to do.

"Fourteen days," says he, "with-out option of a fine."

"Can do it on my 'ead," says O'DONNELL, not precisely in those words, but in that polysyllabic form in which he is accustomed to rival the PREMIER himself. Some indications on the part of the prisoner of intention to throw his boot at head of Magistrate; but having before him the prospect of presently walking out, thought better of it.

"If this goes on long, there'll be room enough in the House to sit down comfortably," says Mr. LEAHY, surreptitiously edging Mr. BIGGAR an inch higher up, and mopping his head with his handkerchief. "If they'd only put out BYRNE, life would begin to be tolerable." And he eyed the great girth of his compatriot with sorrowful look.

"If they'd only put out LEAHY," Mr. BYRNE muttered to himself, looking wistfully at the broad acres of his countryman's back,

"what a convenience it would be!" *Business done.*—O'DONNELL got fourteen days. Urgency Resolution revived.

Tuesday Night.—News floating about before Morning Sitting of intended demonstration in Palace Yard. It was said procession would appear at the gates and claim privilege of admission. Procession would consist of two, Mr. O'DONNELL in the van, and Mr. BRADLAUGH in the rear. Some trepidation in official circles. *On dit*, the building is literally undermined by Police, ready to spring out at a moment's notice. Seems a little overdone, but, as Inspector DENNING says, you never know what these things will lead to. There would be no harm in Mr. O'DONNELL walking up and down Palace Yard between sandwich boards with "Fourteen Days" on them, whilst Mr. BRADLAUGH follows step by step with another board bearing the legend "For Life." But who can say where these things will stop? Always well to be on the safe side.

Inside, House crowded. Majority happy, for deliverance is at hand. Urgency Resolution revived by 402 against 15. Then up and speaks JUSTIN M'CARTHY, who declares that the high-minded Gentlemen with whom he so curiously finds himself in company, can take no further part in proceedings of an assembly marked by subterfuge and violence. M'CARTHY vanished JUSTIN time to escape thunderbolt held in hand of Jove in the Chair. Having shot his dart, he walked out, followed in single file by fourteen Members. The reckless House, instead of being overawed, laughed consumedly.

"Getting a little monotonous though, isn't it?" HARCOURT said, with a capacious yawn. "They're always shaking the dust of the House of Commons from their feet, but I observe they never do it till further chance of kicking it up is cut off from them."

Presently JOSEPH GILLIS strolled back. He had marched out with the rest, and honestly meant to go; but, when he had seen them off the premises, returned by circuitous road, and, entering from under the Gallery, was in his seat before he was noticed.

"We've walked out," JOEY B. said, when expostulated with, "and that's all right. We've got the benefit of the stroke. Now I come back and oppose the Bill, so you see we get double advantage."

JOEY B., as has been remarked before, is sly, devilish sly.

Business done.—Urgency granted. Deliverance of four hundred Members from the yoke of twenty.

Thursday.—Mr. HEALY gave notice to-night that next time it is necessary to find a substitute for LYON PLAYFAIR in the Chair of Committees, he will move that JOSEPH GILLIS takes it. House receives the suggestion with uproarious delight. The mind's eye revels in the picture of JOEY B. in the Chair, warning Mr. FORSTER, and ruling HOME SECRETARY's amendment out of order. JOSEPH, with that modesty that always accompanies real capacity, rather shrinks from the honour proposed to be thrust upon him.

"I know a little about the rules," he says, "and I'm thoroughly up in foreign languages, including Latin and French, which, I may say, I know *verbattim*. But there's a few of them English words a syllable or so too much for me." This diffidence will doubtless be overcome. J. G. is not a man to shirk duty when thrust upon him.



Mr. O'Donnell gets fourteen Days, and is banished to the Sandwich Islands for using decidedly unparliamentary language, and suggesting that the Chairman of Committees' name ought to be Dr. Ly-an' Play-un-fair.

Besides, as he says, he'd like to have a chance to suspend the whole batch of Ministers at one blow.

In the House of Lords, to-night, rupture on Front Opposition Bench. Marquis of SALISBURY openly declares himself at issue with Duke of RICHMOND. Subject, Vagrancy Bill. Lord STANHOPE, in charge of Bill, wants to give the Vagrant five days if he calls a second time.

"But," says the Duke, "think of the inconvenience. Perhaps he's a dinner engagement on the next day, or going to a garden-party, or a small and early. How would you like it yourselves, my Lords?"

"Nonsense," says the Marquis, "don't be too tender-hearted. Great mainstay of the British Constitution used to be washing the vagrant; but now he takes his bath with courage. You must do something fresh. Let's have this."

The Marquis triumphed as usual. Bill read a Second Time, and Duke of RICHMOND led out sobbing as he tenderly thought of the tramp.

Business done in Commons.—Got into Committee on Arrears Bill.

Friday Night.—House adjourned at three o'clock this morning, and met again at two. Now it's midnight, when Members yawn, and Ministers nearly give themselves up for dead. WILLIAM, Lord KENSINGTON, sits on the Bench, near the doorway—"WILLIAM, Tell!" as Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR observes, when the Division Bell is rung, and he wants his fellow Whip to assist in telling. At present, WILLIAM, Lord KENSINGTON, is supposed to be on duty at the doorway, to see that no Members slink out when they ought to be in, assisting to make a House, or save a Division. But His Lordship is fast asleep, and if you were to ask him, could not even tell the hour. He was here when day broke, and even Whips must sleep sometimes. Mr. COTES passing through the Lobby sees his colleague, and envies him the peaceful slumber as Members boldly walk past him, and get clear away.

Great storm in the teapot of the House. Conservatives got a little surprise ready for him whom they affectionately call WES. Had secretly gathered in their thousands, formed alliance with the Whigs, swooped down on WES, and, in pitched battle, defeated him. WES says he'll resign. General impression that sentence is incomplete. Means he'll resign himself to the situation.

So will Country, which doesn't wish further weakness of WILL to cause further weakening of Bill, or this Liberal Session to be recorded as the Liberal Con-Session.

Business done.—Government defeated on small Amendment to Crime Bill by 207 votes against 194.

THE SPENDTHRIFT'S GUIDE.—No. II.

For the man who has more money than brains—or who, having both brains and money, is disinclined to exercise the first and is willing to spend the second,—there is no occupation so costly and attractive as keeping a Theatre. Theatres can be bought, or they can be rented. Buying is preferable. A Theatre that has cost about six thousand pounds to build, with a ground-rent of one hundred pounds a year, can easily be purchased for twenty thousand pounds, with a ground-rent of two hundred pounds a year. This may be considered a good Spendthrift investment. When the purchase is completed, it is advisable to call in architects, decorators, and persons of taste, to see how far the building can be re-built, and how much money it is possible to spend upon it. The advantage of a Theatre, as distinguished from other property erected under the Building Acts, is that, however well you may do your work, you may be suddenly called upon to do it over again. A fire in a Theatre at Yokohama, stated, but not proved, to have been built without asbestos cement, may inspire the Board of Works and the Lord CHAMBERLAIN to demand a strict application of asbestos cement, and the Spendthrift will then have the pleasure of partially re-constructing his property. Not one of the least attractions of Theatre-keeping to the Spendthrift will be the fact that the State—Imperial and Parochial—will claim about a thousand or twelve hundred pounds a year in rates and taxes for the liberty of carrying on the business of grinning through horse-collars.

While so much money is being lavished upon archi-



ON EASTERN AFFAIRS. I

Dumpy City Man. "VOILÀ! I AM ASHAMED THAT I AM A NATURALISED ENGLISHMAN!"

Britisher. "NEVER MIND, OLD MAN. DON'T TELL ANYONE, AND THEY'D NEVER SUSPECT IT!"

teets, builders, decorators, beadles, and the Government, it would be wicked not to treat the dramatic profession liberally. The Spendthrift will appoint a "literary adviser," with the salary of an Under-Secretary of State, who will select the most expensive scenery, properties, authors and actors. The vulgar notion that actors should be selected for a piece, and a piece for actors, and that both should be selected to supply a presumed public demand, should be left to tradesmen and hucksters. Pieces and actors for the Spendthrift's Theatre should be selected for their high prices, and put upon the stage in the name of Art. The lower the receipts, the more should this policy be persisted in, until the Spendthrift's Theatre takes the place of the subsidised playhouses of the Continent. When the Spendthrift is tired of his toy, he can always get a Baronetcy by asking for it, and the toy can be generously given to his Acting-Manager. As Acting-Managers never act, there is little chance of the new proprietor playing *Hamlet*, and in all probability he will sell the place to the Salvation Army. If the Salvation Army buy it, they will pay about two-thirds of its market-value—as part of their Salvation is the Salvation of money—and they will take the credit of having abolished a Sink of Iniquity.

CLUBS PAST AND PRESENT.



ALL-MACS

and

OBL-LEANS.



LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF PORTRAIT PAINTING.—THE FINISHING TOUCH.

Fair Sitter's Mamma. "I'M SURE THE NOSE IS NOT AQUILINE ENOUGH, MR. SOPELY!"

The Artist (with one dexterous sweep of his brush). "IS THAT BETTER?"

Fair Sitter's Mamma. "OH, EVER SO MUCH! NOW THE LIKENESS IS SIMPLY PERFECT!"

Fair Sitter's Papa (who is always so contradictory). "HUM! NOW I CONSIDER THAT LAST TOUCH HAS SPOILT THE LIKENESS
[Sopely's brush was perfectly dry—and so was his canvas!]
ALTOGETHER!"

"A LION IN THE PATH!"

FULL-YED and drowsy, in his island den
Lies LEO, the loud scorn of little men,
Hearing, but little heeding,
"Poor brute!" they chuckle, "in his time he fought,
But old and idle now he cares for nought
But rest and easy feeding."

"See how he winks and blinks, and yawns and yaws!
He has no teeth, and you might cut his claws
With a maid's toilet-scissors."
And Leo hears their cackle without care,
And lies regarding with untroubled air
Quidnuncs and quibbling quizzers.

Couchant eternally? Perhaps not quite.
Perchance he has outlived the love of fight
For its own simple sake.
Only should high occasion move his mind,
Dignus vindice nodus, they may find
LEO is wide-awake.

Rampant for ever? Some would have him thus,
To prove his pluck. He scorns such Partlet-fuss;
Only when foe-man hath
Crossed his own chosen path with trick or threat,
'Tis possible that foe may find there's yet
A Lion in the path!

SUGGESTION FOR A NEW COUNTRY DANCE.—The "Calico Ball" has gone out. Why not try a Ball of Worsted; and start the first appropriately in Worstedshire?

"ROBERT" AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

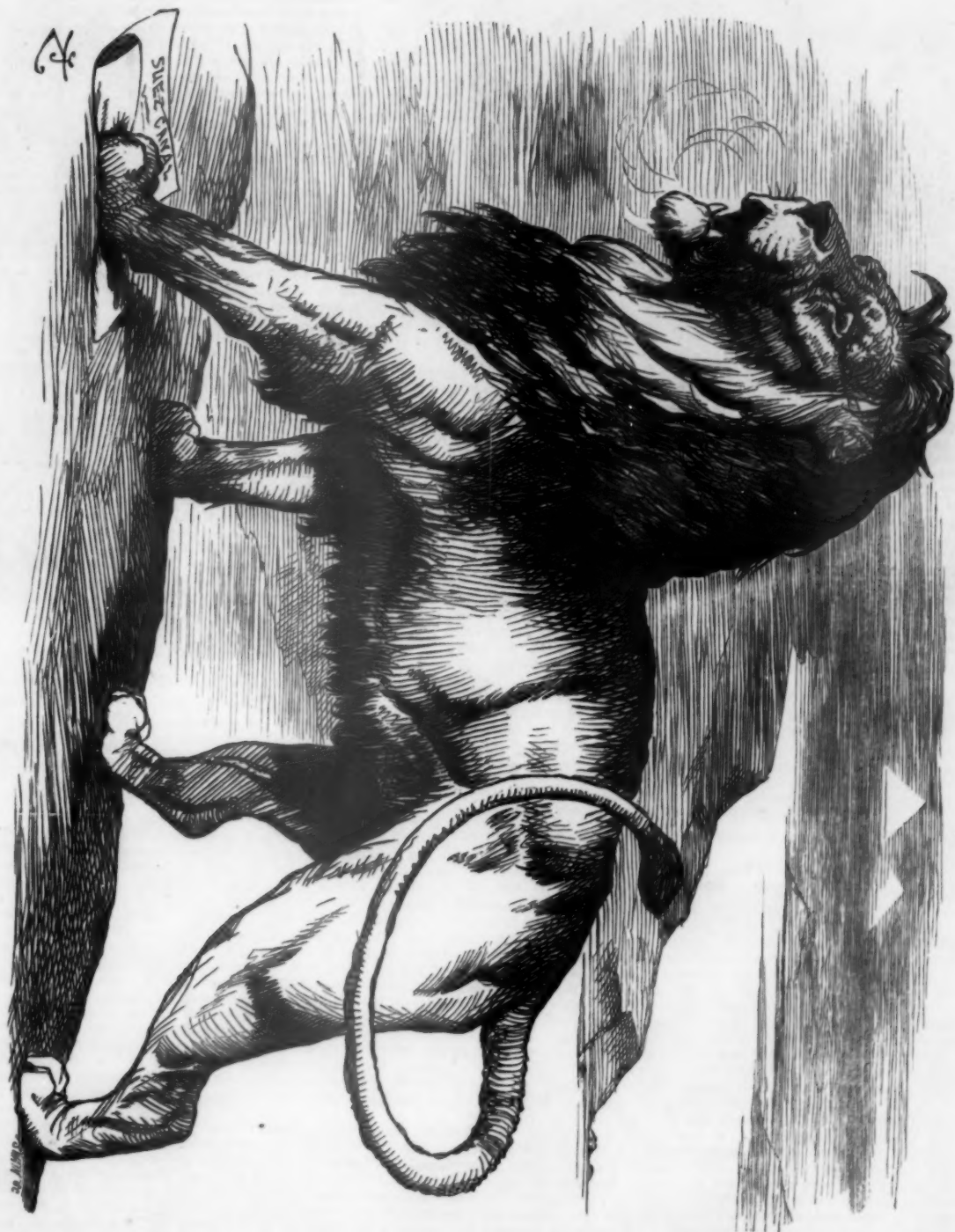
So we've had another all-night setting again, and so I suppose honourable Gents has atched somethink at last, but that ain't nothink to me, all I knows is that it's pretty sleepy work for all on us, Prime Ministers, and not werry Prime Ministers, and Door Keepers and Reporters, and Waiters and Irish Members, all alike trying their werry best not to look sleepy, and one and all failing miserably, and feeling miserable.

In course we poor Waiters has the wust of it as usual. The Ministers has their relays, and the Common M.P.'s has their relays, and the Reporters has their relays, and even that werry poor lot the Irish Brigands, has their relays, but all the relays as we pore Waiters has is just a souse in a bason of Water, and a clean white choker at half-past 3. H.A.M.

These all nite sittins must be jolly fine things for the Shampain makers. I thort my Brother Liverymen in the City was pritty good hands at Shampain, but, lor bless yer, they're out of the running, or rather prape out of the drinking, compared to the Irish Brigands. Dry Hide-and-Seek, or sweet Click-oh!, its all the same to them, but Pomeroy Green oh! seems their favorit Brand, (not the SPEAKER in course). The only sort they can't abear is Mum. Brown says Mum isn't the word with them. What we Waiters all agrees is jolly good fun on these oonshuns, is to hear the effeckshunate terms (terrens the Irishers calls it), in which the English Members and the Irish Mimbers speaks of one another!

The Scotchmen, like sensibul and egonomikul Gents as they is, all goes home to bed. Catch them wasting their spare caah, when they has any, on Shampain! No, no, just a leetle dop of pure Skotch Whuskey to keep out the nite hair, and away they goes and walks home.

But the English and the Irish, after just a bottle or 2 has unlockt their tungs, and made 'em speak what they really thinx wen there



“A LION IN THE PATH!”



THE END OF THE WORLD

arn't not no Reporters present, do go on in a way as is quite refreshin to listen too.

"A set of aughty inserlent Saxon prigs," says one table.

"Contemptibil, bog-trotting, treesonabl scamps," says another.

"Tyrannical, domayneering merjorrity," says a third.

"A miserabel hobstruative minority," says a fourth; and when the division bell rings in the middle of all this exchange of compleminx, it seems to give increased henergy to the langwidge used.

I should think that for grand exampels of thorough good hatred, or contempt, or lothin, or dislike, there's no place can best that first assembly of Gentlemen, the House of Commons. Praps that's why they allers begin their proceedins with Praires.

I deassy many people 'nd like to know what the 25 Irish Briggunds sed, and did, and drunk, when they was all bundled out of the House, but no, I couldn't grattify their Lordable curesosity without such breeches of unpropriety as even a Irish labourer would blush to ware. But this I will and do say, that if some of the poor deseved Fenian Cooks and Onsemades and Bricklairs Laberers as sends their poor little shillins and arferowns from Ameriker for the good as they thinks of dear old Ireland, could ject see how a good deal of it is spent, I rayther fancy it would make 'em open their eyes pretty wide, and keep their pusses a little closer. How any man, calling hisself a man and a M.P., can lower hisself to such a depth of diggerdashun as to live upon the fat of the land at the expense of poor workin men and women over in Ameriker, is somethink as I can't unnerstan, no, not a bit.

I calculate as it takes about a duzen 1s. subskripshuns from poor Irish Survants in Ameriker, to pay for one Bottle of Dry Hide-and-Seek for the Honnerabel Mimber for Dung-cavern, say, and about half a duzen half-crown subskripshuns from poor Irish Laberers to pay for one bottle of Click-Oh! for the equally Honnerabel Mimber for Sly-goes.

I'm rayther fond of 'igh living myself, and pretty well accoustumed to it, but, before I'd stoop so low as that, I'd consent to live on plane roast and biled for the rest of my nat'ral, or rayther unnat'ral life, beleeving as I do, that a humbel glass of Bitter would be sweeter to me, if I'd fairly earned it, than a whole Bottel of the sweetest Click Oh! if drawn by false pretences from the pockets of my poor hard-working misguided Countrymen and Countrywomen.

ROBERT.

RATHER A BORE?

Or a little Foreshadowing from under the Fore Shore.

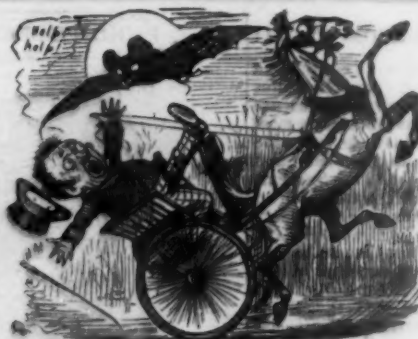
THE SUBMARINE CONTINENTAL RAILWAY COMPANY.

ANOTHER extraordinary Meeting of the Shareholders of the above Company was held at Dover yesterday, at the temporary Offices again being reconstructed on the foreshore, directly beneath the head of the Admiralty Pier. Notwithstanding the opposition of the Government authorities, and the condition of the roof, through which the sea-water was visibly cozing in considerable volume, there was a large attendance.

The Chairman, who had on a complete diver's costume, and was supported by several highly respectable firms of Solicitors, briefly explained the circumstances under which the Meeting had been suddenly summoned. He regretted to have to inform the assembled Shareholders that it had been decided, as a precautionary measure, to blow up the Tunnel, and he had, in fact, just received the usual Government three days' notice. (*Groans.*) He was not surprised at that manifestation. This would make the fifteenth time their property had been wantonly sacrificed in a moment of inconsiderate panic. And when he recalled with pride the fact, that, during a chequered commercial career of nine years, the Company had not got rid of its original Shareholders more than five-and-twenty times, nor led to more than three serious invasions of these islands, he felt that the action of the Government, in again hampering their receipts, was not only cruel but unbusiness-like. (*Loud cheers.*) However, there was nothing for it but to prepare themselves for the usual financial crisis, and make up their minds for another *ad interim* call of £175 per share. (*Uproar.*) Of course there would be no dividend. (*Laughter.*)

A Shareholder, who said he had been ruined several times by the enterprise already—(*loud laughter*)—wanted to know why they couldn't block up the other end somewhere, and open what was left of the Tunnel as a Submarine Warm Bath Establishment. (*Hear! hear!*) When the Dutch got hold of it, the year before last, they had almost sowed a dividend out of the concern as a Beer Saloon. (*Cheers.*) If he had his way, he would sell it privately at a crisis like the present, to some Foreign Government who would have no possible interest in blowing it up. (*Enthusiastic cheering.*) They had not put their money into the Tunnel for patriotism, but for fifteen per cent. His motto was "First a Shareholder, then an Englishman." (*Loud laughter.*)

The Chairman said, that he felt that was the sentiment, of course,



TRAP, BAT, AND BALL.

that was animating all of them, but pointed out that there was considerable difficulty in the way of giving it full and adequate expression.

Sir E. WATKIN, who was swathed in flannel, and was understood to be suffering severely from several forms of chronic rheumatism, here rose and said, that, having devoted the last ten years of his life to baling the Tunnel out—(*roars of laughter*)—he took a nobler view of its use and destiny than that endorsed by their honourable Chairman. He had never gone from his original contention, that the construction of this vast engineering work, in enabling him to give a Champagne lunch continually, in turns, to all the distinguished people in every part of the civilised world, had led to a friendly state of feeling little short of miraculous. (*Cheers.*) This was the true use of the Tunnel—(*loud cheers*)—and, from his really patriotic and social point of view, all he could say was, the oftener it was blown up the better. (*Enthusiastic cheers.*) It is true that, taking his mid-day meal for years in a leaky and stifling atmosphere under the bed of the sea, had somewhat told on his health. ("No! no!") Still he was able to keep it up as long as he could get anybody to come down and take a snack with him, regardless of draughts, damp, swimming sensation in the head, and sootiacs. (*Cheers.*) Give him plenty of flannel, plenty of friends, and a good brand of Champagne, and the Government might blow up the Tunnel again as soon as they liked! (*Prolonged cheers.*)

The Chairman here rose to move the adoption of the last Report, and was about to put the question to the Meeting, when the shalk roof that had been cracking somewhat ominously, suddenly fell in with a loud crash, bringing down with it at the same time several hundred yards of the superincumbent Admiralty Pier. This not unforeseen catastrophe necessitated as usual a rather hurried adjournment. After some slight confusion in passing the customary vote of confidence in the Directors, the proceedings terminated.

ARAB'S DIARY.

6 A.M.—Up with the alligator. Finished *Life of Napoleon, Popular Illustrated Egyptian Edition*. Wish my cherry pantaloons and moustache were up to his! Still, I am like him, and I'll give old SEYMOUR a taste of it before long. Where's my French Dictionary?

8 A.M.—Excellent. Six-and-thirty fresh guns in position. Couple of barges sunk at night. Rare fun for infidel dogs! Old SEYMOUR wants to know what I mean by it. *Happy Thought*.—Crush him. Ask him, by signal, if he has ever heard of *le Petit Caporal*!

10 A.M.—Says "he hasn't," and threatens a bombardment. Awkward! Private interview with French *Restaurateur*, who advises me to ask old S. Who thrashed the English at Waterloo?

Noon.—Says "he'll let me know presently," and threatens bombardment. Very awkward. Fancy that Frenchman hasn't got it quite straight. *Happy Thought*.—Pump Dervish.

2 P.M.—First-rate. Knows all about it. Once saw "historic *tableau*," introducing NAPOLEON in a circus at Stamboul. First came in disguised as a market-woman, then changed to *Pickwick*, rapidly appearing as a brigand chief, gradually assuming the military dress he wore at Austerlitz when pursued by Russians, and finally flinging off everything, and finishing up as Cupid on the back of four horses. No wonder he had the world at his feet! I'll have a shy myself after sundown. Meantime, why not sink another barge?

6 P.M.—Furious! Old S. says, "If I do that *once more*, he'll telegraph home for 'instructions.'" Asks me, "Who the dickens I think I am?" Signal back that "That's my business," and ask him if he has ever been to Madame Tussaud's? Shuts him up.

8 P.M.—Sink another barge, and go to sleep, dreaming six hundred centuries are looking down upon me.

BOOTH-ERATION TO 'EM!

EVERYBODY except the Booths and the Boothites will have read with pleasure Her Gracious MAJESTY's most gracious refusal to subscribe one penny to the Salvation Army funds. As the Supreme Governor of the Church of England, this was a "nasty one" for His Grace of CANTERBURY, who must be regretting the investment of this modest five in the Booth Bank. For our own part, though, as sinners, capable of special sympathy with the publicans, we may regret the disappearance of a place of generally harmless recreation for the East End, even more than the closure of Cremorne, Vauxhall, and Surrey Gardens,—for which no substitutes have been attempted,—yet we feel certain that, the Army once possessed of a great permanent meeting-place, will speedily convert it into some sort of Conventicle, the excitement of "drums and excursions" will gradually cease, conservatism will increase, Respectability and recognition by Respectability will be the object of the majority, reformers will arise and "camp out," regiments will desert, and some twenty new Sects will be added to the list of the country which possesses "any number of religions and only one sauce."

"Six thousand pounds for that!" exclaimed Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, when she heard of the price given for the Marie Antoinette table at the Hamilton Sale. "What an enormous sum! and for Marionette furniture, too!"

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 92.



A FREAK OF FORTUNE.

"There was the weight that pulled me up, O Cromwell Road!"
Shakespeare (South Kensington Edition).

SONG ON ST. SWITHIN'S DAY.

(AIR.—Obvious.)

JUPITER PLUVIUS,
Downfall diluvius,
Quenching Vesuvius,
Be pleased to stay;
Benignly listening,
E'en sun-drops listening,
Spare apples christening,
Saint Swithin's Day.

Hold hard thy water-pot,
Injure our harvest not,
Let sunshine, clear and hot,
Ripen our grain.
Wait till the Swains cry out,
After a spell of drought,
Root-crops will fail, without
We gits moor rain!

NEW CREATIONS.—Last week the Earl of MARCH, eldest son of the Duke of RICHMOND, and, therefore, as 'ARRY would say, "the March Heir," was married. Hymen Hymence, and all good wishes, of course. But what a suggestive title! If it had been the custom to confer Almanackian titles, we might have read that, "among the distinguished company present at the wedding of the Earl of MARCH, we noticed the Duke of JANUARY, the Countess of FEBRUARY, Prince APRIL THE FIRST, the Honourable Miss MAY, Lady DAY, the Junior Lord of the Treasury; the band of the Tenth (of July) was in attendance, under the direction of an August-looking party, whose name we were unable to ascertain. The Duke of DECEMBER arrived last. His Grace was accompanied by Baron BAROMETER, who was rising to speak as our reporter left."

TO SUMMER.

(A Fun-Loving Philistine's Appeal.)

SWEET, what has come to you?
Is joy a "hum" to you?
Are all things "rum" to you,
Dear and delightful,
That you, dight drearly,
Come so uncheerily,
Wetly and wearily?

Really 'tis frightful!

You, the bright-beaming one,
Genial-gleaming one,
Swift-silver-streaming one,
Soft and sun-litten,
Once glad as HERRICK all,
Are you hysterical,
And by chimerical
Art-crotchets bitten?

Are you tear-wettilly,
Joyless, unprettilly,
Gone wrong Rossetti-ly
Sworn limp to rove, nor
Ever dance sunnily
But, limbs "lopped" "bunny"-ly
Flopped, as guys fannily
Do at the Grosvenor?

Less prone to cry, Oh be!
Would you ape Niobe?
Mournful as lo be
Plagued by the gadfly?
Is your propensity
All for intensity?
Folly's immensity
Of freak and fad fly!

Do let's have health again,
Flora's full wealth again,
June's subtle stealth again,
July's rich dowers;
Now fields like fen lie, dear,
Give sun at Henley, dear,
Skies à la PENLEY, dear,—
Fun, fruits, and flowers!

Don't you grow dun and damp,
All goggle, grim, and Gamp,
Like girls who, slim and cramp,
Set critics snarling
At Courr's Gallery!
Spite of Art's raillery,
Don't you go "yallery,"
Don't—there's a darling!

SOME MORE WORDS WITH A MUMMY.

(Communicated by the Spirit of E. A. Poe.)

"BAH!" cried the Egyptian—in excellent Coptic—pitching to the other end of the apartment the *Daily Telegraph*, which I had been translating to him for the past two hours.

"I am somewhat surprised at your impetuosity," said I, huffishly. "Ill-bred impatience is the last thing I should have expected from a contemporary of the Pyramids."

"Not Time but twaddle produces tedium," retorted the Mummy with polished pungency. "Judging from what you have read concerning Sultans, Khedives, Beys, and Notables, Joint Controls and Identical Notes, Ultimatums that are not Ultimatums, and Demonstrations that do not demonstrate, I should say that the maze of Labaris was plain and simple compared with the present muddle of Egyptian Affairs."

"Well," said I, "contemporary riddles are a little less simple of solution than those of your much over-rated old Sphinx."

"Is Chaos then a conundrum, in the modern sense?" softly queried he, with a slow elevation of his eyebrows. "Our idea of a riddle was a hidden problem, which needed wit to solve, not a palpable confusion which contending interests wrangled over. Your modern Sphinx seems to me more like Chimæra."

I somehow sympathised with the hasty assault of the meek man MOSES upon the countryman of my placid interrogator. I could understand better than before the feelings of BILL NIX when he "went for that Heathen Chinee," with the smile that (like that of my Egyptian) was "childlike and bland."



PROCEDURE.

Parish Clerk (to Rector of adjoining Village). "SHOCKING DOINGS IN OUR PARISH NOW, SIR!"

Rector. "WHY, WHAT IS THE MATTER, GUBBINS?"

Parish Clerk. "WELL, SIR, I FARE RIGHT ASHAMED TO TELL YOU, THAT I DEW!"

Rector. "OH, YOU MAY AS WELL——"

Parish Clerk. "WELL, SIR, OUR VICAR, HE 'VE BEEN A BAPTIZEN OF A INFANT UNBEKNOWN TO THE CLERK! (With indignation.) NOW, KIN HE DEW THAT, SIR!"

"Well," said I, "of course, if we chose to submit to the iron absolutism of a RAMESSES, or the dark intrigues of an AMENI——"

"Instead of the gentle guidance of him you call 'BISMARCK,' or the frank and fair leadership of those you name 'Financiers,'" interjected the Egyptian, smoothly. "Ah! I must admit there is one modern mystery which we did not understand in the year 3000 B.C."

"What is that?" I asked with some eagerness.

"Bondholding," he replied, with expressive brevity.

"A simple matter," said I, airily.

"They are simple who think so," responded he, with a significant contraction of the sinister eyelid. "The Veil of Isis never hid secrets so dark. Our priests never swayed influences so subtle, so all-pervading, so unscrupulous or so unsuspected as the priests of your Temple of Mammon. Bah! I knew all about 'the esoteric' and 'the exoteric' doctrine ages ago, and am not to be duped to-day by the hocus-pocus of financial wire-pullers."

"I do not quite understand——," I began.

"Certainly you do not," he interjected, "no more than ninety-nine hundredths of your fellows, citizens, scribes, politicians, diplomatists do—no more than a Memphian swineherd understood the sacred mysteries of the hermetic books! But the Masters of Mysteries rule the Rulers to-day as in the time of the Pharaohs," he added, enigmatically.

"A Joint Control," I remarked with some dignity: "that not only secures the interests of the Bondholders, but public and political good in the restitution of credit, the substitution of order for disorder, and improvement in the condition of the people——"

But here I paused, arrested against my will by a repetition of that peculiar exhibition of optical contractility before alluded to.

"When a Joint Control does not control, and becomes disjointed," said he, "even an ARABI BEY may be tempted to mock at the mouth-ing menaces of its forward and its backward voice. And as to your roseate sequences,—credit, order, improvement,—will you demonstrate them from the present position of affairs at Alexandria, as

illustrated by mob-massacre, the panic-stricken flight of Capital, and the pleasant possibilities of bombardment?"

"A 'firm attitude,'" said I, "is now absolutely necessary, in the interests of—well of everybody."

"Were your creed-shapers as picturesque and as logical as were ours," drawled the Egyptian smoothly, yet with a pungency of emphasis perfectly indescribable, "they would give you a new god, BONDHOLDER DEMIURGOS to wit, and symbolically divinify your triad of tremendous potencies, the Purse, the Tongue, and——"

But somehow I had lost interest in the interview, and left the Egyptian's presence with an abruptness which I hope did not strike him as quite too modernly ill-mannered.

THE NORTH SEA FIEND!

A DESPATCH in a Blue Book lately issued, relative to the North Sea Fisheries, contains the remarkable announcement that:—

"Her Majesty's Government have learnt with satisfaction that the use of the devil is going to be put down."

This is bad news for the Salvation Army and many other Christianly charitable persons. The Clergy generally will see their "occupation gone."

MRS. GAMP, Jun., says: "Talk o' England looking after the Sewage Canal in Egypt! They'd much better get a new Sewage Canal down at Barking." She is right. If something isn't done in that direction, there'll be a good deal more growling about Barking, and with reason.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says she has got a large book, collecting Autocrats, which, when everybody's dead and gone, will be very valuable.

GROSVENOR GEMS.



No. 94. O Schmoors! A clipper. Sir Coutts Lindsay.



No. 95. "How shall I get my hat on over this here—I mean, over this hair?" J. E. Millais, R.A.



No. 124. Section of Beanstalk planted by Jack. G. F. Watts, R.A.



No. 162. Suggestion for Pantomime Scene. E. Barclay.



No. 6. Bust Be-Labourer. R. B. Browning.



No. 63. Mr. Watts, R.A. ought to be arraigned for High Treason, for attempting to execute H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Fortunately, the attempt has proved a failure.



No. 112. Inspiration. Browning Frowning—on Alfred Austin.



No. 97. Gleaning Birch Rods: capital way of carrying them home in a cocked hat. G. Clausen.

“ This lot finishes our Collection of “Grosvenor Gems” from this Season's Exhibition, and more power to their elbows!

THE ACADEMY SOIRÉE.

(By our Hancsellian Professor of Poetry.)

O WHAT a “swarry” ’twas at the Academy!
“What were the costumes?” you ask, my dear Madam. I
Cannot describe them as worn by *Æsthetics*,
Aiding poor Nature with artful cosmetics,
Showing so boldly what Art calls the “torso,”
Posing like pagans of old,—only more so.
The School’s dying out, for we scarce turn to stare
At the specimen *Æsthetes*, now happily rare.
A brilliant night it was at the Academy—
Foreigners, Britishers, Dutch *ALMA TADEMY*—
Alter his name for the rhyme, ’tis too bad o’ me!
Better opinion, Madam, you had o’ me.
But I won’t change it—my will is Macadam;
Still, won’t repeat it, so don’t tell my dad o’ me.
Here’s to Sir FREDERICK, and the Academy!

LEAVES FROM A DETECTIVE’S DIARY.

Monday.—Received information of a murder committed in Clerkenwell, the handling of which was entrusted to me. A poor job, and not one likely to call forth my powers. It is evident that the deceased and the man who is suspected had long been on bad terms, and that on the Sunday night they met and quarrelled in a narrow lonely street. Passers-by saw the suspected man running off in the direction of his house, and the deceased was shortly afterwards discovered stabbed to the heart. In the morning I met little *SPY* of the *Evening Whopper*, and he being a very nice and clean sort of a man for a newspaper reporter, we had some refreshment together,

and I told him of the facts of the case. In the afternoon I proceeded to Clerkenwell to arrest *SMITH*, but his house was empty. He had left no clue. The place was absolutely bare with the exception of a copy of to-day’s *Evening Whopper*. I see *SPY* has clearly stated the facts of this case, and mentions that I am on my way to *SMITH*’s house to arrest him. He refers to me as active, intelligent, and deeply skilled in solving the mysteries of crime.

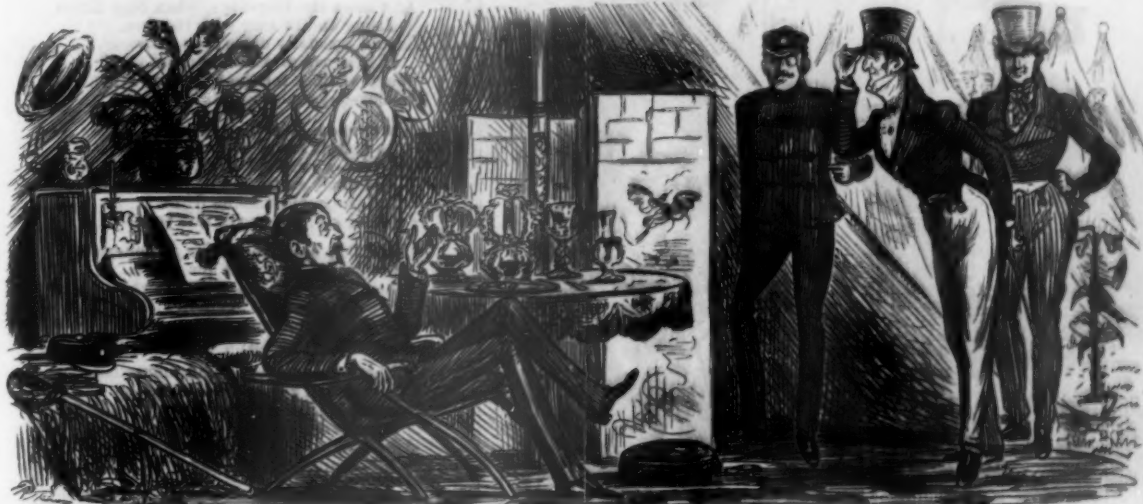
Tuesday.—A slice of good luck. The cabman who drove *SMITH* from his house to the Railway Station, turned up late at night to volunteer information. *SMITH* left London by the loop-line of the South-Western Railway. I proceeded to Waterloo, and by describing *SMITH*, who is a somewhat remarkable-looking man, owing to the great length of his red hair and beard, ascertained that he had taken a ticket for Fulwell. I returned to Scotland Yard, and reported progress. In Parliament Street I met Mr. *EAVES* of the *Daily Force*, and we had a long talk over the case. He congratulated me.

Wednesday.—Took train to Fulwell. The porter at the station perfectly remembered the man with red hair and beard, and offered to point out the lodgings which he believed he had taken. I accepted the offer, and we walked together to the house. The landlady said that a red-haired man, with a very long beard, had taken rooms there on the Monday night, and, she believed, was in them now. I knocked at *SMITH*’s door, but there was no answer. I turned the handle; the door was unlocked, and I walked in. On the floor was a quantity of reddish hair, lying on this morning’s copy of the *Daily Force*, in which Mr. *EAVES* has described my proceedings almost word for word as I told him. But where is *SMITH*? The porter only remembers one clean-shaven man, with close-cropped hair, dressed very much as *SMITH* was, leaving Fulwell Station this day. We have lost the clue.

Some Weeks Later.—I hear that *SMITH* is in Spain. He is doing well, having started a daily paper for the benefit of the criminal classes. He has likewise grown his hair and beard again.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

MODERN LIFE IN LONDON; OR, "TOM AND JERRY" BACK AGAIN.



YOUNG LOGIC EXHIBITS THE HARDSHIPS OF WAR TO THE CORINTHIAN AND HIS COZ.

"We have heard a good deal of The Volunteer Movement, my dear JERRY," said the CORINTHIAN, one morning, to his Coz, "and I now see that the Citizen Soldiers of to-day are 'in Camp' at Wimbledon, so that I shall propose to YOUNG BOB an excursion thither." CORINTHIAN TOM was in a highly patriotic mood that morning, for he had just been perusing a highly bellicose article in *Jupiter Junior*, in which the British Lion was adjured to "wag its tail" till the "welkin rang," and he thus continued, "It will do us good, my dear Coz, to see how a 'Nation of Shopkeepers' is prepared to guard the National Emporium, and I feel sure that we shall find the inscription on the Champion's cup right when it declared that the innovating hand of a foreigner, when lifted against the son of Britannia, must not only be aided by the strength of a LION, but the HEART also!" "My father used to speak of the Old Volunteers," said JERRY; "and most of the gentry of any standing in 'our parts' held Commissions; while I have heard that there were wet nights at Mess when these gallant fellows foregathered in our County Town." "No doubt," said TOM; "but here comes YOUNG BOB. I know his hoof on the stairs. Let us see if he is 'on.'" YOUNG BOB, to use his own expression, was quite game, said he was a Volunteer Officer himself, and he thought a look in at the CAMP would "freshen him up" a bit, for he hadn't felt the same fellow since the Gaiety Company had left Town, and the Sacred Lamp of Burlesque had been extinguished. "Let us go to Wimbledon by all means, my gay Warriors, there is much fun to be had in the tents of the Victorias, and unrivalled is the whiskey that flows in Glen Albany!" "What spirits YOUNG BOB has," said JERRY, admiringly. "Yes," replied his Coz, "ardent spirits." Whereupon BOB came as near blushing as ever he did in his life, and declaring it was too bad, "pon his honour," our illustrious TRIO started for Wimbledon.

The Common certainly presented an animated sight as, gaining a Coign of Vantage, our heroes looked down upon the long lines of tents, the butts, and the various Firing points where the competitors were straining every nerve to "hit the Bull's-Eye." As they went in and out of Canvas Town, the conversation that they heard around them was purely professional, and indeed appeared to the CORINTHIAN and to JERRY to consist of *flash* expressions with which they were by no means *au fait*. They heard of *patekas* and *dummies*, of *outers* and *maggies*, *bull's-eyes*, and the *running man*, which latter term caused the CORINTHIAN to remark that he thought that a good many foreigners would be *running men*, if they had to face the accurate aim of some of the Volunteers of GREAT BRITAIN! It must

be said also that the weather was most unfavourable. JUPITER PLEVIUS reigned Supreme, and it was "no joke" to have to "keep the game alive" amid heavy showers and sharp bursts of wind, that make the cleverest *marksmen* fire wide.

But there was another aspect of LIFE at WIMBLEDON which did not escape our TRIO. Young BOB, who, despite his uniform, pronounced the whole affair a "bore, don't you know?" took the CORINTHIAN and JERRY off to have some refreshment in a *pal's* tent. There our heroes saw the other side of the picture, and were invited, like Mr. HAMLET's exceedingly *shady* mother, to look upon this and that, though the result was much more pleasant than the spectacle offered by the over-rated Bard of Avon. The Interior of the Tent was luxurious "to a degree." It was with its *aesthetic* decorations the abode of a MARTIAL SYBARITE; and the owner, to do him justice, was in "perfect keeping" with his surroundings. He was sipping claret and inhaling the fumes of a Turkish cigarette, and his attitude showed that the toils of "Mimic War" did not press very heavily upon him. He was at the same time magnificently hospitable, and the TRIO enjoyed the *Ne plus ultra* of LIFE at WIMBLEDON. "Happy the Warriors!" said the CORINTHIAN, after a number of beakers "craftily qualified," "who thus combine War and Luxury; and when I enter the lists, be it mine to *sojourn* at Wimbledon!" Nor was the "bit of life" ended when they left the tent of their entertainer, for the LONDON SCOTTISH loomed before them; and the revelry in the tents of Glen Albany, lasted far into the night. Patriotic songs were sung, and toasts were honoured in good old Scottish fashion; and when TOM, JERRY, and YOUNG BOB left to go home, they found that the *Dustman* was "on board," and that the ways of Wimbledon were as seductive as LIFE in LONDON.

Next morning YOUNG BOB breakfasted by arrangement with the CORINTHIAN and his Coz, at their rooms in Club Chambers. TOM and JERRY were as "fresh as daisies," and had before them huge pots of porter, and a dish of succulent Kidneys; but YOUNG BOB would have "none of them;" and, exclaiming in a very tragic fashion, "a plague on both your houses," was immediately supplied by the careful waiter with a "B.-and-S." *Sic transit gloria mundi* was the reflection of the CORINTHIAN; but he remembered that a Latin quotation is apt to have the same effect upon a "chippy" man as a "red rag on a bull," and he, therefore, was silent; though JERRY tipped his Cousin "the wink," and remarked that YOUNG BOB had evidently seen too much of LIFE at WIMBLEDON!



THE TRIO AT BREAKFAST.



VERY LIKE IT.

Tutor. "WHAT, WHAT, MUMBLES! HOW DO YOU TRANSLATE *SEMETIPSUM*?"
Master Mumbles (with some slight hesitation). "HALF TIPSY, SIR!"

Benjamin Webster.

BORN AT BATH, 1797. DIED IN LONDON, 1882.

STOP your laughter, friends!—a minute. Bow the reverential head
O'er the bier that bears the body of a Veteran that's dead.
There's no cause for lamentation, let no sorrow stain the page
Of a man who fought his battle to a patriarchal age:
All the giants he outlived them, they departed one by one,
But the epilogue—he spoke it ere his comedy was done.
One by one they left their leader, bred to work and born to rule,
Left him weeping o'er the ruins of his old Adelphi School—
Left him weeping o'er the glories of the old Haymarket time,
When the Men were in their triumph, and the Women in their prime.
They will greet with acclamation, as he nears the distant shore,
Such a fine old English Actor. "Rare BEN WEBSTER" is no more!
Open gates of recollection to the long-remembered years
When his *Graves* excited laughter and his *Triplet* moved to tears!
He had humour, he had sparkle, there was cynicism's bite
When he soothed and he soft-sawdered as the oily Hypocrite.
Nature school'd him for an Actor, and "one touch" of it he show'd
When the copyist *Pennholder* led to sympathy the road;
For the old man clasped his daughter with a cry upon his breast—
Then a pause, and then a silence—it was Nature told the rest.
Change the scene to Melodrama, realistic in its day,
Who forgets his *Robert Landry* in the old Adelphi play?
Who forgets his oft successes, *WRIGHT* and *BEDFORD* by his side,
Now in drama charged with pathos, now as reckless *Richard Pride*.
Change again to subtle humour, and, though comedy be rare,
There it lived in *Joey Ladle* in the new *No Thoroughfare*.
Ere the grass grows green above him, ere we ring the curtain down,
Let one throb of recollection stir the pulses of the town!
He outlived his generation, did this venerable Sage,
Smiled at "coat-and-trouser" pieces and a milk-and-water Age.
Who can wonder that an Actor and a leader turned his back
On a decorated Drama and an Art of *bric-à-brac*?

DRENCHED IN THE DOG-DAYS.

ARE these the Dog-days, when Star Sirius
Rising and setting with the Sun,
Should specially drive dogs delirious,
If heat can make them rabid run?
What weather for the toads and frogs,
In Dog-days raining cats and dogs!

Water enough for dogs to guzzle,
As saneest, soberest dogs are prone.
The bow-wow, then, forbear to muzzle,
And don't debar him of his bone!
Of hydrophobia take no fear:
Small risk of rabies yet this year!

What Dog-days, these, for garden-parties,
Display of Fashion's fine attire,
Wherein the mantua-maker's art is
A perfect marvel to admire!
But waterproof were meetest wear,
In dripping Dog-days, for the Fair!

All heads hid under spread umbrellas,
See what a gay and festive scene
Those splendid girls and spruce young fellows
Present on gravel-path and green!
All shrouded in a macintosh,
While snails beneath your steps you squash.

For snails and slugs in showery weather
Come out amid the moist parterres,
And thrush and blackbird, both together,
Snap those molluscs up unawares;
And ever, as they gulp them, sing
Grace after grub which Dog-days bring.

CAB REFORM.—"Noblesse oblige!" as the Cabman said when he was standing on his rank. "Obliged to nobble less," is somebody's translation. But between Drivers and Proprietors the public will come to the ground, and have to walk. We wish the Cab-ranks could be recruited from the Civil Service. Except for the shortest possible distance, the right fare and a row is the rule. But the subject has been already fully treated in our "Handbook to Knowledge" Series.

But a greater revolution cheered the man who played his part
Midst the charitable curses that the people hurled at Art:
He had borne the brunt of battle, and he lived to see the morn
When the Actress was respected and the Actor free from scorn!
Hush your clamour for a moment, let your controversy cease!
A familiar voice is silent!—"Rare BEN WEBSTER" is at peace!

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.

WELL, if ever I was literally dumfounded in all my life, it was on last Monday afternoon at the House of Commons! I got one of the dorekeepers to let me go in the Gallery, afore the dinners began, to hear the Ouse accept with gratitude and arty thanks, the halteration as the Lords had kindly made in the owdacious Shadwell Fish Market Bill, so as to purtock the sacred rites of the Copperashun. But what did I hear? The most awful accounts of pore old dear Billingsgate, just because it's a little scrowged, and a little dirty, and a little small. Even Sir WILLIAM ARSCOURT denouncing the Copperashun's dry Monopolee, and aeshally larfin at their sacred Charter, and laying down the hawfully wicked principle that a Charter as doesn't do no good ain't of no use! However, he didn't have it all quite his own way, the Copperashun was boldly, tho' wainly, supported by a Brightonian, and a Alderman, and a Irishman, but even such a Treco as that waan't of no use, and the Lords' improvements was both struck out amid the jeers and larfter of the thortless Ouse. And then arter this nokkin these ere 2 amemments on the Ead, the Lords, on Fish-Fryday as ever wos, makes no stand but alows 'em to be drowned like a kuppel o' kittuns in the rivvur. Well—if I was a Lord—but that aint neether ear nor there.

Wensday being a slack day with us, I took a walk down Thames Street just to see what people are making such a fuss about in regard to the Traffick. I had just a little drop of something to drink with a ole frend of mine who's a porter in Buttolf Lane, and he told me all about it. He says they has sum rare fun sumetimes of a morning when the scrowge is at its best. He says he may run against anybody, when he's carryin a load, if he only calls out Buy Leaf, and one of their old jokes is that anybody as goes into Billins-



A SCENE AT SHADWELL; OR, RIVER-SIDE JUSTICE.

gate Market with a decent coat on is sure to come out all in Scale Armer! Well, sum things as my friend BILL told me is such staggerers, as I've a werry grate difficulty in swallowing 'em, but as I don't see what he has to get by lying, I'm forced to b'lieve him.

He says Wans of Fish from the Railways often has to go past the Market, and round to Tower Hill and back 3 or 4 times afore they can find room to unload, and sumtimes they has to go back with their Fish to the Railway Stashun, and bring it back again the next day, which of course all adds to the jolly scowage as they generally has there, and don't much improve the Fish.

Well, that's pretty strong for a poor Waiter with only a modrate Swaller, but jest think of this. His Master in Buttolf Lane had to go to Dover last week. Wen he started, a Wan was at the door loading. He went to Dover, transacted his bizzness at Dover, and came back to Buttolf Lane, and the Wan was still in Buttolf Lane, and remained there another hour before it could get out!

I'm werry sensetive to riddyule—most littory people is, I fancy—so, wishing BILL good-bye, I sorntered into Buttolf Lane and had a good look at it. I then went back 3 hours arterwards, and there was lots of the same Wans as I had seen 3 hours afore, and getting

into a friendly chat with one of the Carmen, he told me they was often 6 and 7 hours a-getting through this not werry long lane that hasn't no turning. A most civil Beedle at the Cole Exchange, the place I spose where they mixes the Coles, who I saw at the side door, nex to a werry respectable Pub, told me that sumtimes of a morning all the pavement is so covered with large wet fish-boxes, that the Cole exchanging Gents can't get into their offices, and if he ventures a slite remonsterence with the perspiring Kostermongers, the powerful langwidge as they uses to him quite shocks the pore Beedle's nerves. He says that sumtimes, when there's a jolly good lot of Fish cums, the whole plaice is blocked for hours, and then the Salesmen telegrams to the Fish Sender, "Market Glutted. Don't send no more!" But as I didn't choose to be insulted by being expected to beleave such rubbish as that, I thanked the nervous Coley Beedle and came away, pretendin as I didn't b'leeve a word of it, tho' I do appen to know as it's all Trew! I wish we could send a Telacoram to Ireland—"House glutted with Irish talk. Don't send no more." That 'ud be as reel a blessing to Members, as Mrs. Wind-slow's Soothing Surrup is to Mothers, and then we shouldn't want no Ortum Season, as I hears we're to have.

ROBERT.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

MONDAY, July 10. — Hear of a little arrangement now in progress. Some of our young men have had enough of GLADSTONE, HARTINGTON, and others who have enjoyed office for many years. Their turn now. Country hasn't got on so well under these elders as to put out of Court motive for substitution of Juniors.

"They have tried it in the Army," young LAMBTON says, gloomily. "When a man's been a Colonel for five years he goes whether he's good or bad. What's sauce for the Colonel should be sauce for the PREMIER. If he won't do as we tell him, let him go. We'll soon get another;" and the sprig of nobility, not without satisfaction, glances at himself in the Peer-glass.

Fresh recruit to-night in the person of Mr. SEELY — SEELY, Junior, elected the other day for Nottingham. Set in obscurity of back Benches long enough. Comes out to-night, and, — to the delicious delight of JOSEPH GILLIS, who, since Mr. HEALY is virtuous, thought there were to be no more cakes and ale, — browbeats the PREMIER. This thing likely to grow. PETER has been sounded, but won't join in this unless he's promised Chancellorship of the Exchequer. That's position in the new Ministry SAMUELSON, Junior, has selected for himself. MARRIOTT has not settled yet whether he'll be Chancellor of the Exchequer, or start with the Attorney-General-ship. Difference on this point may retard expulsion of GLADSTONE, but as an eventuality that's settled.

Youth has had enough of Age and its shortcomings, and means to take the tiller itself.

Business done. — Arrears Bill. Autumn Session announced.

Tuesday Night. — News from Alexandria. ARABI the blest is now ARABI the bombarded. A flow of excitement through the House, though not much shouting. Everyone admires the way in which the affair was carried out from the first. No blustering; no shouting in St. James's Hall. No rattling of tumblers containing Patriotic Gin - and - water, or Brandy cold in Music-halls. ARABI quietly told from the first that he would not be allowed to do as he liked in Egypt. Preparations simultaneously made for bringing him to order if he persisted. Thought we were funning, finds we are firing.

Only Sir WILFRID LAWSON not happy.

"There is," he said just now, "a party in the House not satisfied." But then WILFRID wants so much. If we were all teetotallers, all members of the Peace

Society, and all privates in the Salvation Army, he would be sure to find some other unpleasantness to force upon us.

Perhaps the most remarkable episode in the phenomena of the day



"WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT!"

is the demoralisation of JOHN BRIGHT. JOHN has come out a regular fire-eater. At eight o'clock this evening, whilst sitting suspended, was passing through the Library. Came upon him in one of the quiet alcoves. Had his coat off, shirt-sleeves turned up, and was sparring away at a dummy figure made up of his coat on the back of a chair, and a red silk handkerchief roughly representing a fex.

"What's the matter, JOHN," I asked.

"I'm having a round with ARABI," J. B. answered, dancing round the dummy, and making fearsome feints. "Ha! would you?" and to quote classical writing, "he fetched him one on the conk."

"Thought you were a man of peace, JOHN. A sort of hit-one-cheek-turn-the-other young man."

"Yes," he said, panting and puffing, for he's getting a little fleshy for this kind of exercise; "but that was four years ago, and a great deal has happened since then." Have since heard that JOHN was thinking of applying for the post of Military Governor of Alexandria, when he suddenly changed his mind, preferring the Society of Friends to the Society of Enemies. Yet "BRIGHT PASHA" would have looked well in a fex.

Business done. — Arrears Bill in Committee.

Wednesday Afternoon. — WILFRID LAWSON shaking the Cap and jingling the Bells over bombarded Alexandria. GOURLEY found the opportunity for him. Innocent ingenious man, GOURLEY. Has been to sea on a yacht, and has, to the hitch of the trousers, all the simplicity of the British seaman. The wily WILFRID having his jokes ready must needs get them off.

"Didn't like to move the adjournment himself as that would spoil impromptu appearance. So got hold of GOURLEY, as the monkey got hold of the cat to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for him."

This is ONSLOW's version. Not sure that ONSLOW is an impartial witness against WILFRID. Certainly it was curious to notice that when in this quite unexpected manner WILFRID rose to second the motion for adjournment, he was providentially supplied with notes of all his jokes. Went off famously. Conservatives cheered tremendously. GLADSTONE a little unpleasantly scathing, and GOURLEY complaining that he had had rather an uncomfortable time of it, whilst WILFRID had thoroughly enjoyed himself. "But," as Sir CHARLES FORSTER said, when he at last found his hat and observed that someone had been sitting on it, "there's no pleasure in life without its alloy."

Business done. — Arrears Bill.

Thursday Night. — Coolness sprung up between Right Hon. friends on Opposition Bench. STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE complains that HICKS-BEACH, SMITH, and GIBSON hustled him when he was about to ask the Government why they had not done something else at Alexandria. Besides HICKS-BEACH in jumping up and trying to get before SMITH trod on his toe. HICKS-BEACH very sorry, but says SMITH shoved him. SMITH quite unconscious of having done so, but if so it was GIBSON. He was at the Table first. GIBSON had been up three times with his joke, well enough once, about the convicts, and had tried to elbow him (W. H. S.) off. Then, he admits, he laid his hand on GIBSON's arm. If in the struggle he cannoned against HICKS-BEACH very sorry. "That's all very well," STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE says with quiet persistency; "but the fact remains, my toe was trodden on."

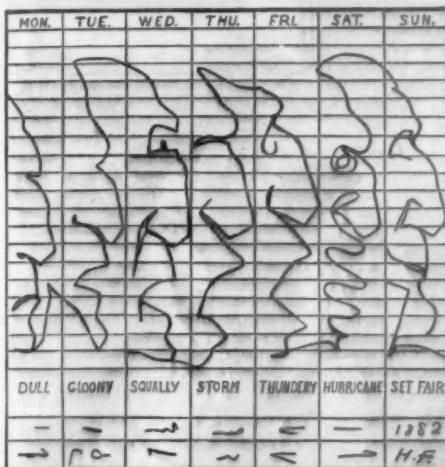
In the end, determined to turn on GIBSON. What's he to Egypt, or Egypt to him, that he should jostle W. H. SMITH at the table, and cannon against Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, who trod on the toe



Colours (as Napoleon). "Him want plenty of Elba-room." [History repeats itself: Small Edition: Coloured Plates.]

of the Leader of the Opposition? Isn't Ireland enough for one man, without his poaching in other people's preserves?

Situation intensified by discontent on benches behind and below the Gangway. 2 Right Hon. Gentlemen on front Bench all jumping up together, to get



Gladstone's Temper Chart during exceptionally trying Weather.

party imminent, and all because, as W. H. SMITH and Sir MICHAEL agree, GIBSON would rush in where he'd no business.

Business done.—Arrears Bill.

Saturday.—Great news going about in a whisper to-night. GLADSTONE refuses to make BRIGHT Military Governor of Alexandria. Says he hasn't had experience enough. So BRIGHT resigned in a huff.

Business done.—Made a hole in the Arrears Bill.

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER; OR, SOMETHING LIKE A POLICE REPORT.

SAVAGE AND UNPROVOKED ASSAULT.—Sir WILFRID LAWSON, M.P., was charged, on a warrant, with having, in an attempt to defend his house from the attack of several burglars, inflicted grievous bodily harm on one or more of them. There was also a second count charging him further with having, when about to be struck on the head with a bludgeon, raised his hand menacingly to protect himself. Mr. RICHARD prosecuted on behalf of the Peace Society. The prisoner, who had his head bandaged up in several places, and presented a very pitiable appearance in the dock, was undefended. The evidence went to show that the house of the prisoner, having been several times robbed by night, and some of his servants quite recently murdered, under circumstances of aggravated brutality, in his front garden, he was under the impression that he might take some steps to protect himself and his establishment from further outrage. Noticing on the particular occasion in question, several masked and armed figures creeping about, in the dusk, under his study window, with a dark lantern, he had suddenly, and without any warning, hit one of them over the head with a walking-stick. He was, however, overpowered after a short struggle, and given in charge. Mr. RICHARD said he was instructed to press for a conviction, as the Society he represented considered this a very bad case.

The Magistrate, addressing the prisoner, said he felt deeply the position—the position of dishonour—in which he was placed. He regarded any precautionary act of self-defence such as he had resorted to, as cowardly, cruel, and criminal. The liberties of cutthroats and burglars must, he was aware, be respected. Moreover, it was perfectly lamentable to see a representative character like the prisoner in the dock, who had proved himself, in the House of Commons, such a genial, hearty, and vigorous champion of all the worst scoundrelism in Europe, suddenly turning round on every principle he had professed, and adopting a policy which is abhorrent to every instinct of justice and right, merely because he had reason to believe he ran a risk of being murdered in his bed. Though he implored him to reconsider his ways, and, in future, to act with common sense, common justice, and common humanity, he felt, nevertheless, bound to make an example of him. He should commit him for trial. The prisoner, who was understood to say that when he got out he would let somebody "have it hot," was then removed from the Court, struggling, and firing off an occasional witticism at the Bench.

Mrs. RAMSEOTHAM tells us that a young friend of hers, who is an Under-graduate at Oxford, has had some difficulty with the authorities, and has been fumigated for a year!

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL: THE MIDSHIPMAID.



HE sea is calm,
the sky is blue;
I've nothing in
the world to do
But watch these sea-
gulls flap and
veer,
From 'neath the
awning on the
Pier;
And as I muse
there in the
shade,
I see a merry
Midshipmaid.

The sauciest of
bunny belles,
In brodered coat
with white lap-
pels;
Her ample tresses
one describes
Are closely plait-
ed, pig-tail-
wise.

A smart cocked hat, a trim cockade,
Are sported by this Midshipmaid.

I wonder, in a dreamy way,
If e'er she lived in NELSON's day?
Was she a kind of "WILLIAM CARR,"
Or did she fight at Trafalgar?
And could she wield a cutlass-blade,
This laughing little Midshipmaid?

Was she among the trusty lads—
Before the time of iron-clads—
Those reckless, brave young Hearts of Oak,
Who looked on danger as a joke?
Or did she ever feel afraid,
This dainty little Midshipmaid?

She might have fought, indeed she should,
In time of HOWE or COLLINGWOOD;
She might have—but I pause and note
She wears a kilted petticoat;
And 'neath it you may see displayed
Trim ankles of the Midshipmaid!

My dream is past! This naval swell
Is naught but pretty Cousin NELL!
"You Lazy Thing," she says, "confess
You're quite enchanted with my dress.
Just take me down the Esplanade!"
I'm captured by the Midshipmaid!

NO SUCH LUCK.

THE business of Covent Garden Market, says *The Citizen*, on the authority of Mr. BOURNE, the Mudford-Young-Man, is not to be transferred to Farringdon Market. Of course it isn't. The idea of any such scheme of relief having ever been entertained for a moment, except as a good joke, by a Mudford official! There are so many objections to such a beneficial plan to be Bourne in mind. Perhaps one of these days, when the long-suffering, much-forgiving, and very oblivious Public shall have insisted on a policy of Government intervention with regard to Mud-Salad Market nuisance and Ducal barrier obstruction, the Agent, if refusing to recommend reform, may live to exclaim, "I wish I had never been BOURNE!"

CAUSE ON EFFECT.—Mr. TIN POT O'CONNOR, M.P., has been writing for the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* a series of articles on "The Decadence of Parliament." There is certainly no one better qualified to explain it; unless, indeed, it were Mr. CALLAN.



IT'S NOT SO DIFFICULT TO SPEAK FRENCH, AFTER ALL.

Mistress (fluently). "OH—ER—FRANÇOISE, IL FAUT QUE VOUS ALLIEZ CHEZ LE CHEMIST, DANS HIGH STREET, POUR LE GARGLE DE MADemoiselle MAUD; ET CHEZ LE TOY-SHOP, POUR LE LAWN-TENNIS BAT DE MONSIEUR MALCOLM; ET N'OUBLIEZ PAS MON WATERPROOF, CHEZ LE CLEANER, VIS-À-VIS L'UNDERGROUND RAILWAY STATION; ET DITES À SMITHSON, LE BUILDER (DANS CHURCH LANE À CÔTÉ DU PUBLICHOUSE, VOUS SAVEZ), QUE LE KITCHEN-BOILER EST—EST—EST—"

Françoise (who has been longer in England than her new Mistress thinks). "EST BURRRST! TRÈS BIEN, MADAME."

POOR JACK.

(Revised Version.)

Go patter to fogies and croakers, d'ye see,
About Old Wooden Walls, and the like!
An iron-clad hulk or smart gunboat give me,
And it ain't to an earthquake I'll strike.
Our Eighty-One-Tonners like thunderbolts smite,
And splinter huge stone-blocks like wood,
But a gunboat 'll see all the fun of the fight,
If the grit of its Captain be good.
Avast! nor don't think me a duffer so soft
As to timber to wish to go back,
For there still is a Providence sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of poor JACK.
Your penny-a-liners palaver away
About Hearts of Oak, NELSON, and such,
Were that gallant old hero still with us to-day,
He'd like pounding the Marabout much.
To hear our huge *Téméraires* thundering out
Would 'a quickened his pulses, I know,
Whilst that trim little *Condor* a-squidding about
Would 'a gladdened the heart o' BENBOW.
Though an iron ton doesn't fly slow or hit soft,
That won't take our tars all aback;
There is still that sweet Cherub as sits up aloft
To keep watch o'er the life of poor JACK.
I said to our POLL, as was going to cry,
When an Eighty-One-Tonner she see,
"What argues funkling or piping your eye?
Why what a great goose you must be!
Can't you see the world changes, ships, guns, shots, and all?
But our Sailors *aren't* changed, don't you know,

And if to Old DAVY I must go, dear POLL,
What matters, my dear, *how* I go?
Cheer up! All's a hazard. Come, don't be a soft,
Like enough I shall laughing come back,
For there's still that there Cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor JACK."

D'ye mind me, a Sailor should be every inch
All as one as a part of his ship;
Be it iron or wood, he won't offer to flinch
Whilst the sea holds a foeman to whip.
As for me, on the whopping *Invincible's* deck,
Or the cockyhoop *Condor's*, I'm game
For a slap at the foe. Arter all, I expect,
As it comes pooty much to the same.
Behind iron or wood, while their hearts don't grow soft,
British tars won't be taken aback,
And that sweet little Cherub still sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of poor JACK.

Cetawayo's Residence.

THE Government, amongst its other troubles, is puzzled to decide upon a fit and proper dwelling for the Zulu King. Lord GINGERLY, who is always cautious, has suggested a suburban residence, probably at Camden Town. If a hint from us is acceptable, we might name Blackwall or Blackheath. Windsor Castle is out of the question. After the Black King has moved he cannot castle.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM tells us she recently purchased at a sale in the country a Sheridan sofa and half a dozen Colebrook Dale chairs, which give quite an Ascetic appearance to her drawing-room.



"NEW GUNS SWEEP CLEAN!"

JOHN BULL, A.B. "AH! THIS IS HOW THE BLUE-JACKETS DEAL WITH 'OBSTRUCTION.' IF ONLY THE RED-COATS HAD BEEN HANDY FOR THE 'PREVENTION OF CRIME,' 'MISTER HORRIBLE PASHA' WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN IN IT AT ALL!"



PUBLISHED WEEKLY

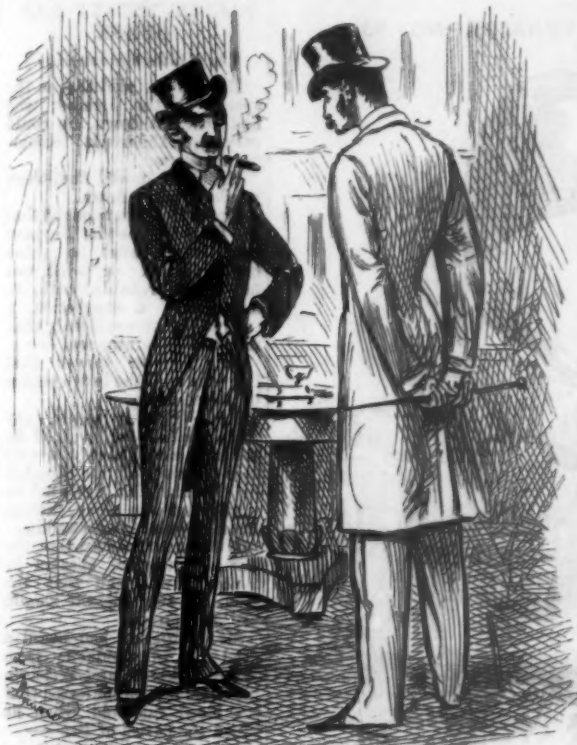
Subscription prices: Single copies, 10 cents; Six months, \$5.00; One year, \$9.00. In advance. Payment in advance. No subscription accepted for less than six months. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1917, Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under No. 384,091. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 1, 1918. Postage paid at Chicago, Ill. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 535 N. Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60610.

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QUESTIONS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNASKED.

Snookson (with a knowing look through his eyeglasses). "I SAY, BOODLE, WHO'S THAT UNCOMMON SHOWY-LOOKING WOMAN YOUR FRIEND SCAMPERDOWN'S ALWAYS ABOUT WITH?"

Boodle. "HIS WIFE—AND MY SISTER!"

A HANDBOOK OF KNOWLEDGE.

NO. VI.—THE BRITISH 'BUS.

2. Chiefly concerning its Exterior.

Q. What means of communication are there between an Inside Passenger and the Conductor of an Omnibus?

A. None.

Q. How then do you make known to him your desire to alight?

A. This is always a difficult and sometimes an impossible task. Vocal efforts are seldom of any avail, because 'Busses are noisy, and Conductors much given to perching themselves on their top steps for conversational convenience to themselves. Should you be seated near the door you can put your head out and shout, or pull the Conductor's coat-tail, or prod his legs—if you can reach them—with your umbrella or walking-stick. Should you be seated at the other end of the 'Bus, you are entirely dependent upon the grudging and resentful aid of your fellow-travellers. The spectacle of an ancient female firmly wedged in at the farther end of the 'Bus, urgently appealing to a double row of sullen old City Gentlemen who view her very presence as an intrusion, and being helplessly borne far beyond her desired haven, is a fine subject for a Mephistopheles of the mahl-stick.

Q. When you have arrested the Conductor's attention is all well?

A. No. There remain first the difficulties of forcing your way to the door through the closely wedged knees and obstructive umbrellas and other impedimenta of your fellow-fares, with nothing in particular but their elbows and hats to hold on to, and, secondly, the perils of descent.

Q. What are these latter?

A. They arise from the following facts:—

1. 'Bus men will not stop if they can help it, and will shout alarmingly at you whenever they possibly can.

2. Omnibus steps are awkwardly steep, and, in bad weather, dangerously slippery.
3. There is nothing available to hold on to but the rough, and not always ready, hand of the Conductor.
4. Omnibus Drivers are fond of pulling up in the middle of crowded and dirty thoroughfares.
5. Omnibus horses are imperfectly under the control of Drivers, and greatly given to sudden starts and unexpected bolts.

From which facts it will at once be seen that the descent from a 'Bus in Cheapside demands about as much care, strength, and agility as the ascent of a precipice in Chamounix.

Q. What external accommodation—if you will pass the word—does an Omnibus afford?

A. You have a choice of seats on the Box, or what is known as the "Knifeboard."

Q. Which do you consider preferable?

A. They are probably quite on an equality—in discomfort and difficulty of access.

Q. How do you reach a Box-seat?

A. By clambering up in front of the fore-wheel, by the aid of its box or its spokes, one or two fortuitously-placed slippery and sharp-edged footholds, something between quoits and door-scrappers, and a leathern strap extended to you—if he can find it—by the Driver. The man who can make this ascent—much more this descent—without losing his balance and his hat, barking his shins, or tumbling into the roadway, is qualified for membership of the Alpine Club.

Q. When mounted, how are you placed?

A. You are crowded up, on a slanting seat close under the high-perched and much-swathed Driver, from whose shiny cape in wet weather the rain trickles into your ear or down your neck. Or, if you have the outside seat, you find yourself suspended precariously, your legs dangling in mid-air over the wheels, nearly shaken out of your seat at every oscillation, with nothing between you and destruction but a small rail and a little leather strap.

Q. And as regards the alternative of the Knifeboard?

A. Of this it may be said that though hardly less difficult to reach, or more comfortable when attained, it is not quite so perilous to portly and unagile passengers as the Box-seat. It nevertheless furnishes unsurpassed facilities for the enjoyment of cramped limbs and the indulgence in rheumatic colds, through the agency of ill-constructed seats and soaked cushions.

Q. What have you to say concerning the speed of this ingenious vehicular contrivance?

A. That its pace is emphatically "the pace that kills"—either your comfort or your patience.

Q. Explain this?

A. A 'Bus has two paces. One is the snail's pace, which is its normal rate of progression at least during the nine hours of the day, and whose plodding paralytic crawl compares unfavourably with that of a rustic wain. The second is the plunging, rocking, sharp corner-turning, flesh-bruising, bone-bumping pace of a runaway horse, which it puts on when behind time, or racing with a rival 'Bus.

Q. Are all 'Busses such as you describe?

A. No. There are some comparatively comfortable and steady-paced exceptions, sufficient at least to shadow forth the many and easy possibilities of improvement which an interested confederated proprietary neglects to attempt, and a too-patient non-co-operative public neglects to insist on.



"The Prince of WALES's Wing at the Metropolitan Police Orphanage is now open."

H.R.H. ALWAYS SETS A GOOD EXAMPLE TO THE POLICE BY SO EFFECTUALLY "TAKING UP A SUBJECT."

All a-Growing!

"MARIAN, the Giant Amazon Queen," who appears every night at the Alhambra, is, we are informed, eight feet, two inches in height, and "still growing." The longer we refrain from going to see her the more shall we see for our money. If we wait long enough, her head will probably go through the roof, and we shall see her for nothing. "Everything comes to him that knows how to wait," as our "ROBERT" says.

MRS. RAMSEBOTHAM has been invited to a garden-party, and she is anxious to know where she can obtain the new Garden Hose which, she understands, are likely to be so fashionable.

ROBERT BROWNING,
D.C.L.*(A Long Way after "At the Mermaid.")*

"This figure that thou seest well,
Is ROBERT BROWNING, D.C.L."
B. JONSON (adapted).

I'm a D.C.L., my hearties,
What some others fain would
be;
There's war 'twixt poetic
parties,
And some folks cast stones
at me.
I have sown some song-sedition,
Easy is it to provoke
Cackle on a bard's ambition.
But I win—and there's the
joke!

Though the world may cry out,
frowning,
"Hard he is to understand!"
See Societies called "BROWN-
ING,"
Flourish largely in the land.
I'm too crabbed, confus'd, and
mystic,
So brays out each kindly ass,
Sounds his trumpet eulogistic,
Ὀρὸς ἄλλος—made of brass.

Let the world wag on, these
letters
Show one Post's got his due;
I've received them like my
betters,
Smaller men have gained
them too.
But, in spite of all the stir made,
Put therobes upon the shelf:
I've my corner at "The Mer-
maid."
With "rare BEN" and
SHAKESPEARE's self.

SPARE THE ROD, SPOIL THE
FISH.—Three cheers for
Shadwell! Billingsgate will
be much improved for a little
extra Wapping.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 93.



ROBERT BROWNING, D.C.L.,

THE RING AND BOOK-MAKER FROM RED COTTON NIGHT-CAP COUNTRY.

PARLIAMENTARY LAN-
GUAGE.*(As it looks like becoming.)*

MR. O'BONE said that to the
speech of the Member who
had just sat down, he could
only apply the words "bloom-
ing nonsense."

MR. BULL moved that these
words be taken down.

MR. O'HOWLER thought that
the Hon. Member for England
(MR. BULL) must be either
mad or drunk; or, what was
far more probable, both, to
make such a suggestion, a
suggestion he could only cha-
racterise as asinine and—

MR. SAWNEY moved that
the words of the last speaker
be taken down.

MR. O'BLAZES would say
that, for his own part, if he
had such a repulsively hideous
face as that of the Member
for Scotland (MR. SAWNEY) he
would put it in a bag, instead
of talking anserous twaddle.

MR. TAFKEY moved that the
words of the last speaker be
taken down, and that the
Hon. Member himself should
be "taken up."

MR. O'ROARER had heard a
good deal of mendacity from
English, Scotch, and Welsh in
his time, but he confessed that
his blood ran cold when he
heard the parcel of lies—

*(The House was still sitting
when we went to press.)*

If the Life Guards go out
to Egypt, it is generally ex-
pected (except, of course, by
the Authorities at the Horse
Guards) that the horses won't
be able to stand the climate,
and will be soon knocked up.
If so, the Life Guards will
have to walk. But—"Not in
these boots."

"Phiz."

HABLOT K. BROWNE, ARTIST. BORN, 1815. DIED, JULY, 1882.

THE Lamp is out that lighted up the text
Of DICKENS, LEVER—heroes of the pen.
Pickwick and *Lorrequer* we love, but next
We place the man who made us see such men.
What should we know of *Martin Chuzzlewit*,
Stern *Mr. Dombey*, or *Uriah Heep*?—
Tom Burke of Ours!—Around our hearths they sit,
Outliving their creators—all asleep!
No sweeter gift ere fell to man than his
Who gave us troops of friends—delightful PHIZ!

He is not dead! There in the picture-book
He lives with men and women that he drew;
We take him with us to the cozy nook
Where old companions we can love anew.
Dear boyhood's friend! We rode with him to hounds;
Lived with dear *Peggotty* in after years;
Mess'd in old Ireland where fun knew no bounds;
At *Dora's* death we felt poor *David's* tears!
There is no death for such a man—he is
The spirit of an unclosed book! immortal PHIZ!

HOW TO ATTRACT CROWDS TO THEATRES.—By showing them the
quickest way out.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR A HAPPY DAY.

(See, six times a week, in Daily Papers.)

PARLIAMENT.—Continuous sitting of six-and-thirty hours in House
of Commons.

Kennington Oval.—Northumberland (with Birch) v. Glamorgan-
shire.

Lady WASHBURN'S Crush, 478, Fulham Road.

King's Cross Theatre.—Prompter's Third Farewell Benefit. (Enter-
tainment by Members of the Hackney-Wick Amateur Theatrical Co-
operative Institution).

Chelsea Gas Works.—Trial of new Exhausting Condenser. (First
day.)

Mrs. NEWINGTON-BUTT's small front garden party.

Limehouse Literary Society.—Professor BAXTER on sawdust, 3.
Brompton Cemetery.—Funeral of late Mrs. JEPHSON MARIA

STOKES. 12.

London Docks.—Meeting of Suburban Wheelbarrow Society, 7.

Royal Sanitary Institute.—Annual Dinner at Barking Flats. 2.30.

Opéra Comique.—Afternoon performance. Production of *Salad*.
Original Five-Act Comedy by new author in aid of Persian Inunda-
tion Fund.

Wormwood Scrubs.—West of England High Jump Contest.
Handicap. Optional Stakes (£15); Cup, 4.30. Polo, 7.

Funeral Reform Association.—Annual Dance, Gresham Build-
ings, 3.

Houndsditch.—Opening Fête of new Tepid Swimming Bath. Lord
SHAFESBURY in the Chair. Tea. (Fireworks, 2.30.)

Hon. Mrs. DEICHWATER's first dance.



"BY PROXY."

Humorous Little Boy. "PLEA' SIR, WILL YOU RING THE BOTTOM BELL BUT ONE, FOUR TIMES, SIR?"

Old Gent (Gouty, and a little Deaf, but so fond o' Children). "BOTTOM BELL BUT ONE, FOUR TIMES, MY BOY?" (*Effusively.*)

"CERTAINLY, THAT I WILL!"

[*In the meantime off go the Boys, and, at the Third Peal, the irritable Old Lady on the Ground Floor—TABLEAU!*]

FABLES REVERSED.

No. III.—THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.



OF fruit, whate'er its size and shape,
There's none so pleasant as the grape.
So thought a fox who blithely strolled
In meadows green from fold to fold,
In orchards rich from tree to tree;
A happy fox, indeed, was he!
Of lamb he'd eaten quite enough,
Of plums and apples *quantum suff.*
And now a taste for sweeter things
Our Reynard to the hothouse brings.
In massive clusters hung the fruit,
The fox was ready for a loot.
"But stop," he cried, "on thinking
twice,

These grapes are neither ripe nor nice.
A fox like me with lots of brains
Will spare himself internal pains;

And I will not incur one pang
Through acid grapes; there let them hang!"

MORAL.

When grapes are green and hard as stone
The wise man leaves such fruit alone.

A CHANCE FOR ENGLISH CAPITALISTS.—A new Egyptian Loan will soon be started to repair the forts just destroyed by the English Fleet. The money will be found without difficulty. The former forts were built and knocked down with English capital; and it is quite right that they should be rebuilt by the same financial agency.

SOLDIERING AT SARUM.

No part in the Wimbledon Encampment appears to have been taken by the Salvation Army, from which a detachment might have been told off expressly to compete with the Inns of Court Volunteers, and engage in a sham fight with "The Devil's Own."

Instead of that, the companies of the Salvation Army, campaigning about the country, have been almost everywhere encountering and having real fights with the populace, conflicts recorded in journals under the stereotyped heading of "Salvation Army Riots."

In particular, Salvation Army Riots are reported from Salisbury to have, one evening last week, far exceeded in violence previous disturbances in that city, where "a crowd of over a thousand persons surrounded the 'Army,' and assailed them with rotten eggs, bags of flour, and other offensive missiles, whilst occasionally squibs were discharged among them." It does not appear that they returned fire. Of course they could only reply to squibs with tracts.

A coincidence may be seen in the circumstance that, about the time when ARABI'S forts were under bombardment by the British Fleet off Alexandria, the Salvation Army, at Salisbury, was getting pelted with offensive missiles, and, in particular, shelled, so to speak, with stale eggs. This, however, as an Army of Confessors, they perhaps accepted as an ovation. Are such processions and psalmody to be put down—which expression we prefer to "set down" as the modern "Use of Sarum."

AVENUE THEATRE AND 'AVE-ANOTHER-NEW THEATRE.—The S. E. Railway, after passing through both Houses, must also pass through this one,—a consequence of being on the Embankment and so near St. Stephen's. If the present Bill, with the *Manteaux Noirs*, has been successful, it is nothing to what the very effective S. E. Railway Bill will be, as the latter will literally "bring down the House."

CRICKET HITS.

(By Dumb-Crambo, of his own Bat.)



Stamped.



Caught out.



Run out.



Drawing the Stumps.

A SALE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

(By our Prophetic Reporter.)

THE long-expected sale of the Duke of SMITH's Collection came off on Saturday last, at the King Street Auction Rooms. The apartments were crowded with the *élite* of the fashionable, artistic, and æsthetic worlds, from the hour of opening until the moment of closing, and the bids were given and received amidst the utmost enthusiasm.

The first lot to attract serious attention was a Windsor kitchen-chair, of the Queen Victoria period. The Auctioneer pointed out that, as this piece of furniture had the lower rail, so much admired by connoisseurs, it was to be regretted that one of the legs should be missing. The chair was put up at a £1000, and ultimately knocked down at £4550.

A second chair, a copy of the last, but without the lower rail, went for £25. It was in very perfect condition, having its full complement of legs, &c.

Following the chairs came a magnificent specimen of the flat candlestick, in lacquered tin. As only six of these splendid *objets de vertu* are known to be in existence, the biddings were of the most spirited character. The candlestick was put up at £500, and, in an incredibly short time, was run up to £15,000. After this sum had been reached, the biddings languished, and the lot was ultimately knocked down to Sir EVERETT TORRY at £21,000. At the South Kensington Museum Bankruptcy Sale, in 1898, this candlestick realised only £75 15s.

The celebrated kitchen-pokers of the Duke of SMITH were then put up, and realised sums varying from five guineas to a hundred pounds. Much surprise and regret was expressed that his Grace should have consented to the dispersion of a Collection which has been regarded, for more than a century, as perfectly unique.

The pokers were followed by the Smith Cabinet of Nineteenth Century Fish-bones. The appearance of this lot was received with thunders of applause; and, as the little red-coloured cardboard receptacles were handed round, a murmur of admiration accompanied them. The Marquis of BROMPTON and ISLINGTON (whose eccentricities are so well known) made the first bid of £10,000, which was greeted with shouts of "Shame!" and roars of laughter. The cabinet was ultimately bought, by JONES PASHA, for £500,000, for His Highness the Khedive of Jersey.

And now came the gem of the collection, the Brompton hat-and-umbrella-stand, which is as perfect to-day as it was when it was turned out of the Furniture Studios in Tottenham Court Road. The tin tray, upon which the sticks used to rest their ferules, was found to be in perfect condition. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the lot should have realised just half a million of money.

After the hat-and-umbrella-stand had disappeared, the interest in the sale gradually declined, until, when the last lot was submitted to the public, there were scarcely a couple of thousand persons to bid for it. The gross amount booked by the Auctioneer, during the proceedings, was £25,047,680. From this it will be seen that the prices have scarcely been as high as rumour had anticipated.

A STEP FURTHER.

A MEETING of Ladies and Gentlemen interested in the foundation of the proposed New University for the Manufacture of National Poets, an Institution in connection, we believe, with the School-of-Dramatic-Artichokes, was held yesterday, after the business of the day was disposed of, at the Bow Street Police-Court.

The Sitting Magistrate, presided, and was supported by the Duke of NORTHUMBRELAND, Messrs. BERTRAM AND ROBERTS, the Lodge-Keeper at Hyde Park Corner, General BOOTH, and other distinguished and influential members of the Committee.

The Manager of the Lambeth Gas Company said he felt proud to find himself connected with the scheme they had in hand. People might ask, what connecting link he could point out between the cultivation of poetic genius and the supervision of a gas-meter. He could only reply, that in organising their Acting Committee they had endeavoured to follow as closely as possible on the lines laid down for their guidance by a still older, if not wiser, Institution. ("Hear!") He alluded to the School of Dramatic Art. (Loud laughter.) And on this principle they had succeeded admirably. He thought, as a regular public puzzler, their "list of influential names" very nearly rivalled that of their dramatic friends at the Mansion House. (Cheers.) There was scarcely one of them that was really competent to pass any proper judgment on the matter at all. (Roars of laughter.)

The Chairman said the scheme before them was simple enough. It was felt by a large class of the community that, owing to the want of any properly-organised system of education, the dearth of modern Poets was fast becoming a national disgrace. ("Hear!") They proposed, therefore, by the establishment of a University supplying a proper curriculum, to create them. (Cheers.) It had been said by someone, "*Poeta nascitur non fit*." That, thanks to their friend the School of Dramatic Art, was an exploded fallacy. (Cheers.) You could make a Poet, as you could make a Pastry-cook,—as you could make an Actor. (Roars of laughter.) And this is what they were about to do. (Cheers.)

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN said, speaking from a long and exhaustive professional experience of the subject, he had at last come to the conclusion, that if a man were not born a Poet nothing on earth could ever make him one. (Loud laughter.)

The Chairman of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Packet Company said he had assisted, with his advice, not only the School of Dramatic Art, but also a kindred Institution destined for the special education of Lord Chancellors, and, therefore, he felt he could put forward a programme for his colleagues with much confidence. There would be four terms. In the first, the students would study the Rhyming Dictionary under a competent professor. (Cheers.) They would also be instructed in the kindred arts of hair-dressing, playing the lyre, mountain climbing (this with a view to Parnassus), and posing their elbows on mantelpieces in good society. In the second term the course of instruction would be the same as in the first, except that the professor would be allowed to escape to the sea-side and have his medical and travelling expenses defrayed out of the University chest. ("Hear!") In the third term the students would be called upon to write a poem. And in the fourth—and this was the great point—they would be expected to find a publisher. (Loud cheers.)

A Dramatic Author of eminence, whose name, however, could not be distinctly heard, asked whether such an influx of genius into the market might not be a mistake. ("Hear!") He had been a Poet of the first order, himself, for the last five-and-twenty years, but he held under his arm, at that moment, a Five-Act Tragedy in blank verse, to which he could get nobody to listen. He proposed to read it to the meeting. (Uproar.) What then did they propose to do with their Poets, when they got them? Where would be their opportunity?

The Chairman said that difficulty had already been foreseen and surmounted. It had been calculated that when the Dramatic School had got into full swing, there would probably be a very large percentage indeed of young and aspiring Actors capable of anything, but quite unable to find any parts whatever in which to display their abilities. An admirable Institution such as they proposed to establish, would be the very thing to supply this deficiency. The two establishments would, in fact, be worked together. The Manufactured Poets would be able to provide permanent and prolific work for the Manufactured Actors. (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

After a few desultory remarks from the LORD MAYOR, who said he had dropped in to see how they were getting on, as he liked to have a hand in any pie that might keep his name well before the public and give him a little extra popularity, Mr. HAMILTON AIDÉ, who had, as representative of the entire dramatic profession, listened to the various speeches with very marked attention, moved the adjournment of the discussion, and the proceedings terminated.

AT ALEXANDRIA.—Melancholy Sea-side Occupation—Gathering Shells.



NUISANCES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

"'EAVENLY LITTLE RETREAT OF YOURS, BROWN! SO PEACEFUL, I CALL IT!"

"YES; IF IT WASN'T FOR THE BLOOMIN' ROW THE NIGHTINGALES KICK UP AFTER DARK!"

BARON BUBBLESOME ON CIRCUIT.

SCENE—The Court, near Railway Station.

Mr. Anglesey Burrows, Q.C. May it please your Lordship, Gentlemen of the Jury—

His Lordship. What is that noise?

Mr. Gaze, High Sheriff. Engine, my Lord.

His Lordship. Let it be stopped immediately.

Mr. Gaze, High Sheriff. But it's a train, my Lord.

His Lordship (in a tone of regret, but with intense courtesy). I can't help that; it must be stopped.

[Engine repeats itself. The Chief Trumpeter and several Javelin-Men rush off, and Engine is heard no more. The Bar rise in token of sympathy, His Lordship adjusts his eyeglass, and the trial proceeds.]

Mr. Anglesey Burrows, Q.C. (continuing). I was about, Gentlemen, to remark—

His Lordship. I'll have that child removed immediately. I am very stern when I once make up my mind. At great personal inconvenience to myself—

[Child is precipitately handed out somewhere through an open window. The Bar look on with approval. On the Court resuming.]

Mr. Sweetmeat, Q.C. I venture to make an application to your Lordship that the Plaintiff may be allowed to walk before your Lordship and the Jury, in order that they may judge whether his late injuries have affected his walking—

Mr. Anglesey Burrows, Q.C. My Lord, I object—

His Lordship (referring to the Illustrated Law Report on his desk). This application is without precedent. Somehow the idea has got abroad that I am in the habit of encouraging these parades in Court, which is not the case. (Sensation in Court. All the Bar present refer to their Illustrated Law Reports.) Will the learned Counsel inform the Court whether his client can carry a basket of eggs to market? (Apart, to the Jury.) That's my test.

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

TAKEN IN TOW.*

Oh, Pangbourne is pleasant in sweet Summer-time,
And Streatley and Goring are worthy of rhyme:
The sunshine is hot and the breezes are still,
The River runs swift under Basildon Hill!
To lounge in a skiff is delightful to me,
I'm feeling as lazy as lazy can be;
I don't care to sail and I don't care to row—
Since I have the luck to be taken in tow!

Though battered am I, like the old *Téméraire*,
My tow-ers are young and my tow-ers are fair:
The one is Eleven, the other Nineteen,
The merriest maidens that ever were seen,
They pull with a will and they keep the line tight,
Dimpled DOLLY in blue and sweet HERRY in white;
And though you may think it is not *comme il faut*,
'Tis awfully nice to be taken in tow.

I loll on the cushions, I smoke and I dream,
And list to the musical song of the stream;
The boat gurgles on by the rushes and weeds,
And, crushing the lilies, scoops over the reeds.
The sky is so blue and the water so clear,
I'm almost too idle to think or to steer!
Let scullers delight in hot toiling, but O!—
Let me have the chance to be taken in tow!

The dragon-fly hums and the skiff glides along,
The leaves rustle low and the stream runneth strong:
But still the two maidens tramp girlishly on,
I'll reward them for this, when we get to the "Swan";
For then shall be rest for my excellent team,
A strawberry-banquet, with plenty of cream!
Believe me, good people, for I ought to know—
'Tis capital fun to be taken in tow!

* "Taken in Tow." On hearing this, we at first thought that the Lazy One had got the gout, and was "taken in toe" that way. As long as he is all a-rowing and all a-blowing (for of course he never is in training) on the river, he may avoid being "taken in toe" in *toto*. He seems to be perfectly independent of the very variable weather; yet, from his silence on this subject, we suspect,—but no matter, "Row, brother, row,"—only he must remember that "row" sometimes rhymes to "now."—ED.

"ODD MAN OUT."—JOHN BRIGHT.

[MR. SWEETMEAT appears faint, and asks for "more air" in his part of the Court. The two farthest windows are opened.]

His Lordship (irate, but still courteous, to the Hall-keeper). Who told you to put those windows down? Shut them immediately. I wish it to be known that no one shall interfere with the ventilation of this Court except by my orders.

Mr. A. Burrows, Q.C. (continuing to Jury). I was about to remark, His Lordship (interrupting). We will adjourn till 10.30 to-morrow morning—punctually, Gentlemen. (Smiling blandly—to the Jury.) Gentlemen, don't talk over this case before to-morrow morning.

[Court rises, as Mr. SWEETMEAT, Q.C., gradually recovers.]

A LADY ON ELECTRIC LIGHTS.

Oh, cruel Electricity, that gives so strong a light,
In many an unprotected lamp you flashed supremely bright,
You shone upon our pretty gowns, illuminated flowers,
But all too ruthlessly lit up these pallid cheeks of ours.

'Twas at the Horticultural, and ferns and flowers were there,
The beautiful gloxinias, and orchids passing rare;
They faced the incandescent lamps as erst they faced the sun,
While many a cheek grew strange of hue and felt itself undone.

And vainly Art aids Nature now in unobtrusive way,
This lamp malign of Edison's is worse than brightest day;
A veil may serve to screen from sun, but when in evening dress,
There's nothing 'twixt these awful lamps and female loveliness.

Then, Men of Science, you must aid and tell us, if you please,
How we shall make our charms withstand such glaring lights as these;
For if the Ladies find these lamps still turn them pale and wan,
They'll lead a feminine Crusade 'gainst EDISON and SWAN!

WIRE FROM PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF TRADE TO SIR E. WATKIN (third time of asking).—"Cease, Rude Boreas!"



"REGIMENTAL ORDERS"!

Volunteer Captain. "AH, SERGEANT JONES—DIDN'T I SEND YOU AN ORDER TO BE AT HEADQUARTERS ON MONDAY, AT NINE O'CLOCK, WITH A CORPORAL AND SIX MEN FOR DUTY?"

Sergeant. "YEE, SIR. BUT I THINK IF THERE WAS A LITTLE MORE 'REQUEST,' AND A LITTLE LESS 'ORDER,' IT WOULD BE—(a-hem)—BETTER!"

THE BENEFIT OF THE ACT.

THE Lessee, Manager, and Leading Actor—in fact, the "Boss" of the Lyceum, has already announced to the public that he intends to take a Benefit. Why? Every performance at his own theatre is for his benefit. If a season has been a very bad one, and a Manager appeals to the Public to assist him in his pecuniary difficulty, such a case might be considered one of real distress, and an appeal *ad misericordiam* would, no doubt, meet with a sufficiently hearty response from the charitable theatre-goers, out of admiration of the man as an Actor, and out of pity for him as an unfortunate speculator who had done all in his power to deserve success. Of course we would do our best to "get up a Benefit" for a "Poor Player" whose ill-health prevented him from earning his livelihood by the exercise of his profession; but Actors in the position of the Lessee of the Lyceum would not care to appeal to the Public on the ground of being very "poor players"—in any sense. Last year, through the liberality of the Public, we were enabled to assist the poor London school-children to several Days in the Country. If the London Manager-Actor wants his little holiday, he can take it, and can turn his "Day in the Country" to pretty good account, as there will be scarcely a single provincial town which, besides paying him handsomely for his performances, will not also give him a "bumper at parting," by way of a Benefit. This was all very well in the

time of the *Crummies* family, when receipts were precarious, and the unfortunate strollers depended on their "bespeaks." But the status of the professional Actor has advanced since then, and going round with the hat should be beneath the dignity of our leading Actors and Actresses.

Our "Lazy Minstrel" writes to say that he should very much like to take a Benefit, and of course our other Contributors will follow suit. Why doesn't Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON or Mr. MILLAIS take a Benefit? Mr. BANCROFT, as Lessee and Manager, is, we believe, an honourable exception to the Benefit system, and we trust, in the social interests of the Profession, other leading Actors and Managers will follow his example.

IDYLS OF AN OPTIMIST;

Or, Carols in Couleur-de-Rose.

II.—A NOBLE SAVAGE.

WARBLE not in soft iambics
Of the simple Cherokee,
Dally not in dithyrambics
With the flesh-pots of Fiji.
All that Patagonian prank meant,
Every game by Carib play'd;
BLUDSON, of the Thames Embankment,
Wholly puts into the shade.

BLUDSON might inspire a COOPER,
BLUDSON might impress a POPE;
He's as stalwart as a trooper,
Could with sturdiest Navy cope,
In his unsophisticated
Simple savagery he'll lurk
For the wayfarer belated,
And that wanderer brain or burke.

He will sily steal behind him,
Like Red-Indian on the trail,
He will bash, and bruise, and blind him,
Kicks will shower, thumps will hail,
Tomahawking, knifing, clubbing,
BLUDSON's humour does not suit;
He delivers mortal drubbing,
With the buckle or the boot.

Weapons he, the wild predacious
Pleasing product of the Town,
Finds extremely efficacious,
Constable—or wife—to "down."
For this rude, robust, Rob-Roy-ish
Calm contemner of the law,
Finds a pleasure frankly boyish
In belabouring his squaw.

Instincts shy and yet gregarious
Move this modern Choctaw's soul,
Whether on a jaunt burglarious,
Or a homicidal stroll.

For the artifice of "ganging"
Greatly simplifies the job
Of bestowing a safe banging
On the man he'd maul or rob.

Nor are Lambeth's banks inferior,
In facilities for BLUDSON,
To the shores of Lake Superior
Or the valley of the Hudson.
Wild in wood the noble savage
Ran,—or so the singers say;
BLUDSON too can run, and ravage,
Quite as wild in Tiger Bay.

Let us then be glad and gleesome
That the "noble savage" sort
Civilisation's ruthless besom
Hath not swept from alum and court:
That to murder, maim and rob, is
Recreation safe for all;
Whilst we've BLUDSON and such Bobbies,
Why should modern times sing small?

DOG-DAYS! pooh! Dogs-and-Cats-days,
if Rain is to count for anything.

ST. STEPHEN'S MUSIC HALL.



W. E. G. ENCORED THREE TIMES NIGHTLY IN HIS GREAT SONG OF "I'M GOING TO DO WITHOUT 'EM."

W. E. G. You think, perhaps, I work so hard the Session I'm enjoying?
No, no,—for ASHMEAD BARTLETT, WOLFF, and others make me frown;
And, though I'm far too great a man to find their stings annoying,
D'you think that to Hawarden I mean to ask 'em down?

(Spoken)—My dear Sir, it's odd—but—

Chorus.—I'm going to do without 'em, &c., &c.

[For the other Verses and Chorus, see p. 47.]

JOLLY J. B. IN HIS POPULAR SONG OF "TIDINGS OF COMFORT AND JOY."

J. B. For forty years I've said what I meant,
Chorus (of Friends). Which is tidings of comfort and joy!

J. B. And used strong language to my heart's content.

Chorus (of Fourth Party). Which is tidings of comfort and joy!

J. B. The flames of war I never would fan;

So, when force was the remedy, away I ran,—

For on Moral Law I differ from the Grand Old Man!

Chorus (of most Parties united). Which is tidings of comfort and joy!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

ENDS OF GOVERNMENT.

Monday Night, July 17.—Getting so used to Ministerial resignations that the Bright affair went off rather flatly. At first, thought there was going to be no speech at all. When time came, Mr. BRIGHT, sitting in old corner-seat below the Gangway, made no sign. Like the operative in indigent circumstances, occasionally alluded to in speeches and newspaper articles, he had no story to tell. Quite surprised to think House should require explanation.

"Just like BRIGHT," HARCOURT says. "Whatever he does is right. No room for questioning. Nothing to explain, and nothing to defend." Also quite delightful his placid assumption of being right, and the Cabinet wrong, on a point where they chance to differ. Speech like FORSTER's in this respect, only, happily, shorter.

Good grind at Arrears Bill. Going through Clauses now hand over hand. At midnight Dr. LYONS rose with prodigious speech and elaborate scheme for raising the money to pay off Arrears without costing anybody a farthing. Sort of "How-to-live-on-sixpence-a-day-and-save-eightpence" speech. House first amazed, then indignant; but Dr. LYONS, in intervals of attending patients, had thought the matter out. Besides, speech probably in print in Dublin, and must be delivered. Members below the Gangway howled. Members opposite roared. Dr. LYONS accustomed to this sort of thing. A patient in a dentist's chair having his tooth pulled out, does not like it; but operation designed for his good, and must be gone through. House catches him up at every point. "In these trying circumstances—" says the Doctor. "Yah! yah! yah!" roars the Committee. "As the painful operation goes on—" he innocently remarks; and loud cheering gives the observation quite a new point.

LYON PLAYFAIR scores one. Some one rises, and asks whether this long harangue is in order.

"I understand," says the Chairman, "that the Hon. Member proposes to show that the funds might come from other sources than the Church Temporalities?"

"Exactly!" says Dr. LYONS, grateful for this acknowledgment of his purpose.

"Then," says LYON PLAYFAIR, "I shall be glad when the Hon. Member approaches that part of his speech."

A little rough this, after the Doctor's been operating for half-an-hour. *Business done.*—Arrears Bill.

Tuesday Night.—Wonder why when Conservatives were in power they didn't make Sir JOHN RAY First Lord or at least Secretary to the Admiralty. Sir JOHN not only a gallant sailor, but a stirring orator, and a perfect whale at all-night sitting. Boasts that he never left the quarter-deck through all the storm that resulted in suspension of Irish Members and the passage of the Crime Bill. To-day has been up delivering stirring Alexandrines on the misconduct of Government in Egypt.

"If we only had HAY there!" Mr. WARTON murmurs, "or if he'd been in CHILDERS' place, how different it would have been."

Grand old man Sir JOHN looked, shaking reefs out of his coat-tails

with his left hand, whilst waving his right as if it held outlass and he was boarding the Treasury Bench. Vociferous cheering from the party of boarders behind, including Alderman FOWLER, who wanted to sing a stave of "Rule Britannia." Sir JAMES HOGG thought SPEAKER would object, so Alderman contented himself with a chorus of "Yah! yah! yah!"

WILFRID LAWSON had his joke with the House about the bombardment. Now, House has joke with Sir WILFRID. Was to have come on to-night with Local Option Motion. Been severely engaged for several days preparing impromptu jokes and repartees. Had the old ones out on the bench, as it were, overhauling them, caulking and tarring where necessary. "Tremendous excitement amongst Temperance Societies. Extra rations of ginger-beer served out. Came down at Nine o'Clock prepared for pleasant evening. Licensed Victuallers here, too, in great force. No difficulty in distinguishing the two parties as they stand in the Hall waiting admittance. Deep conspiracy against WILFRID. Bowled out. Proposal that he should make speech in Octagon Hall. WILFRID won't. Says some of the jokes will do for public meetings, others stand over for next Session. In rather low spirits himself. Only thing that cheers him is cessation of firing in Alexandria.

"Now the two Quakers are out of the Cabinet, we'll have no more towns bombarded," he says.

Business done.—Arrears Bill in Committee.

Wednesday Afternoon.—Good deal of excitement this afternoon of one kind or another. Nobody here just when wanted to move their Amendments. Enter a few minutes after; quite surprised to find opportunity gone. Mr. WARTON says it's all a plot of Chairman of Committees.

"All arranged beforehand," he says, stoking himself afresh with snuff. "I saw LYON PLAYFAIR look round to see if GREGORY and RATHBONE were in their places. Not there, so off he goes to lunch. Always away twelve minutes, at least. To-day, came back in nine minutes. Found Committee empty, and so rattled through Bill. His dodging of GREGORY really disgraceful. Met him in the Lobby, just as he was coming back. GREGORY going towards the House, and would be in time to move his Amendment. LYON PLAYFAIR whispered in his ear that a remarkable infant had been deposited on the steps of Westminster Hall. GREGORY, Treasurer of Foundling Institution first, Member of Parliament afterwards. Went off to investigate contents of the basket. When he came back, found his Amendment passed over in his absence. It's my opinion the Chairman of Committees is equal to anything."

After Arrears Bill, Mr. STANFELD on with his unsavoury measure. Mr. SPEAKER's advice to Women about to enter the Gallery: Don't! But they did, a round dozen of them. Terribly angry that the speeches were so short, and that Mr. O'SHAUGHNESSY, in particular, spoke so low that they could not hear a word he said.

Business done.—Arrears Bill through Committee.

Thursday Night.—Mr. GLADSTONE gives notice of a Vote of Credit. House rises as one man and sings, "We don't want to fight." But PETER will have none of it. Neither will HENRY RICHARD nor Sir WILFRID LAWSON. Talk of forming a deputation to go out to Egypt to see ARABI, and try and induce him to be good enough to go away. Consult Sir GEORGE ELLIOT on the point. Sir GEORGE gently rubs his waistcoat and thoughtfully pats himself in the region of the pockets. Doesn't think much of it. Besides, he says, they'll find Egypt very hot now. WILFRID LAWSON says he doesn't care. Has got a white hat. ELLIOT warns them that it is indispensable when approaching an Eastern Chief to take with them presents. Arranged that HENRY RICHARD shall take with him a copy of The Transactions of the Peace Society. PETER will approach ARABI with a handsomely-bound copy of his "Speeches on Foreign Policy delivered in Parliament," and Sir WILFRID will take a case of Zoedone.

Business done.—Report on Arrears Bill.

Friday Night.—Some consternation at midnight on sudden appearance of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE in a pair of black tights. Came in quietly behind the SPEAKER's chair, and by tucking legs under seat, escaped attention some time. But division on; discovery inevitable. Worst of all was voting in "No" lobby. Sir STAFFORD had to go down towards the door in full view of Ladies' Gallery. Put it off till last moment, which made it all the worse. Better have walked out with the crowd. Pretty to see Sir STAFFORD skirting the benches, and hungering after shadow of the Gallery. But if these frivolous young men will go to balls at Marlborough House, they must take the consequences.

Business done.—Arrears Bill finished.

MONUMENT TO MR. PEPYS.

(Excerpt from the Diary of S. P.'s Shade.)

(SAMUEL PEPYS.—An influential committee has been formed for the purpose of obtaining subscriptions towards the erection of an appropriate memorial to SAMUEL PEPYS in the Church of St. Olave's, Hart Street.)

Elysium, July 25th.—To the Philosophical Happy Thought Society, where FARADAY, since he have come here, hath set up a spiritual magnetic machine, he invented to convey, besides the matter of books from the Earth hither, the contents of all the newspapers, by means whereof I did over a tankard of nectar, read the news, in which a passage taking me by surprise pleased me mightily, and gave me more delight than any I think I ever had in all my life, even since I have lived here. It brought tidings, under heading of my name in capital letters, that what they call an influential committee hath been formed for the purpose, as they do word it, of obtaining subscriptions towards the erection of an appropriate memorial to me, SAMUEL PEPYS, in the Church of St. Olave's, Hart Street. And then come the members of the Committee, at the head of whom the Master of Magdalene, my own College, Cambridge, and then the President of the Royal Society, the Deputy Master of the Trinity House, the Secretary to the Admiralty my present successor, and the Master of the Clothworkers' Company. They propose me the honour of a monument in St. Olave's Church, I hope nigh the Chancel where I myself placed one in memory of my wife, for all I did now and then write her down a fool at times when she made me laugh, or troubled me. And so now I am going to have a statue. Lord, to think in what remembrance I am at the end of nigh two hundred years, and how celebrated and famous I have become, and what a figure I do cut in the sight of Posterity! At least I suppose my memorial is to be a statue, and I had rather that than a tablet, or any other monument, and do hope not to be put off with a slab in the wall. That is, provided my statue be a likeness, and there be now in England or the world any statuary of sufficient skill to make it; for most of the London statues I hear said to be such figures, that, if mine were so unhandsome and so ridiculous as they are reported, it would make me ashamed.

If I had only foreseen I should one day have a statue, I would have taken order to preserve the mould I did once have made of my face, which any fit statuary might fashion a correct resemblance from; and, for the rest of the head that no mould was taken of, it will not much matter, if I am executed in my periwig, to the life, as I desire. But there is a picture of me, I am told, at South Kensington which would suffice the modeller to copy, and if he do I would have him represent me holding the scroll of musique I composed to "*Beauty, retire*," painted true. Also to take all possible

pains to make my dress out in all particulars as right as possible, especially my stockings, which I was always mighty proud of, and I would fain they should be the linning stockings which once on a time I made myself as fine as I could in, together with the wide canons that I bought one day at the Hague. I would likewise, if able, bid him robe my image in the Indian gowne I hired to be drawn in when I sat to HALES.

Home to my bower in Asphodel Meadow, where my wife, with KNIFF she had bidden to supper, playing and singing duetts together like two sisters, which was pretty. They both mightily rejoiced to hear of the honour I am to have. Question of who were best to do my monument, if to be a statue; and I would choose the President of the Royal Academy, if he chisel as well as he do paint, but my wife say rather the Artist who do model the Waxworks at Madame TUMAUD'S.

THE MERCHANT TAYLORS' BOYS AT THE MUNCHING HOUSE.

CHEER, boys, cheer, as loud as you are able;

Cheer, boys, cheer, as strong as you can shout.

Cheer the LORD MAYOR, invited to his table,

Didn't you enjoy a jolly good blow-out?

Sing, oh sing, may his Lordship ne'er grow thinner.

Cheer, boys, cheer—the best of all good cheer.

Treat of all school-treats, a genuine civic dinner,

Boys pitching into turtle thick and clear!

In my young days no youth acquiring knowledge

Dreamt of partaking a banquet such as that.

Prefects and Seniors of public school and college,

They, even they, had ne'er tasted of green fat.

Oh that, my youthful appetite returning,

Plate after plate myself could likewise clear;

Lads of the City of London's seat of learning,

Long live the LORD MAYOR, holles: cheer, boys, cheer!

THE SPENDTHRIFT'S GUIDE.—No. III.

AFTER a little rest from his theatrical extravagance, the Spendthrift should procure an "organ." There are organs of various kinds. There is the tenor voice which Providence, for some mysterious reason, bestows on one man in fifty years, and there is the musical instrument on wheels, which, because it delights and refines the multitude, is called a nuisance. The organ I mean is called a Newspaper. It may not be a newspaper, but it is called a newspaper. The Spendthrift can always buy an organ, because organs are always in the market, but he will be exposed to competition, because purchasers of organs are in the market likewise. No matter how feeble or unsuccessful a newspaper may be, it can always command a few hundreds for its copyright; and the Spendthrift has only to increase these hundreds to thousands to obtain what he wants without the slightest opposition.

Having purchased his organ, his first task will be to engage his Editor. Editors are very fond of having organs of their own, and of treating proprietors with the utmost contempt. The Spendthrift must be prepared for this, and must only be too delighted to find unlimited capital for the publication of other people's crotchets. The Contributors will be chosen by the Editor, and will own no allegiance to the Spendthrift-Proprietor. He will be allowed to visit his own premises occasionally, and will be supplied with an early copy of his own paper free of charge. If he wishes to insert a paragraph in any number, he will ask the Editor's permission, and must not be astonished if he is refused on the ground that he is endangering the policy of an established journal. He will do well to accept his position, and cultivate a belief in the infallibility of his Editor and Contributors. His Editor, in exchange for capital, will provide him with cut-and-dried opinions on every possible subject. He will not only be told what happened yesterday, but what is going to happen to-morrow. He will act, where it is possible to act, on this cocksure information. He will read his own "Money Article" with trusting faith, and instruct his broker to buy or sell everything according to its directions. He will back all the horses named as winners by the Sporting Contributor, and buy all the pictures praised by the Fine-Art Critic. By the time his Editor has become a Member of Parliament for an important borough, or been selected by Government for a well-paid Commissionership, the Spendthrift will probably have grown a little tired of owning an "organ."

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM would be pleased to learn whether the "Hanging Gale" recently mentioned in Parliament is "the ill wind that blows nobody good," and whether Mr. BEAUFORD HOPE'S Novel of *Strictly Tied Up* refers to the punishment of garotters?



"Standing Sam;" or, Pepys columnised.



ONE OF MRS. PONSONBY DE TOMKYN'S FAILURES.

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "AH, YOUR GRACE! HOW GOOD OF YOU TO COME SO EARLY! I THOUGHT MADAME GAMINOT WOULD PROVE AN IRRESISTIBLE ATTRACTION TO YOU!"

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns' last new Duchess (with engaging candour). "YER. SHE HARN'T, SUNG YET, I HOPE!"

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "OH, NO. WE'VE ONLY JUST DONE DINNER, SHE KEPT US LAUGHING SO; AND YOUR GRACE IS JUST IN TIME. INDEED, HERE SHE COMES, NO DOUBT TO OFFER TO SING!"

Madame Gaminot. "HÉLAS! CHÈRE MADAME TOMKEEN, VE MUST RUN AWAY IN GREAT 'ASTE! DÉSOLES, VOUS SAVEZ, BUT I'AVE TO SING AT MADAME GELASMA, AND BISNESSE IS BISNESSE, AS YOU SAY À LONDRES. SOUSAND SANKS FOR YOUR TROP AIMABLE HOSPITALITÉ—AND GOOD-A-BYE!"

Monsieur Gaminot. "MILLE REMERCEMENTS, MADAME! AU FLAISR!"

[*Escort Monsieur and Madame GAMINOT. Exit also, alas! Her Grace, in a very bad temper!*]

"HE WAS SUCH A CONSISTENT MAN!"

(*A Biographical Fragment not founded on Facts.*)

THE EX-CHANCELLOR of the Duchy of Lancaster retired, smiling, to his home, feeling satisfied that he had performed his duty nobly. It was somewhat late, or rather early, when he reached his own door, as the House had been making a night of it. He was, consequently, slightly surprised, not to say startled, when he discovered that the portal had been burst open without the aid of a latch-key.

In the hall he found a couple of burglars removing a grand piano. He was about to remonstrate with them in a forcible manner, when the elder addressed him politely—

"Right Honourable Sir, I am one of your warmest admirers, and I feel sure that you will not inar the story of a well-spent and consistent life by the enunciation of principles repugnant at once to your conscience and your inmost feelings!"

"But surely you do not wish to remove my furniture?" murmured Mr. BRIGHT.

"You are entirely mistaken," replied the burglar who had already spoken. "We have been at work for several hours, and have done all the reception apartments with the exception of the drawing-rooms. You would infinitely oblige us by assisting us to carry this heavy musical instrument into the van."

The Ex-Chancellor hesitated. He was very fond of the grand piano, and yet it seemed churlish to refuse the polite request.

"I should be sorry to appeal to anything but your reason," continued the burglar, carelessly playing with a revolver. "Still, it is only right to tell you that we are entirely of the opinion that your assistance is absolutely essential to our well-being."

"On my word I believe you are right!" said the Ex-Member of the Cabinet, laughing and removing his coat; and from that moment the Right Hon. Gentleman worked as hard as either of them. It was a merry party. When the fifth van had been filled and despatched to its destination (the emporium of a well-known receiver of stolen goods), a policeman looked in, and tendered his good services.

"Don't forget the principles of your whole life," murmured both the burglars, simultaneously.

"I will not," returned Mr. BRIGHT, courteously. "Thanks, Constable, but I do not see how I can avail myself of your kindness. I presume you would attempt to get back my property by force?"

"Well, yes, Sir," replied the Constable. "We've been wanting these two gentlemen for a long time, and are glad to have caught them. So just a couple of taps—"

"By no means. Constable, I fear you do not understand the moral law."

"I know nothing about that, Sir; but here I find a couple of men robbing your house. Shall I take them into custody?"

"Certainly not. I am opposed to the use of any force. I believe that the code of morals in full recognition as regards nations should equally apply to individuals. So, as I see that these gentlemen have just discovered and carried away my cash-box, I will bid you, one and all, a very hearty farewell!"

And, bowing politely to the policeman and the burglars, the ex-Cabinet Minister re-entered his large, but dismantled house, smiling, contentedly.

GOODWOOD FARE.—Steaks and Cup.



A "SELF-DENYING" POLICY!

FRANÇOIS (*our Ally*). "C'EST TRÈS BIEN FAIT, MON CHER JEAN! YOU 'AVE DONE ZE VORK! VOYONS, MON AMI, I SHALL SHARE WIZ YOU ZE GLORY!"



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"TO WHAT BASE USES," &c.

Flyman (pointing to Box-Seat). "YAR, GENTS! ROOM FOR ONE MORE! PRIVATE CARRIAGE TO TH' COURSE!"

THE PROCRASTINATING PREMIER.

(Scene from a Farce played with great Success for three months.)

SCENE—Private Room of the PREMIER in Downing Street. The PREMIER is discovered hard at work upon his *Clôture Scheme*.

Premier (finishing a sheet of paper). Come, I think that's much better! That will startle 'em! (Looking up, and finding that Private Secretary has entered the room.) Well, what's the matter?

Private Secretary (excitedly). Please, Sir, ARABI PASHA—

Premier. Stay!—wait a moment. ARABI PASHA will keep. Listen while I read what I have been writing this morning.

[Favours Private Secretary with three-quarters of an hour of "what he's going to do with the Obstructionists."]

Private Secretary. Bravo! Splendid! But really, Sir, you ought to know what ARABI's been doing.

Premier (with irritation). No doubt something rude! ARABI is a very vulgar person!

Private Secretary (with fresh excitement). Yes, he's been doing this, that, and t'other. [Gives long list of recent insults and outrages.]

Premier. Has he? Well, I think we can set that right. (Takes up telephone in connection with the War Office.) Look here. Supposing we wanted to send a force of five thousand men—no, say fifteen thousand, or, perhaps, better make it twenty thousand—to Egypt, could we do it to-day?

Distant Voice from Pall Mall. Yes, Sir. Had 'em waiting, in white helmets, serge tunics, and loaded with ammunition, for the last three weeks.

Premier (with decision). Well, tell 'em to be in readiness to start in ten minutes.

Distant Voice from Pall Mall. Thankes, Sir! Hooray!

Premier (to Private Secretary). There! I can't say fairer than that. Ta! ta! (Exit Private Secretary.) And now I must get back to my Scheme. Let me see! (Reading.) "Members after warning who speak twice shall be sent to the Tower."

Private Secretary (entering hurriedly). Please, Sir, the SULTAN has done this, that, &c. [Gives list of Turk's perfidies.]

Premier (angrily). Has he? Always mistrusted the SULTAN. In fact, I've said as much publicly. Fortunately, we can soon set all that right. (Takes up telephone in connection with the Admiralty.)

Look here, do you think we could send two ironclads—or, perhaps, I had better say sixteen—to the Suez Canal before tea-time?

Distant Voice from Whitehall. Certainly! We've had three fleets with their steam up, waiting to start at once, for the last six weeks!

Premier (with decision). Very well, then, tell the fleet to cast off their anchors (or whatever it is) and thus be ready to start in a quarter-of-an-hour.

Distant Voice from Whitehall. Thankes, Sir! Hooray!

Premier. There, I think I've disposed of that!

Private Secretary. Yes, Sir. But while you were speaking, fresh despatches have come in. It appears, now, that so-and-so, and so-and-so, and so-and-so have happened. [Gives new list of disasters.]

Premier (seriously annoyed). Disgraceful! But I'll teach 'em to insult the British Lion. (Takes up telephones to War Office and Admiralty, and speaks through each alternately.) Prepare for embodying the Militia, warn all the Naval Reserves, apply to all the retired officers, and bring back the lieutenants on half-pay.

Distant Voices from Pall Mall and Whitehall. Thankes, Sir! Hooray!

Premier. There, now! I think I have settled that matter! I must get on with my work. (Exit Private Secretary.) Let me see,—"sent to the Tower." (Writes hurriedly and savagely for a couple of hours, when suddenly there is a violent ringing of the electric bells attached to the telephones.) Very annoying! I'm half a mind to have the connection severed! (Takes up telephones.) Well, what is it?

Distant Voices from Pall Mall. Just heard from the Front. Please, Sir, ARABI is doing this, &c. [Description of outrage follows.]

Distant Voice from Whitehall. We are told that ARABI is doing that, &c. [Report of outrage follows.]

Premier (angrily). Shameful! Disgraceful! Well, have you got the troops and the fleet ready to start at once?

Distant Voices from Pall Mall and Whitehall (eagerly). Yes, yes! Shall we send 'em off?

Premier. Hem! Well! (Considers.) Must wait to hear what the Conference says, and must consider the SULTAN—so—(calls through telephones)—Counter-order the lot. Won't do anything to-day. (Looks at Watch.) Now I must go to answer those confounded Questions in the House! Bring me my escort!

PREMIER, accompanied by three hundred Detectives in various disguises, hurries off to Westminster.

QUOTATIONS ON
CHANGE.

"THE point o' this here moral law," said W. E. G., quoting *Captain Cattle* to J. B., "lies in the application of it."

"Exactly so," replied J. B.; "I see where it lies perfectly." Then he commenced singing, feelingly, "*Good-bye, Sweetheart — Sweetheart, Good-bye!*" but suddenly he broke off in the verse to say, "A needless Alexandrian ends my song"—and so quitted the apartment and the Cabinet.

"Good-bye, JOHN!" sang out GLADSTONE lustily, but failing to recall the remainder of this old ditty, he murmured to himself, "for which overhaul Ethiopian Melodies, and when found make a note of."

Then he sat down to meditate. A peculiarly sharp perky countenance made its appearance at the door. It was a morning for quotations, and so the new-comer at once chirped the old refrain—

"Of what is the old man thinking, As he sits in his old armchair?"

"Ah! my CHAMBERLAIN! You, is it? Alas! the Thanes fly from me!" was the PREMIER's sorrowful exclamation.

"So much the worse for the Thanes," replied the CHAMBERLAIN, and then added in a voice tremulous with emotion, "But—trust me—I never will desert Mr. Micawber."

And this was the latest quotation on the Ministerial Change.

THE REAL ARREARS BILL.
—The List of Measures—all promised, all required, and none passed by Government owing to Irish business.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 94.



SIR BREACH-'EM SEYMOUR,

OUR BIGGEST GUN JUST AT PRESENT.

THINGS TO SHOW
CETEWAYO,

To impress him with our Power and Civilisation.

MUD-SALAD Market and its approaches on a Saturday morning.

An Irish debate in the House of Commons.

The casual ward of a White-chapel workhouse.

A Sunday-morning prize-fight.

Respectability hunted by roughs on the Thames Embankment.

Billingsgate Market in all its glory.

An English crowd in the Dials waiting on Sunday for the opening of the gin-shop—its only legalised amusement.

A pigeon-match at Hurlingham.

Pall Mall, Waterloo Place, and the top of the Haymarket, from midnight until two in the morning.

On a Coming Tercentenary.

SWEET NELLY, with a D. T. gusher struck,

Declares Sir FRANCIS DRAKE was "quite a duck!"

Were he now living—here, uncalled, will come a sigh—

He would play "ducks and drakes" with our diplomacy.

But—(thinking of the *Alabama*)—still

One wonders what would now be that duck's bill!

One for Sir Wilfrid.

PEACE-MEN denounce, in bellicose, bold style, "A Policy of Adventure" on the Nile. Would they, who so precipitately censure, Prefer a policy of Misadventure?

WAGGERY AT THE WAR OFFICE.

A BATTERY of Artillery having been already shipped by the Authorities from Malta *without any horses*, while four hundred Marines have arrived at Alexandria, *without any rifles*, the *Orontes* troop-ship good-humouredly keeping up the fun, by coming on the scene *without any troops*, it is quite clear that the Horse Guards have determined to maintain *their* reputation as the best practical jokers in Europe.

When it is reported that the Expedition, now starting ostensibly for Egypt, will be landed quite unexpectedly at Zanzibar, without either its stores, transport service, ammunition, or boots, while Sir GARNET WOLSELEY will be put out on the Scilly Islands *by mistake*, his cocked hats and instructions having been previously sent on to Cyprus, it will be seen that the frolic in store for the delighted taxpayer will be, as usual, fast and furious. Mr. Punch cannot help asking, "Who is the comic man at the back of all this?" for he is bound to admit that that *Orontes* idea was quite a master-stroke, and promises wonderfully.

MORE WAR PREPARATIONS!—Lieutenant SWAGGER ATHOME, of the 3rd Administrative Battalion Herne Bay Volunteer Engineer Corps, has placed the services of the men under his command at the disposal of the Horse Guards in case of emergency. The Proprietors of the Ramsgate Bathing-Machines have been confidentially asked how many of their horses they could render available for duty abroad in the event of further cavalry reinforcements being des-

patched to Egypt. The Band of the Commissionnaires has been recruited to its full strength. As it is proposed to permanently embody the Royal North-West-South Diddlesex Militia, the Police Force in the neighbourhood of their Head-Quarters has been hastily doubled. Captain WELLINGTON ABERCROMBIE HAVELOCK JONES, of the 4th Battalion Royal Canadian Irish Highlanders, has sent in his resignation.

WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH US?

(Reflective Forecasts by a Household Cavalry Charger.)

IF I GO TO EGYPT,
Shall I be able to stand more than three consecutive days of the climate? If not, will my trooper dismount and walk?

If he does, will he find his boots particularly comfortable?

Will he, at 110° in the shade, be allowed to wear towels on his helmet, and go into action with a white umbrella?

If he does anything of the sort, will he be likely to wish himself back at Knightsbridge?

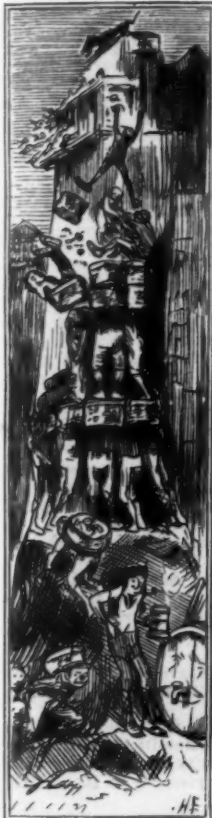
I've heard of Egyptian Fellahs, are there any Egyptian Nursery-maids?

Shall I be voted useless, be beaten by an Egyptian neddly, and finish up in an Oriental Circus?

If we are both carted off in this fashion to the East, will a Volunteer on a cab-horse look anything like us at the Horse-Guards?

Is there the remotest chance that, at the eleventh hour, the Authorities may, for once, leave the right things in the right place, and just let us alone?

OUR ACADEMY GUIDE.



No. 582. New way of Feeding
Geese in the Olden Time.
Henri Motte.



No. 609. Ape and Celebrities. James D. Linton.



No. 219. The Morning Post.
John MacWhirter, A.



No. 630. Mechanical Doll.
D. W. Wynfield.



No. 578. After the Operation.
The Dentist in the Desert.
Heywood Hardy.



No. 1462. "Very tired of
standing in this attitude."
Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A.

"I'M GOING TO DO WITHOUT 'EM."

(Given nightly, with immense success, to the air of Arthur Roberts' popular song, at the Royal St. Stephen's Music Hall, by the Grand Old Comique.)

My enemies, who disagreeable matters like to mention,
Insist that I have changed my front—I really don't know why.
For when they say, "Now, WILLIAM, how about Non-intervention?
Those principles you boasted once?" I modestly reply—

Chorus.

I'm going to do without 'em—don't want 'em any more;
I'm going to do without 'em, just as lots have done before.
I'm going to be a statesman on an admirable plan,
Then all you boys and girls will say, "Oh, what a Grand Old Man!"

'Twas thought at first I couldn't get along without supporters,
That when together COWPER, LANSDOWN, ARDILL fell away—
Not omitting BRIGHT and FORSTER—which brought things to closer
quarters,

I certainly should close the shop. And yet, what did I say?
(Spoken)—What indeed, except—

Chorus.—I'm going to do without 'em, &c., &c.

When, after very much mature and deep deliberation,
I wired at last to SEYMOUR, "You may let them have it hot,"
Being asked how he had saved the town from loot and conflagration
Without some troops to land, did I not answer on the spot?—

(Spoken)—Well—I don't quite know, but—

Chorus.—He had to do without 'em, &c., &c.

Still very oft necessity will prove the best adviser;
For here we've struck a telling blow, then halted in our work.

So now, as I'm inclined to think prompt action had been wiser,
If you should ask me what I mean to do about the Turk,
(Spoken)—I should, I think, rejoice—

Chorus.—I'm going to do without him, &c., &c.

Mistakes, of course, are human things. They'll happen, and no wonder.

For instance, great Departments even sometimes make a few:
The *Orontes*? And the *Tamar*, that brought out, by some strange
blunder,

Those *Marines without their rifles*! What had those *Marines*
to do?

(Spoken)—Well, speaking with all reservation, I should say—

Chorus.—They had to do without 'em, &c., &c.

Since, with Egyptian rocks ahead, and Irish legislation,
I grieve to say there's many a Bill must needs go to the wall;
For any use that's practical this Parliamentary nation

Might just as well possess no representatives at all!
(Spoken)—So, what about new measures?—

Chorus.—It'll have to do without 'em, &c., &c.

But there, as August's drawing near, I must, with purpose sober,
Define the situation, though unpleasant it may be.

You'll have to end your holidays the Fifteenth of October;

Oh yes, you will, my worthy friends,—you'll have to do like me!
(Spoken)—And, pray, what am I going to do? Well—

Chorus.

I'm going to do without 'em,—although the thing's a bore;
I'm going to do without 'em, just as lots have done before.

And, though you mayn't consider it an admirable plan,
Deep in your heart of hearts you'll say, "Oh, what a Grand Old
Man!"

CRICKET HITS.

(By Dumb-Crambo, off his own Bat.)



Pitching the Wicket.



A Maiden Over—?



A Drive to the Pavilion.



Holding a Catch.

A HANDBOOK OF KNOWLEDGE.

No. VII.—THE BUTCHER.

Q. What is a Butcher?

A. The subtle tyrant of large households, and the scourge and terror of small ones.

Q. I fear you mistake me. I am not referring to an autocratic or a military "butcher"—in the sense in which CALIGULA or the Duke of CUMBERLAND could be so called—but to the affable, and commonly adipose, person in blue who acts as retail purveyor of meat to the community. Can your answer possibly apply to him?

A. Distinctly.

Q. But how is this terrible tyranny of a mere, and apparently amiable, tradesman manifested?

A. By his compelling the community to purchase whatever meats he may choose to supply at whatever prices he may please to exact.

Q. How does he manage to do this?

A. His system comprises many subtle devices and ingenious contrivances. One of these is known as "calling for orders."

Q. Is not this a convenient and legitimate practice?

A. In itself, yes; the mischief lies in the way in which the Butcher works it.

Q. But if you give your orders in a clear and definite way, will he not, like another tradesman, carry them out, as a matter of course, to the letter?

A. Not at all. The difference between the weight and price of a leg of mutton—for example—as ordered and as delivered, will at once serve to explode so amiable a theory.

Q. Have you not the remedy in your own hands of returning the joint upon his?

A. Certainly. But it is easy to make this practically impossible by delaying delivery until your choice will be between that particular mutton and no meat. Indeed, the Butcher's plan of operations generally is based upon a profound study of human nature and domestic exigencies. He knows well that the ordinary British householder will rather face the probability of future loss than the certainty of immediate inconvenience. He robs indeed, but rather like an adroit usurer than an imperative highwayman.

Q. You say he robs? Is not this a serious charge to make against a British tradesman?

A. It is. The Butcher himself would probably select another word to describe his practice of wilful misunderstanding and deliberate overcharge.

Q. Is no account rendered at the time of delivery?

A. Skewered on to the joint—if it have not been dislodged in transit—may perhaps be found a greasy scrap of paper, bearing some un decipherable scrawl, supposed to have reference to the weight and price of the meat. As it is frequently lost on the road

by the butcher-boy, and always disregarded as unintelligible by the cook or housekeeper, it affords no certain clue to cost, and presents no insuperable barrier in the way of subsequent overcharge.

Q. But what if, by weighing the joint yourself, you detect such overcharge?

A. The Butcher then has an alternative of two perfectly safe courses. If you cannot furnish proof, he will dispute your accuracy; if you can, he will regret his own—or rather his shopman's—"mistake." A discovered overcharge is always a "mistake." An undiscovered "mistake" is always an overcharge. "That is the humour of it."

Q. But suppose you go to the shop to select a leg of mutton for yourself?

A. The Butcher will probably demur to cutting a leg for you, and dissuade you from selecting any leg already cut, but will confidentially counsel you to "leave it to him," as he will "have one up presently that'll just suit you." "Them legs," he will intimate, slapping one of them derisively with his knife, "though well enough for the common herd, will not do for you," whose superior taste he can gauge to a nicety.

Q. Suppose that, resisting these blandishments, you insist upon selecting one before you, and on seeing it weighed?

A. He will yield with mournful dignity, as sorrowing to see a customer of his so lose caste, and probably—it may be in mere compassion—send you home quite another joint.

Q. Even if you have paid on the spot for that particular one?

A. This he will not permit you to do if he can possibly help it. "Oh; better let me book it, Sir—or Madam"—he will say, with a lofty smile, subtly suggestive of the abject contemptibleness of the contrary plan. "And why not let me send my young man round for your horders?" he will add, with a look as subtly expressive of his sense of the "bad form" of the opposite practice.

Q. And suppose you resolutely decline to allow him either to "call for orders" or to "book"?

A. The British Butcher cannot treat with common civility the customer who so violates the interested etiquette of his trade. His very soul revolts against personal calls and cash payments, as mean devices, hampering the happy freedom of imposition, and limiting the pleasant possibilities of "mistakes."

Q. Do you mean to imply that the Butcher is—I was about to say less honest, but will rather express it as "more ingenious" than other tradesmen?

A. His trade, from its very nature, affords fewer facilities than many others for that particular form of competition which harsh moralists call "adulteration." His "ingenuity" is therefore taxed to devise substitutes for that great standing resource of the British Shopkeeper.

Q. With what results?

A. Such as it would take long indeed fully to describe. I have already mentioned one or two of them. The task of keeping up the price of meat, in spite of all causes which naturally would tend to bring it down, is one which continually taxes, but which never exhausts, the resources of this "ingenuity." The skill with which he will combine open depreciation of "inferior foreign stuff" with the secret vending of it as, and at the price of, "prime English," is admirable—from a certain point of view. In the "cutting up" of joints, and the apportionment of bone, fat, and offal, with a view to getting the "best price" for the same, he does greatly shine. He is very adroit, also, in the management of the scraps and fragments known as "make-weights." A block of bone may be introduced into a joint with whose normal anatomy it has nothing to do, and by carefully-arranged accident one particular "scrap" may be weighed and sold with half-a-dozen or more "best ends"—by simply being "left behind" when the joint is despatched to its destination. Moreover, in Butchers' book-keeping the terms "posting" and "double entry" may be made to bear meanings that would hardly be recognised by a punctilious accountant. If the public were made free of the little greenhouse-looking structures where, during the slack hours of the day, greasy-looking youths or smart-ribboned dames wile away the weary hours in transferring credit-entries from one book to another, it might find that the—of course accidental—discrepancies between the first and the second entries, though dexterously "distributed over," tottled up to a tidy balance—not exactly in favour of the customers.

Q. Are all Butchers equally—ingenious?

A. Probably not. Nature and Fortune do not so equally distribute their favours. There are simple, plain-dealing Butchers, just as there doubtless are unsophisticated lawyers and guileless Israelites.

LAST week's *Illustrated London News* has a portrait of "Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, in charge of the Police at Alexandria." What has this gallant Officer done to be "in charge of the Police"? We thought that he was looking after the Police, not the Police looking after him.



A HINT.

Sir Pompey Bedell. "OH—ER—MR. GRIGSBY, I THINK! HOW D'YE DO!"

Grigsby. "I HOPE I SEE YOU WELL, SIR POMPEY. AND NEXT TIME YOU GIVE ME TWO FINGERS, I'M BLEST IF I DON'T PULL 'EM OFF!"

"ROBERT" AT WANSTEAD PARK.

If anybody as is jest a little tired of the bussell and the scrowging and the pushing and the noise of Cheapside, and of the Poultry on Cornhill, wants a thurro change, he hasn't far for to go for to find it, thanks agin to the grand Old Copperashun, as is allus a-doing sumthink or other for a ungreatfool Public. And should any right honnerrable members of the venerable Ouse of Lords as happens to live in the naybrood of White Chapel, and is over fatigued with the hawflood amount of work as they has to do daily every night, pine for a change, jest like a poor devil of a Raddical, he can allus get it in sumthink less than no time. For instance, he can take the Tram and go for thrippence to Layton Stone, and then go as Straight as Douglas till he comes to a Green Man's Pond, and then on till he cums to the Manshun House of the last of the Aldermen, Allderman FINIS, and then go over the left and fust to yer right and there you are, at the entrance to Wonsted Park Plessur Grounds. You've no occashun to nook at the dore, because it's only a Gate, but in you goes in yer own rite, like a blooming Free Holder, and you walks rite on till you comes to the Temple, not like the Temple in Fleet St eoz there ain't no Lawyers, and not like the Temple on the Oben Wireduck eoz there ain't no PARKER, but only a most quiet and respectable Keeper of the name of PUFFEM, so there is a sort of family likeness in all three after all.

Having paid yer respects to Mr. PUFFEM, you takes the parth to your rite and you comes in about 10 minnits to what I feels inclined to call about the thirteenth wundur of the World, reckning Happy Roastweal Gardens as about the twelf, and that is the wundurfullest Grot Oh! in Yourrope! I saw at once by his new unyform and his sollem demeanor that Mr. PUFFEM is a man of the strictest werassey, or I should have been inclined to dout him wen he told me it was all bilt by a Lady, and that it cost her jest fifty thousand pound! It seems a lot of money, but if it is all bilt of preehus stones, as Mr. PUFFEM says, we knows as dimonds and them sort of things does run into a lot. However be that as it may, I quite agrees with a rayther exsited Koster Monger who said, with rayther unnecessary wigger of langwidge, that with that Grot Oh! for his crib and them perch ponds for his fish in, he shouldn't want any other pair-o'-dices. Ah! them's somethink like Fish Ponds them is, why, Mr. PUFFEM acsally told me, with that sollem look of his, that sumtimes of a evening the Fish is a-jumping about, and a-splashing about to that extent, that you'd think as there was a

lot of boys a-bathing there! And he looks at you so serious that you can't carp at his Fish stories. When he's crammed you full of Fish, then he begins about Poachers. Somethink like Poachers, too, them is. Why, the fust thing as they poached dreely he was appointed, but before he had his new Unyform, was all the led off the roof of the Grot Oh! That wasn't bad for a beginning. The nex thing as they poached wasn't eggs, as I naterally thort when he asked me to guess, but about 36 duzzen of butiful white water lilies. And think of their hartfulness in getting at 'em. As the lillies was in the middle of the Lake, they stripes themselves to their skins for fear of wetting themselves, and then boldly plunges in up to their nees in water, and higher than that, and carries 'em ashore, hoping to sell 'em at the Market price of four shillings a duzzen. But a eye was a-watching on 'em as they couldn't see, tho' he had his new Unyform on, and the Perleasse siezed 'em in their unpertected condition, lit'rally catching 'em in the naked fac, when of course they couldn't run away, and the awful wengence of the Lor come down on 'em to the extent of twelve shillings!

Well, I have in my long egsperiense seen about as many butiful places as most Waiters. I've seen old Woxhall Gardens, and Wite Cundit House, and Ormsay Wood, and Iberry Barn, but I haven't the least esitation in giving the Farm Tree to Wonsted. Of course there's a intire absence of those elewating amusements, such as Swings and settler, in which the nobel British Public takes such grate delight, tho' judging from what has been dun in Epping Forrest in that line, we may hope in a werry short time to have even them, but for those who can manage to spend a few ours in the butiful pure hair without 'em, there isn't a lovelier spot for rest and quiet and peaceful enjoyment, than Wonsted Park.

And how strange to think, as Mr. PUFFEM told us, that if these butiful grounds had not once blonged, about a hundred years ago, to one of the greatest scamps in Yourrope, who married the pore gal who owned 'em for her money, and then broke her heart by his unkindness and neglee, the Copperashun would never have been abel to buy 'em for the use and enjoyment of the Public.

One thing as struck me harder p'raps than it would strike nonperfeshunals, is the hutter habesence of wittles!

Brown says as how even the Copperashun wants a little rest now and then for the Stummick's sake, and so on them occasions they cums down here and inwardly digests plenty of fresh hair, and then goes back to the place from whence they came, like giants refreshed.

I'm afraid Brown ain't got no reverence. In fac he confesses as much, for I've herd him say that "no Man's a Nero either to his Wally or his Waiter."

ROBERT.

SEA-SIDE-SPLITTERS.

By Dumb-Crambo Junior.



Barque outside the 'Arbour.



Towed by a Tug.



Tide Running in Fast.



Breakers.



"EGYPTIAN PREFERENCE!"

THE CHAMPIONS OF CHRISTENDOM.

"So they have left me to save her alone!" exclaimed Sir JOHN of Merry England. "This, after all the Frenchman's protestations and all the Italian's bluster. But what matters it? GLADSTONIS, my armour!"

Upon this, the brave knight's Squire, after a great deal of fuss and confusion (for GLADSTONIS was a procrastinating person), buckled on his master's sword and iron plates. And when this had been done, Sir JOHN hurried away to Alexandria, to rescue EGYPT, the Fairest of the Fair, from ARABI the Dragon.

When ARABI saw Sir JOHN approaching, he indulged in the most ridiculous demonstrations of impotent rage and feeble defiance.

"Very good!" said the Champion of Merry England. "I will teach you a lesson, my fine fellow, that shall last you your life. This will I do, not only in my own interests, but for the benefit of the brothers who have deserted me!"

And the brave knight drew his sword, poised his lance, and made ready to begin.

"Stay a moment, I beg you!" said a fat, sleek, fawning sort of person, whose apparel was as seedy as his appearance was unprepossessing. "You do things in such a very hurried manner."

"Who are you?" was the natural question of Sir JOHN.

"I am the SULTAN SLYBOOTS," replied the fat, fawning creature, "and I am the father of EGYPT, the Fairest of the Fair."

"Then if you are her Father, you will approve of my intentions? Stand aside, while I rescue her."

"But let us chat it over a little. Whoever saves EGYPT, the Fairest of the Fair, will have a right to claim her. Surely, this seems just; do you not think so?"

"Let me save her first," said Sir JOHN; "and we can settle the details afterwards."

"But it is so much better to talk. I am very angry indeed with ARABI; but—"

"What has the Dragon dangling round his neck?" asked Sir JOHN, sharply; "it seems like a Turkish decoration."

"Oh, yes!" returned the SULTAN SLYBOOTS, with some confusion. "It is a little toy I gave him to play with. But to return to our talking—"

"I did not come here to talk," interrupted Sir JOHN, "but to fight!"

"If you would just wait, while I—"

"Why, you unnatural parent!" thundered Sir JOHN; "I do declare you are making signs to the Dragon while we are talking!"

"Surely, you are mistaken! My left eye-lid frequently quivers unconsciously!"

But while SULTAN SLYBOOTS was explaining how his eyelid had quivered, Sir JOHN poised his spear once more, and went for the Dragon. ARABI uttered a loud howl, and showed the White Flag, which bore a remarkable resemblance to the White Feather.

ODE ON A CLOSE PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

(By a Gray-Headed Wet Bob.)

Ye crumbling spires, ye antique towers,—

What, if ye were decayed!

What, if your fragments fell in showers

On HENRY's holy shade!

And what, if o'er your cloister walls

Vague pencilled ornamental scrawls

Afforded mute display;

Should Vandals, who all things renew,

Be down upon thy records too,

And sweep them clean away!

But, there!—with taste he calls "correct,"

'Mid scenes of vanished days

Your gay restoring Architect

The very dickens plays!

Yet, as his brand-new work he vaunts,

He gives us for our treasured haunts

Red brick—and nothing more!

Which drives Wet Bob to stick to this,

"Where crumbling memories are bliss,

'Tis folly to restore!"

* Wouldn't "EDMUND" be astonished if he saw "HENRY's holy shad," gliding into the office like MARGARET's grim ghost! By the way, "HENRY" was at Eton, and as GRAY's was a prospective poem, the description might have been prophetic.

A FRIEND from Rome informed Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM that among other things he had recently seen Cardinal LAVIGERIE take possession of his titular church of "St. Agnes - Without - the - Walls." "Saint Agnes without the Walls!" exclaimed Mrs. RAM. "How on earth is the roof kept up?"

WHAT WE WISH FOR OUR POLICY IN THE LAND OF THE PYRAMIDS.—*Un succès pyramidale.*



ON THE WAR-PATH.

ARAB'S JOURNAL.

6 A.M.—Finish *Wheatstone on Truces* in bed. Capital reading. Get up, and go on ramparts in a sheet, to test it. Excellent! British dogs stop firing.

8 A.M.—Breakfast on milk. Requisition for five hundred yards of white calico, then whitewash my *Aide-de-camp* all over, and send him off to Infidel lines, with his pockets full of dynamite.

10 A.M.—*Aide-de-camp* tumbled down like a fool, and blown himself up. Infidel dogs puzzled. Must be more cautious.

NOON.—Have hoisted a counterpane on a telegraph-pole, and managed to get five companies, with Remingtons, quietly into a ditch.

2 P.M.—Party of confiding dogs advancing nicely. "C'est magnifique!" as NAPOLEON said at Waterloo; "mais, c'est la

guerre!" Now, then, "Fire!" Ha! missed them! And they suspect something! Must be more cautious.

4 P.M.—Allah be praised! Here's the calico! Given my whole staff two yards a-piece on hockey-sticks, and sent the lot of them out to have a friendly parley with a torpedo in a bolster-case. That's what I call *something like a negotiation*! Ha! ha!

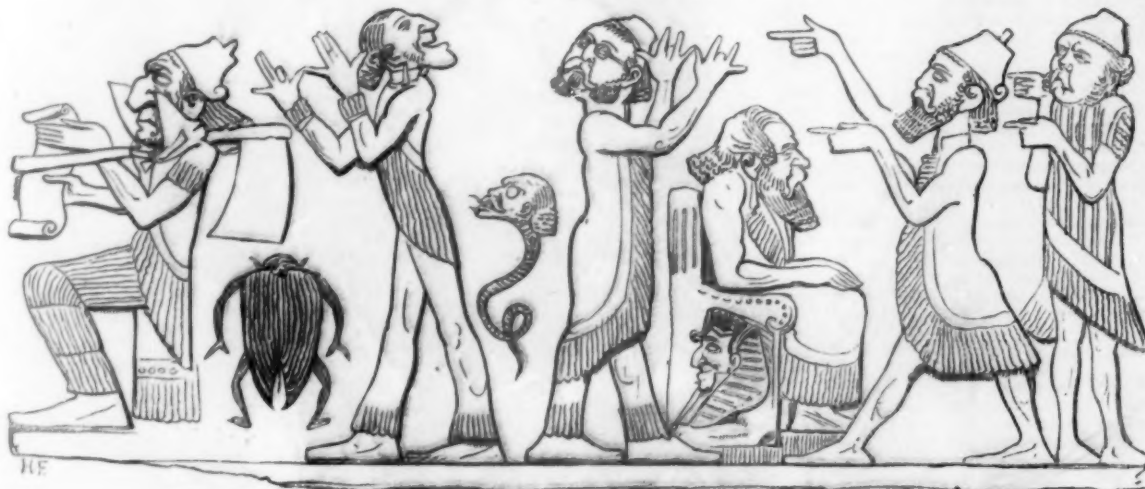
6 P.M.—Blown again! Dog of a British Commander says, "He'll give me a whitewashing presently, if I don't stop my little games." Look that out in *Wheatstone*. Must be more cautious.

8 P.M.—Bed time. All the sheets sewn together (flag 50 feet by 32), flying over the fort. Shall sleep best in blankets, *Kismet*!

10 P.M.—Put a white nightcap over my fez, make a waistcoat of a pillow-case, and go out in my dressing-gown for picket-shooting.

MIDNIGHT.—Doze off, and dream I do 'em all at last by "a surrender at discretion." A very pleasant day.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

EGYPTIAN QUESTION IN THE TIME OF KING KRISIS THE STARTLER.

Monday Night, July 24. — Lords discussing Vote of Credit. Marquis of SALISBURY volunteers his "humble support" to the Ministry. This looks bad. GRANVILLE moves uneasily in his seat, and KIMBERLEY foresees some attack upon the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster. Lord CRANBROOK makes effective speech. Elaborately leads up to striking passage, wherein he likens SULTAN to *Shylock*, and GLADSTONE to *Antonio*, in the scene where *Antonio* borrows the three thousand ducats.



Lord Kimberley, the Colonial, appears as the Chancellor of the Dutchy, out of compliment to the Boers.

"Fair Sir," Lord CRANBROOK declaims, "you spat on me on Wednesday last, you spurned me such a day; another time," &c., &c.

Brought down the House. "Capital!" says one Lord to another. "CRANBROOK improving." "So very *d'propos*!"

Wish they'd let us Members of the other House occasionally say a few words here. Should like to have got up and observed that the illustration was exceedingly appropriate two or three weeks ago, when *Mr. Punch* had a cartoon on the subject, and parodied *Shylock's* words. *Mr. P.* doesn't mind finding ideas for Noble Lords. But just as well to observe the formality of acknowledging source of inspiration.

Glad to find the line to be drawn somewhere with respect to the Land-Leaguers bullying the House of Commons. Early in the sitting Messrs. O'DONNELL and HEALY sat upon the House like a fearsome nightmare. House met to consider question of Vote of Credit. Great crowd to hear GLADSTONE's speech. Cheerful presence of Prince of WALES diffused over the Gallery. Hasn't been here lately, finding the proceedings a little too exciting for a man of quiet habits. Mr. CHAPLIN observing H. R.H. sitting aloft, like a dignified cherub, let off little speech. Always glad to please his Prince.

This nothing to entertainment provided by Messrs. O'DONNELL and HEALY, the Bounding Brothers of the Westminster Circus. O'DONNELL accused SPEAKER of predicting what he was going to say, and ruling it out of order. HEALY vastly improved on this, ruling over GLADSTONE, the Clerk at the Table, LYULPH STANLEY, and people generally. O'DONNELL had made a palpable hit, and HEALY determined to outdo him. This, with a little assistance from other Gentlemen from Ireland, delayed business for a full hour, and

presented a pleasing spectacle of Parliamentary manners to strangers in the Gallery.

It was late when crisis arrived. Vote in Committee of Supply on account of furniture for Public Offices in Great Britain. HEALY wanted to discuss the chairs and tables in Board of Works Offices in Ireland. Chairman reminded him that Vote applied solely to Great Britain.

"What!" cries Mr. HEALY, "isn't Ireland in Great Britain?"

Moment of terrible suspense followed. If LYON PLAYFAIR, worn out with work, and buffeted from all sides, had hesitated, all was lost. But he was equal to the occasion. He firmly ruled that Ireland was not in Great Britain; and Mr. HEALY, fearful of fresh suspension, subsided.

JOSEPH GILLIS was at the moment asleep, or the episode might have ended differently. Does not mean to pass it over. Will give notice to call attention to arbitrary conduct of Chairman of Ways and Means in ruling Ireland out of Great Britain.

Business done.—Vote of Credit proposed.

Tuesday Night. — Really touching to see DRUMMOND WOLFE whilst GORST was opening fire on Policy of Government in Egypt.

Then watching the early efforts of its firstborn to walk, doesn't quite come up to scene in true pathos. Brought GORST in about ten o'clock, that being, in usual circumstances, good time for spanking speeches. A little disappointing to find House empty. Of course, couldn't have known GORST was going to "mash the Ministry." The misfortune, not the fault, of those absent.

DRUMMOND led GORST up to corner seat, and fully inducted him. A little anxiety about the notes, which were voluminous. GORST wanted them on brief paper, but DRUMMOND wouldn't have it.

"You're quite enough of a six-and-eightpenny young man as it is," he said, with charming frankness. "If you have brief-paper, you'll be wanting wig and gown; and calling LYON PLAYFAIR 'me Lud.'"

So had to put up with ordinary notes. Terrible anxiety lest they should get mixed, and that, after all DRUMMOND's coaching, he should get the cart before the horse. Thanks to DRUMMOND's maternal care, went off very well, only thing wanted being an audience. But GLADSTONE's as good as a hundred.

"If you want your speech to go," RANDOLPH wrote to GORST, in



"England is a great Muscle-man Power."—This is what Lord Elcho must have meant.

"If you have brief-paper, you'll be wanting wig and gown; and calling LYON PLAYFAIR 'me Lud.'"

anticipation of this oration, "all you have to do is to misquote Woe, or put a gloss on one of his sentences. Grand Old Man is the only living person who remembers everything he's said during the past fifty years. If there, he will correct you, and WARTON and the Alderman will cheer. Woe'll grow waxy: House will begin to listen, and the fortune of your speech is made. I could teach him better, but at present have enough to do to look after you."

GORST remembers this, and goes for Woe with gratifying results. Meantime, DRUMMOND sits behind, gathers up the papers as GORST flings them on the Bench, and anxiously rearranges them, what time he watches, with beaming countenance, effect of speech on Grand, but irritable Old Man.

Business done.—Vote of Credit discussed.

Thursday Night.—Found HARCOURT to-night sitting quite limp in the Library. His child-like smile vanished, and his complacency collapsed.

"What's the matter, VERNON?" I asked, taking out a pocket-handkerchief, to be ready in case of emergency. "Has somebody been sending you another box, and won't the Police open it at a safe distance?"

"It's not that, Tony," said the great man, with a tear in his voice. "It's the House of Lords. I'm afraid they'll abolish it before I reach the Woolack. Hear they've taken just four hours to debate the Second Reading of the Arrears Bill, and gone comfortably home to dinner. How many nights did we take? I forget; but it was a good many. We can't stand this sort of thing in the Commons. Our waste of time is made too ludicrous by comparison with this business-like despatch. Will have to abolish the Lords, and I would like to preside over them first. After a little while they would not feel the catastrophe so much."

Good deal of sense in what HARCOURT says. Lords had made up their minds on Arrears Bill. A month's talking would have made no difference. So, like sensible men, they settled it off, and went home.

Commons on fourth night of debate on Vote of Credit. Nobody says anything, but speeches stupendous in length. Only man who knows the subject, *au fond* is shut out. At nine o'clock ARABI-ASHMEAD-BARTLETT-BEY entered, with bundles of notes and despatches. Conveniently spread them out on desk before him.

Mr. Bright, in his speech, said, "I cannot turn my back on myself." Of course he has tried to do so, and this shows him in the act of making the unsuccessful contortionist attempt.

Went out and returned secretly, conveying glass of water in his hat. Then sat and waited opportunity. But it never came; and after sitting till eleven o'clock, folded his papers like the ARABI, put the glass of water where Alderman FOWLER would sit down when he came in, and silently stole away. Of course the speech is not lost. If he can't deliver it on the Vote of Credit, we shall have it on the Indian Budget. But, in the meantime, the Empire may be ruined.

Business done.—Vote of Credit agreed to.

Friday Night.—Rehearsal going on to-night in the House of Lords. The Marquis has made up his mind to have a final fling on the Arrears Bill. Will stick in Amendments the Commons won't have, and there'll be a row. So to-night Lord CARMARVEN, a Peer of constitutional amiability, brings on subject of pouring oil on the troubled waters. Discussed with keen interest.

Business done in Commons.—Extraordinary progress made with Supply.

Right Again!

THE Special Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* telegraphs from Alexandria:—

"The wildest stories imaginable are afloat, and, therefore, without foundation."

At first sight the "therefore" appears a little odd, and a terrible suspicion besets the mind that the hairbreadth "scapes" of this dauntless and gifted man have affected the lucidity of his style. But, on further consideration, the case is quite clear. If a thing, whether a storey or a whole house, is afloat, it is, of course, without foundation.—Q. E. D.

THE GRAND OLD MINSTREL BOY.

THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD OF WALES.—Towards defraying the expenses of this annual literary meeting, the Prince of WALES has sent a sum of twenty guineas; but the forthcoming proceedings will not be honoured with the presence of His Royal Highness. Mr. GLADSTONE has consented to act as President on the closing day.



With an *encore* verse, that the heart will cheer
Of a Music Hall Proprietor!

FROM AR-MED J. B. TO AH-MED ARABI.

SIR, OUR Profit, speaking from our Indian Commerce, commands us not to seek war, nor to begin it. But this same Profit hath commanded us that when war has once been commenced, it shall not cease until the Credit Total of the Ledger is greater than the Debit.

Hence, the so-called "National Party" of Egypt may rest assured that the first gun fired from the forts of Alexandria has absolved the British Book-keepers from all contracts and conventions. India is held by Englishmen as the key to wealth and honour, and all are bound by every law to preserve both the one and the other. Sermons on this subject have been preached in every British newspaper throughout the (English-speaking) world, and an agreement in this sense has been come to with the political leaders of all parties. Thus it is unnecessary to repeat that the first blow struck at England by "Horrible Pasha" sealed that gentleman's fate most effectually.

The British Race have not allowed themselves to be duped by the ridiculous theories of Mr. BLUNT—theories that have had to be pricked at last—with brute force—with the point of the bayonet.

Egypt is, and always has been, anxious to be friendly with England. She will protect England's interests now, as heretofore, in every way. England, in return, will not underrate the mischievous insolence of the military upstart who is now trying to burlesque BUONAPARTE beneath the shadow of the Pyramids. Rebels in our modern days make sudden and gigantic bounds in the path of malignant tomfoolery.

"Horrible Pasha" in fine may rest assured that he will be either shot or hanged. In either case his lot will not be a happy one.

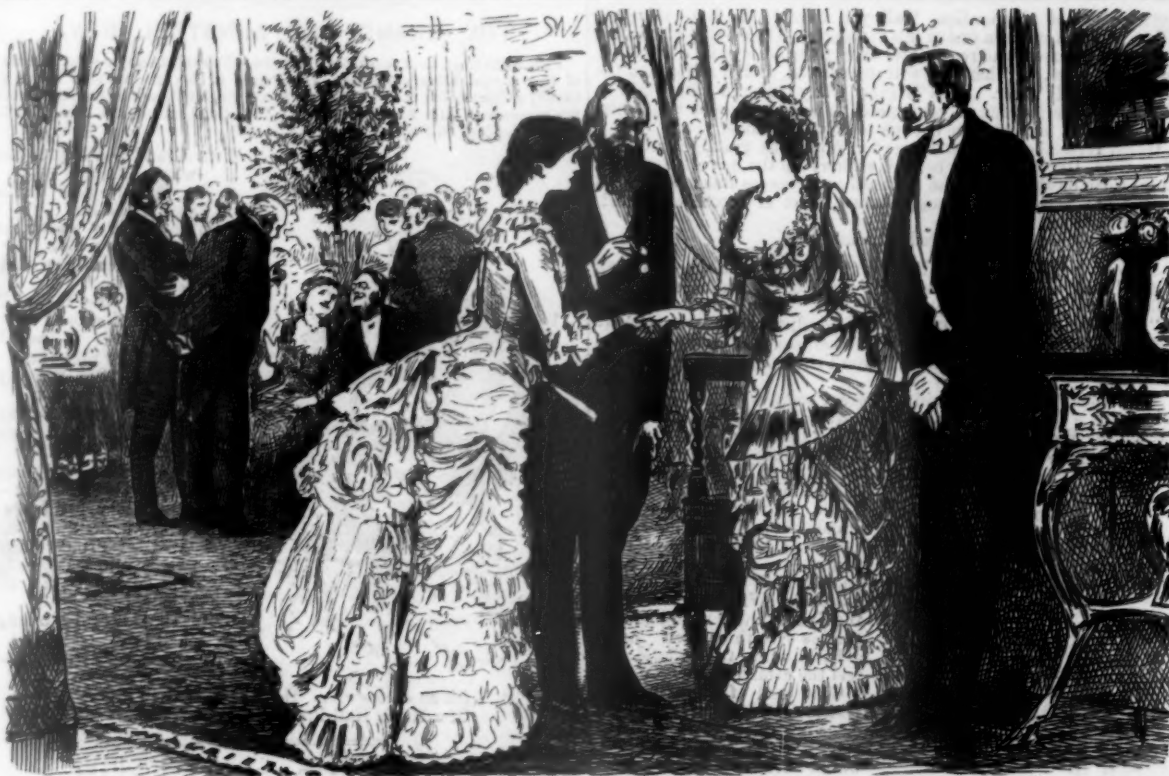
This communication is in reply to a letter sent by you to "the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P." I prefer to answer it myself: for this reason—I am already his master, and soon will be yours.

(Signed) AR-MED JOHN BULL.

THE *Musical World* stated, last week, that "The Management of the Russian Opera House have resolved to suppress Benefits." The Russian Opera House Managers have evidently been studying Mr. *Punch's* sentiments on this subject to some purpose.

SOLD ON CREDIT.—The late French Ministry.

IRISH-EGYPTIAN TITLE FOR THE PREMIER.—Arrear-by Bey.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Amiable Hostess. "WHAT! MUST YOU GO ALREADY? REALLY, PROFESSOR, IT'S TOO BAD OF THIS SWEET YOUNG WIFE OF YOURS TO CARRY YOU OFF SO EARLY! SHE ALWAYS DOES!"

Professor. "NO, NO, NOT ALWAYS, MRS. BRIGHT! AT MOST HOUSES I POSITIVELY HAVE TO DRAG HER AWAY!"

THE LION AND THE FOX.

(*Æsop applied.*)

THE first time the Fox saw the Lion, looking vastly stern and menacing, he crouched and crawled at his feet, and seemed ready to die with fear. The second time, as Leo had not proved himself quite so terrible as he looked, the Fox appeared to take courage, and could even bear to look upon the Lion in a manner not devoid of sly significance. The third time, seeing the Lion starting upon urgent business, he had the impudence to sidle up, and enter into familiar conversation with him.

And this was the conversation—not given in the earlier versions of this fable:—

"Whither away, friend Leo?" cried the Fox. "Why, what a hurry you are in, to be sure!"

The Lion gave an impatient snort.

"I've important business to attend to," said he, curtly, and was pushing briskly ahead.

"Hi! stop a bit!" snuffled the Fox, feebly plucking at him, "I want to speak to you particularly."

"No time for talk now," retorted Leo, impatiently. "The work I have to do won't wait."

"But"—persisted the Fox, still endeavouring to detain him—"I'm going to help you—if you'll only give me time."

"Oh, get out!" said the Lion, angrily; "you've delayed me long enough; and your offer of help comes too late. I'm going to see this business through myself; and a procrastinating trickster like you is only in the way!"

MORAL.

If you want a thing done well, you must do it yourself.

PROBABLE RISING OF ANOTHER AND STILL OLDER NATIONAL PARTY IN EGYPT.—The Rising of Old Nile.

THE LATEST SANITARY IDEA.

(For further particulars see the Letters and Articles in the Daily Papers.)

SCENE—A most delightful neighbourhood. PATERFAMILIAS and his belongings discovered enjoying themselves.

Paterfamilias (with much satisfaction). There, I think we have escaped all chances of infection, by leaving Town for the Country. (Enter, hurriedly, the Family Physician.) Ah, Doctor, glad to see you—(pointedly)—as a friend!

Family Physician (sitting down, out of breath). At last I have found you! There may yet be time! How long have you been here?

Paterfamilias. About three days. But why this excitement?

Family Physician. I come to save you! (Piteously.) Oh, why did you leave London?

Paterfamilias. Because, frankly, we could not stand the sewer-gas which invaded our nostrils on every side.

Family Physician (contemptuously). And which was perfectly harmless!

Paterfamilias. But surely it is better to be here, where we can breathe the purest air?

Family Physician (gloomily). As I feared! (Hurriedly.) You can smell nothing?

Paterfamilias. Absolutely nothing.

Family Physician (solemnly). Then rest assured that every inhalation is charged with the germs of typhus, small-pox, and scarlet-fever!

Paterfamilias (terror-stricken). Oh, horror! What shall we do?

Family Physician (imperiously). Back at once to London—there, and there only are you secure from the insidious ravages of disease!

[Scene closes in upon Paterfamilias and his belongings returning to Town the Savoury for safety.]

TWO READINGS.—"ARABI SUES FOR PEACE," or "ARABI'S SUEZ FOR PEACE?"—ahem—no, thank you.



THE LION AND THE FOX.

BRITISH LION. "GOING TO HELP ME, ARE YOU? THANK YOU FOR NOTHING, MASTER FOX. I BEGAN THE WORK ALONE, AND I MEAN TO FINISH IT!!!"



THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.
Subscription price, \$5.00 per annum in advance.
Single copies, 15 cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter, May 2, 1912, under Post Office No. 383, at Chicago, Ill., under special agreement of Post Office and General Delivery.
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 10, 1918.
Postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices.
Copyright, 1918, by American Medical Association.
Printed at the American Medical Association, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

MODERN LIFE IN LONDON; OR, "TOM AND JERRY" BACK AGAIN.



THE TRIO WITNESS THE NATIONAL GAME.

"THE athlete, my dear Coz," said CORINTHIAN TOM, one morning after breakfast, "is one of the 'facts of the age,' and I am glad therefore that YOUNG BOB proposes to devote a couple of days to exploring the ramifications of the National Game of CRICKET. We are to go one day to the Orleans Club, and on another to LORD's, and I have no doubt that this new chapter of LIFE IN LONDON will well repay perusal." "I am 'all there,'" said JERRY.

Thus then when YOUNG BOB appeared, he found our heroes "all agog" for the Orleans Club, and MASTER LOGIC very soon "tooled" them down to Twickenham behind four spanking "bits of blood" in admirable style. On arriving at the Club-House just below "Twickenham Ferry," and once the abode of the Princes of Orleans, they found that the game had commenced. It was a pleasant sight, the house with the noble trees round it, the drags and the representatives of Church and State who were there to say nothing of the softer sex. Responsive cheers rang out as a stout party came "charging" after the ball in the direction of the TRIO, which caused the CORINTHIAN to remark that he would not like to indulge in such violent exercise when SOL's rays were so ardent. Neither CORINTHIAN TOM or JERRY HAWTHORN had been much given to CRICKET in the old days, but still there was no fear that our friends would be stumped, or bowled out; while no one would suspect that either the CORINTHIAN or his Coz would be long off the game of LIFE, or fail to make runs until they were brought up by the long-stop. Thus they were much interested in the game, but still more in the characters assembled. For, the faded "man about town" came there thinking that a glimpse of the country and a peep at "Father Thames," with a bit of dinner in a cool room, would put him right; and many a modest MAIDEN and frisky MATRON gathered there also, finding much more diversion in Flirtation than in Cricket.

TOM and JERRY were so delighted with their experience of the ORLEANS CLUB, where they dined sumptuously after the match, that they eagerly reminded YOUNG BOB that he was to conduct them the next day to LORD's to witness another contest with the willows. So the morrow saw them on their way to St. John's Wood, and the famous ground of The Marylebone Cricket Club. It was, in good truth, an exhilarating scene, and made The Wine of Life beat faster in their veins as they lounged into LORD's. There were the swells and the snobs, the Costers and the Charmers, the loafers and the ladies, the ducks and the dandies in "lavish profusion." What was "not a little curious," too, was that, although a great match was going on, nobody appeared to care a rap for the Cricket. There were scores of "drags," upon which sat bevy of beautiful damsels, intent upon lobsters and Champagne; and, so far as the athletic concert was concerned, the Elevens might just as well have been standing on their heads, as playing the national game. What did it matter to the festive FAIR ONES whether STUDD or GRACE won the day, whether OXFORD triumphed over CAMBRIDGE, or ETON licked HARROW? All these charming critics cared for, was the "cold collation," and the casual cavalier; they had come to eat and drink on the apex of a "drag," in the open air, and, so far as the players were concerned, they might as well have been engaged in Fives or Football, or "Grinning through a Horse-Collar." In fact, a Public Schools' or Universities'

Match, in these days, has resolved itself into a species of Saturnalia, which may fairly be said to have no connection with Cricket. Unless you are like our TRIO, among the "knowing ones," and the goes of the Metropolis, who have their carriages there with their attendant *funkies* to "minister to the needs" of the inner man and woman, you will see nothing but the backs of the Crowd, and wander like the PERK of Mr. MOORE, a musical, but rather loose-fish of a poet, outside the *Paradisiac* enclosure. True, if you are fortunate enough to be a member of the "M.C.C.;" or, Marylebone Cricket Club, you are "free" of the PAVILION, whence many a veteran criticises the *colts* of the day, and "bangs down" his blunt upon the "side" that he fancies in a popular match. Here were many old games fought "o'er again," and the heroes of other days sighed over the gout that prevented them "taking a bat" with the youngsters, or bowling "maiden overs" that would non plus any of the famous GRACES.

"It is a fine game," said the CORINTHIAN; "and though I could dispense with all this aristocratic guzzling, which turns the place into something very like a Country Fair, and leaves the beautiful grass a CHAOS of lobster-shells, crumbs, paper, and straw, still it affords to the Philosopher a glimpse of LIFE IN LONDON. Indeed, you have not done the gay Metropolis nowadays unless you have 'looked in' at the ORLEANS, and 'assisted' at LORD's; and it is as necessary to be au fait with the names of the Warriors of the Wicket as with the appellations of famous Statesmen, or Race Horses, or Popular Beauties." "Right you are!" said YOUNG BOB; "and as to Beauties, there are plenty of 'Professional Beauties' here, I can tell you." The CORINTHIAN and JERRY laughed at this Sally, but hardly took YOUNG BOB until he kindly explained that there was a race of Females nowadays calling themselves "ladies," who advertised their charms in every possible way, who were noticed in Society Papers and photographed to such an extent that any proletarian who possessed the necessary bob could buy their likenesses, and gloat over them for that ridiculously small sum. "We did not live in a moral age, my dear Coz," cried the CORINTHIAN on hearing this, "but I'm hanged if our mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters would not as soon have 'cut off their right hands' as allowed themselves to be paraded in the Shop-Windows in this disgraceful fashion!" And Corinthian TOM was right. He was no prude, he had "seen life" in all its various colours from ALMACK's in the West to ALL-MAX in the East; and no considerations of propriety prevented him from "having his fling." But to use the slang term of the period, he knew where to draw the line, and the fast and flashy females who allowed themselves to be photographed for the edification of the "Vulgar Herd," made him remark somewhat sarcastically to his Coz, that the feminine manners of the day seemed to have altered "considerably for the worse." YOUNG BOB, it must be said, did not agree with CORINTHIAN TOM, but said he "thought it doosed good fun, don't you know, to have photos of all these poppets, and that it 'got them on' in Society." "That may be," said the Corinthian, bowing to YOUNG BOB, for TOM was the pink of politeness, "but all I can say is, my dear BOB, 'So much the worse for Society.'"

SEWER GAS.

"A good deal has been said at various times about the terrible effects which may be expected to follow from a whiff of offensive gas inhaled in passing a sewer-grating in the open street. There are no facts known to medicine which justify the belief that such a whiff would have any effects at all."—*Times*.

When from work we wander free,
In some village by the sea,
What though breezes, east or west,
Blow o'er Ocean's heaving breast,
Keep to streets, and, as you pass,
Take a sniff of Sewer Gas.
It can do no sort of harm,
Nay, it acts quite like a charm.
Why do Doctors raise such scares,
When the cheerful *Times* declares
That the person is an ass
Who objects to Sewer Gas.
And that daring organ tells
There is virtue in "bad smells."
They're unpleasant, if you please,
But they don't bring on disease.
So, let every lad and lass
Take a whiff of Sewer Gas.

THE *Times*, last week, spoke of some portion of ARABI's letter to GLADSTONE Pasha as a "blunt announcement." Taken as a whole, it might have been termed a "WILFRID BLUNT Pronouncement."

THE LANDLORD'S LEAGUE.

THE distance between England and Ireland is now increased by another League.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 95.



LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

HERE AND THERE, ALTHOUGH AT SEA,
QUITE AT HOME OUT YONDER,
SILENCING THE ENEMIES,
POP GOES THE CONDOR!

COMING TO TERMS THROUGH THE WIRE.

(A Series of Telegrams.)

From Arabi Pasha to British Commander-in-Chief.—Willing to submit. Terms:—Retire to Monastery (or say Nunnery) with full uniform and a thousand a year. Should like to take a dozen bosom friends with me, just to play billiards, or to join in a rubber. Wire back. Reply paid.

From British Commander-in-Chief to Arabi Pasha.—Not good enough! A. P. to B. C.—How will this do? Give up Monastery. Wear uniform without sword and epaulettes. Thousand a year as before. Wire. Reply paid.

B. C. to A. P.—Absurd! A. P. to B. C.—Look here! No uniform. No Monastery. Thousand a year as before. Bosom friends no object. You may shoot them. Wire. Reply paid.

B. C. to A. P.—Too silly! A. P. to B. C.—Very hard up. Should be greatly obliged for a thousand a year, or even less. No reasonable offer refused. A real bargain. To please you, have shot bosom friends. Wire back.

[But as the reply to this last communication was not paid for, no answer was returned, and the negotiation ceased.]

ANYTHING FOR A CHANGE.—It is almost worth an extra threepence in the pound Income-tax, to have a subject like Egypt, which stops the eternal discussion of Irish affairs.

A RAMSGATE RHYME.

Down on the Sands! How good humour expands!
There's a hurry and bustle to equal the Strand's,
And a "Lilliput Levee" there worthy of RAND'S.
We smoke a cigar of the choicest of brands:
Our nose takes the sun, and, though brown are our hands,
'Tis red as an engine by MASON AND SHAND'S!
The varied amusement attention demands;
We laugh at the niggers, and list to the bands
And singers who hail, p'raps, from far distant lands.
There's lounging and flirting—one soon understands
Why time passes pleasantly—Down on the Sands!

THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF FAITH.

As Parliament is drawing to a close, the fussy Members who have taken up the *Fires in Theatres* subject are anxious to know what the Metropolitan Board of Works have done in the supposed interest of playgoers. Sir M. GARIBOLDUS HOGG reported that, out of four hundred Music Halls and fifty Theatres, they had surveyed eleven Theatres and four Music Halls, but did not add that six months had been exhausted in this Herculean labour. Some of the requisitions in these fifteen cases have been opposed and referred to arbitration, so that the playgoer will have to wait many years before his favourite

haunts of amusement are brought into harmony with the ideas of Bumbledom. Though many questions have been asked and answered by the Chairman of the Board of Works, no one has asked what the Board has done, or proposes to do with the Music Hall which owns it as sole proprietor. The London Pavilion is not a model of solidity in construction—in fact, one newspaper has irreverently called it a "tinder-box"—and it is curious that no fussy Provincial Member has drawn the attention of the willing Press to this probably unsurveyed and highly-rented building.

A Summery Summary.

THIRTY-ONE days hath the month of May,
Most of them chilly, and none of them gay.
June—less obnoxious by one day—has thirty,
Every one, more or less, dirty and squirty.
Thirty plus one are the "whack" of July,
None of them sunny, and few of them dry.
Three months of gloom that each year groweth glummer!
That sums the sell that is called English Summer!

"HOWARD VINCENT goin' to be spliced!" exclaimed a distinguished member of the Undetected Criminal Classes. "Here's his jolly good health! hope as he'll like the handcuffs." Burglars at a distance, please take notice. No cards.



"THE RULE OF THE ROAD."

Both Conductors. "'ERE Y' ARE, LADY!—I KETCHED 'OLD OF 'ER FUST!—JUST YOU DROP 'ER, WILL YER!—YOU'RE A——"
(Shrieks from Child.) "'I' GOT THE BABY, MUM!"
[She ultimately became prize to the "Car Company," but, as she complained to the Passengers, with her clothes nearly "tore off her back!"]

THE SONG OF THE SCIOLIST.

(Sung nightly at St. Stephen's by our Foreign Policy Young Man.)

AIR—"You don't want a Candle for a job like that."

If a fellow feels inclined into W. G. to walk,
You don't want any gumption for a job like that;
If you want an hour or two on Foreign Policy to talk,
You don't want any knowledge for a job like that;
If you want to laud the Turk, or to show what dangers lurk
In a policy whose detail you're at liberty to shirk;
If you'd prove that British Statesmen are all bunglers at their work,
You don't want any wisdom for a job like that!

Chorus.

You don't want any gumption for a job like that,
You don't want any knowledge for a job like that;
If you wish to cut a dash,
And to talk consummate trash,
You don't want any wisdom for a job like that.

If you wish to talk at random about protocols and plots,
You don't, &c.

If you'd swagger about armaments and ships, and shells and shots,
You don't, &c.

If you'd give JOHN BULL instructions on the right heroic attitudes,
And simplify his business by your uninstructed platitudes,
By muddling up your longitudes and jumbling up your latitudes,
You don't, &c.

Chorus—You don't want any knowledge for a job like that, &c.

If you regarding history have lost your lines and cues,
You don't, &c.

If you stagger in your facts, and in your dates are rather loose,
You don't, &c.

If you cannot find the Indus without hunting the map o'er,
And conceive that Afghanistan is the key to Singapore,

Yet with surveys geographical delight the House to bore,
You don't, &c.

Chorus—You don't want any knowledge for a job like that, &c.

If you read up all the Blue Books till your mind is one big muddle,
You don't, &c.

If you lose in Policy's huge sea your intellectual puddle,
You don't, &c.

You may worry and waste time, you may give the world a notion
You're a Pinnoek-read male *Pipchin*, with a yearning for pro-
motion,
May be gobbled up by GLADSTONE, or be sat upon by GOSCHEN,
And you don't want any gumption for a job like that.

Chorus.

You don't want any judgment for a job like that,
You don't want *nous* or knowledge for a job like that;
If you'd twaddle tweedledee
About Foreign Po-li-see,
You don't want aught but impudence for a job like that!

Millions for Fish, or Fish for Millions?

BILLINGS-GATE Market intends to die hard. It is rumoured that the Corporation have bought the old Custom-House, in Lowest Thames Street, for Two Millions Sterling. This will pay for more Artillery practice, but it will not save the City from wholesome competition. The new markets at Shadwell, Walworth, and Shore-ditch ought to reduce this necessary article of food from the fancy shilling a pound to the natural twopence.

WAR OFFICE WAGGERS.—"What was the difficulty about the Duke of CONNAUGHT?" was the question at the War Office, and the official reply from Head-Quarters was, "I Connaught tell you." Quite a telephonic side-splitter.

THE EARLY RESERVE MAN'S FIRST DAY.

8 A.M.—Arrived, and reported myself. They said I had come too early. No one else had turned up. Didn't expect me for a week. However, promised to find me something to do.

9 A.M.—Handed over to the Drill Instructor. Formed into a hollow square—(very hollow—wanted my breakfast)—and made to advance in *échelon*.

10 A.M.—Sent to the Musketry Instructor. Ordered to fire a volley with six rifles. Managed it somehow with my feet and teeth.

11 A.M.—Forwarded to the Instructor of Fortifications. Set to build a battery. Rather hard work, but received much assistance from the use of a steam-crane which was put at my disposal.

12 Noon.—Despatched to the Riding-School. Taught to charge on twelve horses. Shall join a Circus when I am disbanded.

1 P.M.—Transferred to the Band-Master. Taught to play the drum, cymbals, cornet, and bassoon simultaneously. A useful accomplishment.

2 P.M.—Gun Drill. Served an Armstrong. A little tiring performing all the duties appertaining to Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8.

4 P.M.—Reviewed by the General Commanding and Staff. Marched past in column, double companies, and close order. Said to have kept my dressing perfectly in all these formations. General very pleased, and, in dismissing me, observed that I was a host in myself.

5 P.M.—Resting. Wish, on the whole, I had not been so early!



PUTTING IT NICELY.

"ARABI'S replies by wire are courteous and even considerate."—*Sensational Paragraph.*

CERTAINLY, you have hung those Christians most elegantly. A thousand thanks.

Yes, meet me in the open for negotiation; but bring no arms with you, for I am a man of nice honour, and much relish any mark of real confidence.

It is true those good fellows have, as you say, looted the hotel, and skinned the proprietor. But—*que voulez-vous?* Accidents will happen. Anyhow—*mille pardons!*

Allah be praised, *mon cher Caliph*, that I am well; but *voyons* do not send your troops, and oblige me to cover them with petroleum.

I shall, my *Aide-de-camp*, have much pleasure in allowing you to cut the throats of those amiable-looking, but defenceless Greeks with a pen-knife.

My best compliments to the British Commander, and the forty-pounder went off quite by mistake under the flag of truce. *Drôle, n'est-ce pas?* We will have our eye on it.

Very well, then, as you seem to wish it. Massacre the foreign inhabitants, and give the city to the flames. But let me beg of you to do both politely.

Thanks, *mon bon WILFRID*; I hope to be on your Committee, next week.

GREAT IMPROVEMENTS!—The Proposed New Theatre is in every way admirably adapted, so we are informed by its eminent Architect, Mr. FIRMS, for instantaneous exit. There is only one entrance to the Stalls, so that no one can possibly lose his way, or take a wrong passage. There is one staircase for everybody, and the passages on either side of the Dress Circle admit of at least one person at a time to pass easily. This, in case of panic, is invaluable, as it insures individuals walking out in single file, and so restores confidence. All the passages from Pit, Stalls, Dress Circle, and Boxes meet in one common and convenient outlet, so that everyone, whether he has paid a guinea or two-and-sixpence, has an equal chance of safety. The Gallery alone has a staircase to itself, but this was unavoidable. There is admirable accommodation for smokers; and at least ten refreshment bars. The roof, being a sliding one, can be taken off at a moment's notice. In short, there is no danger to be apprehended from the construction of such a theatre as this.

The Adjutant's Hoss Again!

THIS appears in the *Somerset County Gazette*:—

WANTED, a good CHARGER, by a Mounted Infantry Officer. Must canter like a rocking-horse, and be warranted to stand fire. Apply to &c., &c., The Barracks, &c.

It seems a pity that our Adjutant is not satisfied with his last mount. But, perhaps, as "the Charger" must "be warranted to stand fire," our gallant and high-spirited friend has some intention of volunteering for Egypt?

WALKER!

MR. BOUCCICAULT, in his descriptive dramatic lecture, the other day, is said to have referred to "Walking" as "a lost art;" and to have illustrated his assumption, by taking up his hat, and showing his audience how an Actor ought to walk off the stage. No doubt there is something in the charge; but the real regret should lie deeper. "Walking off" the stage may be a lost Art, but to judge from the crowd of raw and inexperienced young gentlemen and ladies who now handicap the success of every piece in which they are concerned, evidently "walking on" to it is nothing of the kind. If, in fact, walking on to the stage were only half as difficult a business as walking off, there would yet be a chance for the British Drama.

AN IRREGULAR POSER.

THE Madrid Cabinet have, through their Foreign Minister, informed the European Powers that "Spain feels called upon, in the face of the present aspect of affairs in Egypt, to assume an *attitude*." She cannot refrain from having a finger in the settlement of the great water-way to the East:—this is no doubt due to her old hereditary *penchant* for liquidation in any shape that presents itself. There is, of course, no objection to a great Compounding Power like Spain assuming an attitude if it pleases her; but as, financially, she has for some time past contented herself with a modest pose "on all fours," her foreign creditors can only hail with satisfaction any promised change of posture. If her new attitude could only find her on her legs, she would have the thanks of every one-per-cent. Stockholder in Europe.

WHAT NEXT?

AMONG the varied and ever-increasing attractions at the Alhambra, the spirited management has at length announced, apparently, nothing less than nightly "Confirmations." If this is the case, and proves to be some clever move of the Church and Stage Guild, it will be interesting to know the name of the enterprising Bishop whose services Mr. WILLIAM HOLLAND has managed to secure. Anyhow, the idea sounds excellent, and appears to be capable of infinite expansion. Baptism, marriage, vaccination, decease, bankruptcy—anything in short requiring a "certificate," might be worked into the bills of most of the leading West-End Houses with advantage and point; for, in these days of *personal announcement*, no vulgarity is deemed to be too excessive to be out of place in a theatrical advertisement. Taking a strictly ecclesiastical view of the matter, "Orders" would seem to be the only other downright institution of a kindred stamp hitherto utilised in this line with success. However, "Confirmation" is a step further on, and we shall watch the movement with marked interest.

OLD DISTICH ADAPTED TO AN AIR FROM ARABI'S OVERTURE.—(Suggested by his Offer to enter a Monastery.)—When the Devil was sick, The Devil a Monk would be; When the Devil was well, The Devil a Monk was he.



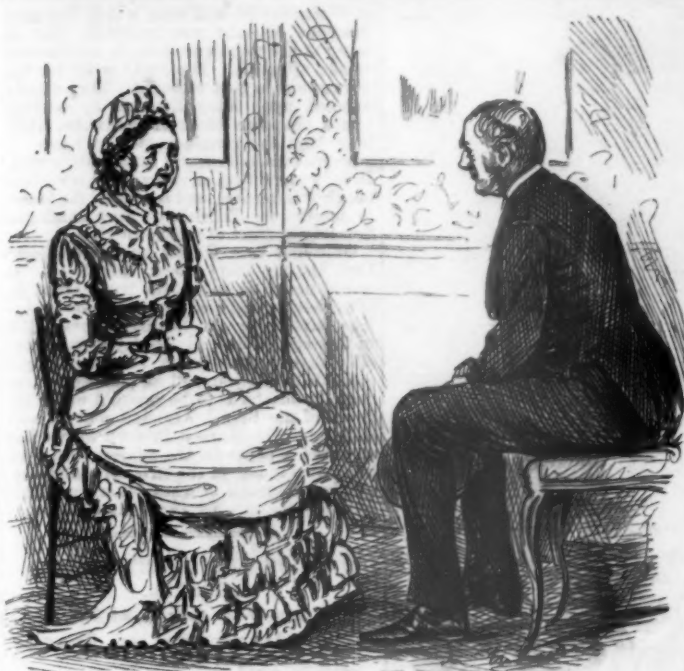
Eminent Egyptians.

IN spite of the War, two eminent Egyptians suspected of entertaining a sneaking partiality—or pashality—for ARABI BEY, will, it is stated for certain, not quit our shores. Their names are HERNE BEY and PROWELL BEY. The latter is at present actively interested in a large Shrimp Pottery Business not far from Ramsgate. HERNE BEY is apathetic. The equivalent for ARABI's title in the East of London is "TIGER BEY."

INSTRUMENT OF WAR—A LOOT.

Here is a representation of a modern Arab Orpheus, Sir, with his Loot. Such a chap ought to be drawn—(here he is)—and quartered—(so he is, with Arabi).

AUGUST 12TH.—SHOOTING TO BE LET.—A Gentleman who has got a tremendous lot of shooting in his great toe, would be happy to get rid of it on almost any terms.—Address, Herr SCHUTZ, Corn Exchange.



SOME PEOPLE ARE SO LITERAL!

"OH YES! I WAS AT BROWN'S WEDDING. I WAS BEST MAN. SAW HIM MARRIED TO THE SWEETEST AND LOVELIEST GIRL I KNOW, WITH A COUPLE OF THOUSAND A YEAR OF HER OWN, AND THEN STARTED THEM ON A SIX MONTHS' TOUR THROUGH EUROPE. LUCKY DOG! I COULD HAVE THROTTLED HIM!"

"THROTTLED HIM, MR. JONES! AND ALL BECAUSE A GREAT PIECE OF GOOD FORTUNE HAS HAPPENED TO HIM! YOU SURPRISE AND SHOCK ME!"

A LITTLE NEDDY AND A BIG "G";

OR, THE SOLOMON-GRUNDI OPERA.

MR. SYDNEY GRUNDY'S motto evidently is, "If you want a thing well done, don't do it yourself." He acts accordingly, and the *Vicar of Bray* is the consequence.

MR. GRUNDY felt called upon to write a Comic Opera; he ransacked his imagination without finding anything which made the search remunerative; and so, not being a man to be put down by such trifles as absence of original ideas concerning incident or character, he turned to see what he could borrow from his predecessors. The result is a "new and original" Comic Opera with about as much claim to newness and originality as the shadow of the moon, reflected

in a perturbed and weedy duck-pond, would have title to be regarded as a new and original planet.

MR. GRUNDY'S *Vicar* bears a strong family resemblance to an ecclesiastic who did duty for MR. GILBERT in *The Sorcerer*. That *Vicar* suffered from the attentions of a mature female, and so, oddly enough, does MR. GRUNDY'S *Vicar*. And is MR. GRUNDY quite sure that in making *Sandford* a highly moral Curate, and *Merton* a festive countryman, he is strictly on new and original ground? Does memory deceive us? Do our eyes play us false when we enter a bookseller's shop or pass a railway book-stall? or is there a Comic History of *Sandford and Merton*, from which these characters, with ten or twelve years added to them, are plagiarised? Then, again, the Solicitor, Mr. Bedford Rowe, is he not an old acquaintance? The Huntsmen—are they not the dragoons in *Patience*, and is not

the very same stage-business, when the girls enter, preserved? As for the Chorus of Schoolmasters, let justice be done to MR. SYDNEY GRUNDY. He has not borrowed them from MR. GILBERT. No one can accuse him of that; for they are borrowed from LECOCQ'S *Les Prés St. Gervais*, an adaptation of which was once given at the Criterion Theatre. These things being so, what becomes of the newness and originality of *The Vicar of Bray*? At all events, there is very little evidence in it of the vigour of brains.

Theologians, who are familiar with the Thirty-Nine Articles, who have a knowledge of *Tracts for the Times*, and possess an intimate acquaintance with *Essays and Reviews*, may detect the humour of the *Vicar's* changes of opinions and mutations from High Church to Low, and from Low to Broad; but if the Author is abstruse here, he makes up for it by sending out his Curate *Sandford* as a Missionary. Will anyone be surprised to hear that what is tendered as a quaint conceit in this new and original Comic Opera, is the reported destruction of *Sandford* by cannibals, who draw the line at the Missionary's hymn-book, after devouring him? MR. GRUNDY may indeed claim his heroine as his own. *Dorothy* has this novel trait about her, that, whereas heroines almost invariably have some distinguishing feature, she has none.

The playing of the piece is in no way remarkable. MR. HILL is an exponent of what may be called the subdued horse-collar style of humour. There is no assumption of character in his performance of the *Vicar*. MR. HILL plays Mr. Hill as usual; but, fortunately for the player, there are those who find his manner comic. MR. PENLEY has more point, and with it he extracts such good things as his Author has provided. The heroine, on the other hand, speaks her lines so badly, that, at first, the credulous hearer is led to suppose that this is the joke of the piece, and that the Chorus of Schoolmasters are going to take the young lady in hand; for a few lessons in pronunciation and emphasis would obviously be of service. MR. SOLOMON'S new and original music to the Opera includes some rather taking tunes that have been admired for many years past; from which it will be understood that they are not quite so new and original as they were formerly; but this is the way with tunes, sometimes, —specially with "taking" tunes—and with libretti likewise.

MOSSOO ON THE MOOR.

WE'RE glorious with guns and with gaiters,
And our buckles are many and bright;
And it's CHEVET, proud CHEVET, who caters,
And *ce cher* JULES has sent the invite!
He has sent the invite from his château—
Ten rooms in the last stucco style,
Hemmed in on the trite Meudon plateau
By others for many a mile.

There are ladies, Parisian Dianas,
Attired, *par ma foi*, just like us;
There's a Yankee from Southern Savannahs;
There's a terribly civilised Russ;
Their *Lefaucheux* with pearls are encrusted,
And in satin high-heeled boots they tramp
Over fields that are carefully dusted,
And through woods wrapt in wool against damp.

And we start, as we say, at the dawning,
That is somewhere about half-past nine,
Distressfully stretching and yawning,
In spite of the nips of white wine.
There are few who at this moment care to
Exhibit those *beaux coups* which charm;—
There's a bird every half-mile, and there, too,
Is also the genial gendarme.

But it's after that free noontide *gouter*—
True *chasseurs* need plentiful feeds—
We show to all-governing Beauty
What marksmen our modern France breeds.
The halt in each green Summer glade is
A pretext for paying one's court,
And *lapins* are less killed than ladies
In this gallant Gallican sport.

Pour moi, I knocked over, ere breakfast,
The Baronne—she's so fat, but likes fun;
My seventh shot drove Cupid's stake fast
Into the prized heart of Someone—
That Someone we seek with unflagging
Desire to attain gold we lack;
I may not be *trop bien* at bagging,
At least I have conquered "*le sac*."



A "CLÔTURE."

Liberal Landlord. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY STACK-YARD!"
Irish Tramp (engaged in mending his Clothes). "I WAS JUST A GATHERIN' IN ME RINTS, SORR!"
[The Squire drops the subject, and retires!]

"THE STONE OF DESTINY."

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Everybody knows that the Scotch are a wonderful people, although, according to SYDNEY SMITH, there is one quality in which they are notoriously, and hopelessly deficient. According to that eminent authority, they are utterly, except under certain circumstances, which he explains, impervious to a joke. But the dictum of SYDNEY SMITH, I presume, applies only to jokes proper, or jokes improper, but not, I am satisfied, to practical jokes; for I have just made the important discovery that, for centuries past, the Scots have been playing upon us poor Southrons a practical joke of the most stupendous kind.

"Every schoolboy" knows that our great King EDWARD, after belabouring the Scots for twenty years, brought nothing away from their blessed country except a stone, and a precious ugly stone too, but upon which they pretended that their kings had been invariably crowned, from the days of NOAH downwards; and we poor deluded Saxons, believing the story, have been persistently crowning our kings and queens on the aforesaid stone ever since. But what is the fact? "The Stone of Destiny" which we so religiously preserve

at Westminster, and upon which Her most Gracious Majesty was crowned, like so many of her royal ancestors, is not the real article after all. The Scots were far too wide awake to part with that. They utterly imposed upon King EDWARD by sending him a shapeless block of sandstone, while they kept the genuine stone at home. I have just made a careful examination of it. It is in perfect preservation in this ancient burgh of Inverness, and is placed, the better to deceive the English, under a handsome fountain in front of the Town Hall.

Of course your Guides and Guide-Books have another story about this Stone. It would never do to tell the truth about it, after having imposed upon us poor credulous Saxons for six hundred years. But in this age of critical inquiry it is impossible that the truth can be much longer concealed, and you will be pleased to hear that the matter is to be brought under the notice of the British Association at its next meeting. The learned Doctor DUFFER has prepared a paper on the subject, which he has shown to me, in the strictest confidence, proving the truth of what I now communicate to you. AN INDIGNANT SAXON.

SONG OF THE ANGRY PIGEON-SHOOTER.

AIR—John Anderson, my jo."

GEORGE ANDERSON, you bore, GEORGE,
 Why can't you be content?
 Why pitch into our gentle sport
 To such a mad extent?
 Your arguments are bald, GEORGE,
 Your shots at us don't score,
 Anathemas on your impudence,
 GEORGE ANDERSON, you bore!

GEORGE ANDERSON, you bore, GEORGE,
 You're wrong, Sir, altogether;
 Canards concerning Pigeons, GEORGE,
 Are bosh and maudlin blether.
 You never had a crown, GEORGE,
 On bird or gun! Give o'er,
 And leave us swells to bet and shoot,
 GEORGE ANDERSON, you bore!



LATEST WAR-OFFICE BOGY.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF LIFE-GUARDSMAN IN THE NEW EGYPTIAN UNIFORM, "GOGGLES" INCLUDED. TERROR OF INFANTRY IN PERAMBULATOR.



J. H. R.

"SOUND AN ALARM!"

TRAITOR IN A PENNY-A-LINE REGIMENT CAUGHT IN THE FACT.

AWAY TO THE GROUSE!

'Tis pleasant to think of the chance of fair weather,
Of leaving the long-winded bores of the House!
We're off for the Twelfth, and the gay purple heather—
Away to the Grouse!

Let others talk on in the weary Committee,
Unworthy the labour of Members of *nous*;
Let mad "Bulls" and "Bears" play with Stocks in the City,
We're off to the Grouse!

Let Merchants in Lanes, be they called Mark or Mincing,
Drive bargains while striving each other to "chouse";
Fine scorn for all business our souls are evincing—
We go to the Grouse!

The old dog draws on to where birds must be lying,
And there, at the point, he stands still as a mouse.
A whirr of strong wings! Then the feathers are flying!
And down comes a Grouse!

Then home in the twilight, as clouds gather o'er us,
And into the tub we luxuriously souse;
Then dinner! Such prospects make all join in chorus—
Away to the Grouse!

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says that her Doctor has recommended her to drink nothing but a Bergamy wine, and so the Wine-merchant has sent her half-a-dozen bottles of excellent Pomade to try. Up till now, she says, she has always thought Pomade came from Greece, not from Bergamy, and wasn't a wine at all. "But there," she adds, "one lives and learns something new every day!"

MESSRS. GATTI'S GOOD IDEA FOR HOT AUGUST WEATHER.—Re-viving Drink at the Adelphi.

ARABI'S WARLIKE ACHIEVEMENTS.—*Vox et prateria Nile.*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

The New Member

What will he
become?

House of Lords, Monday Night, July 31.—House crowded to-night. Peers about to assert their place in the British Constitution. "The Commons propose," said my Lord Marquis, stroking his coal-black beard, "but the Lords dispose."

At present Lords disposed to make a hash of Arrears Bill. My Lord Marquis moves Amendments in truculent speech. Lord CARLINGFORD, who follows, seems almost physically weak-kneed, as he makes effort to reply. GRANVILLE sometimes has pretty conflict with my Lord Marquis, his strokes being none the less effective because

dealt with a genial smile. Lord SHERBROOK might do it, if he were not altogether deserted by the spirit of BOBBY LOWE. But CARLINGFORD not up to the work, and performance rather one-sided. Like the Hatfield Pet boxing with his dummy.

Great occasion for Lord CRANBROOK. Uplifts his voice to constitutional pitch. Talks himself out of breath by the thirtieth sentence. Fortunately Peers cheer, and Lord CRANBROOK breathes.

Rather a bad night for Lord BRABOURNE, though he must by this time be getting used to bad times with the Lords. Has taken his seat on front Cross Benches, "ready to make the most of either side," as the Lord Marquis sneers. L. M. not very fond of BRABOURNE.

"All very well at first to have a man rattling as soon as he's made a Peer. Annoying to the other side, if not supremely gratifying to the side he joins. But manifestations of this kind pall a little when often repeated. The average Englishman understands honest political animosity, and enjoys it; but for a man to pose for a quarter of a century as sound Liberal, to get whatever was going in the way of place or profit, to propose himself for a Cabinet Office when his party come back, failing that, unblushingly to ask for a Peerage, and when he's got it to turn on GLADSTONE, is all very well to make a play of for one night, but it doesn't suit a body of English gentlemen."

Thus says the Lord Marquis in a loud tone, which betokens that he doesn't care who hears him. BRABOURNE made a little way the other night, by declaring he would not have accepted a Peerage if he'd known what GLADSTONE was capable of. As a touch of humour from an unaccustomed quarter, this not bad. But it won't last through the Session. The House cheered uproariously to-night when the LORD CHANCELLOR, moved from his usual mild manner, fell upon the new Peer, and made him think that, after all, there are thorns in a coronet.

Business done.—Arrears Bill mauled in Committee.

House of Commons. Tuesday Night.—The versatility of genius triumphantly demonstrated to-night by JOSEPH GILLIS. Too common tendency to regard this great man simply as an obstructionist. JOSEPH, it is well known, can stop the car of legislation; but he can also urge it forward. To-night this last his task. Municipal Corporations Bill before House. Stupendous Bill of illimitable clauses. JOSEPH had studied it, and saw way to several amendments. Now assumed Leadership of Opposition and struggled with Minister in charge.

Noteable how J. G.'s whole attitude was changed with varying circumstance. The imitation sealskin waistcoat all very well when obstructing, and by reason of long usage convenient for placing thumbs in arm-holes. But for serious legislation a little lacking in ceremony. To-night JOSEPH appears decently dressed in black with a silver watch-guard hanging across his waistcoat. (PULESTON says he came down in a four-wheeler.) Oratorical attitude also changed to suit circumstances. No more thumb in arm-hole of waistcoat, and



THE CUT DIRECT.

Lord S-b-r-n-e to Lord B-r-b-r-n-e.
"Don't know yar!"



Hope he has not come upon a bootless errand.

right hand extended in domination of the House. JOSEPH holds in his left hand copy of the Bill, the fingers of his right being lightly disposed in his trouser pocket. J. G. has seen Mr. PARNELL stand thus when making a serious speech, and amongst further evidence of early origin that would have delighted the late Mr. DARWIN, JOEY B. has a great faculty of imitation.

During the course of discussion the Alderman exploded—not Alderman FOWLER but Alderman LAWRENCE. FIRTH had been saying nasty things about the London Corporation. Alderman LAWRENCE sitting close by separated by the Gangway, with difficulty controlled his emotion whilst FIRTH talked about "nest of corruption," and so on. When he sat down Alderman rose, and with left hand in bosom of his waistcoat, and right extended ("for all the world like NAPOLEON crossing the Alps," as Mr. CAINE said),

denounced the attack as "reckless, unscrupulous, and unfounded." After which he sat down, and the Capitol was once more saved.
Business done.—Got on with Supply.

Thursday Night.—House of Lords not an emotional body. Able to dissemble its feelings with great success. Demonstration of Monday, when LORD CHANCELLOR fell upon Lord BRANBOURNE was, as mentioned, quite exceptional. The more remarkable, therefore, the thrill of amazement, horror and indignation that ran through House to-night at disclosure made by Duke of CAMBRIDGE. H.R.H. discussing Delirium Tremens telegram of the week from Alexandria. From Special Correspondents and Editors to lads who sell newspapers in streets quite a natural transition. Royal GEORGE is not quite sure whether they are not all one family, small boys being



Lord Milltown stopped by the Mudford Barriers.

younger sons or brothers of Editors. However that be, H.R.H. after lecturing Editors and warning Special Correspondents, came to "boys who run about selling newspapers at night," and "by whom," GEORGE RAMGER added, deepening his voice, "I have myself sometimes been taken in."

This picture of the Duke marching down Pall Mall, and seduced into giving a penny for a halfpenny *Echo* on account of alleged news from the seat of war, cast a deep and solemn feeling over the House.

Proceedings in Commons for greater part a little dull. In the earlier part of the sitting the brightest feature in the House was the Gentleman from Japan, in Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. His bed-gown of dark azure, shamed the black garb of his neighbours. Beautiful olive complexion. Rather fancy he's a swell in his own country. The way his black hair was plaited and brought over his shoulder in a thick band was quite coquettish. Besides, it prevented the people in the Speaker's Gallery behind from plucking out hairs as mementoes of the interesting meeting.

Late at night things enlivened by Irish Members. For some time been preparing a storm to burst in case CLIFFORD LLOYD were appointed to succeed Colonel BRACKENBURY. No reason to believe this was contemplated: but Land-leaguers lonely for want of a rumpus, and quite reckoned on this. When it turned out that new Assistant-Secretary was Mr. JENKINSON, disappointment profound. Mr. HEALY sarcastic at expense of Government that daren't challenge a row on this subject. JOSEPH GILLIS quite pathetic.

"Another injustice to Ireland," he murmurs, burying his fingers in contemplation of the roots of his hair.

Only Mr. O'DONNELL equal to the occasion. Was not going to miss the opportunity because it did not present itself in precisely the way expected. Accordingly went for JENKINSON, who, it seems, when nineteen years of age, played a gallant part in the Indian Mutiny. This is too much for the patience of TREVELYAN, whilst HARCOURT came down really handsome. *Business done.*—Supply.

Friday Night.—A pleasant evening, chiefly with Mr. ARTHUR O'CONNOR, Mr. TIM FOT of that ilk, and other descendants from early kings. Subjects ranged from somebody who'd been doing something at Mullingar, to somebody else who'd been leaving something undone at Carrick-on-Suir. After this had gone on till past midnight, House got to work, and remained at it till three o'clock in the morning. This is how we do business in the House of Commons.

SEEING THEM OFF!

(All about it, from Our Own Enthusiast.)

9 A.M.—It is over! The dear big splendid boys are gone! From 2 A.M. this morning I have been clinging to the bar of a lamp-post opposite the Knightsbridge Barracks, determined to give them a parting God-speed. At a quarter past nine, however, I was forced to relinquish my excellent position by a couple of policemen, from whom, after they had taken my name, I learnt that the Brigade had, by some mistake, started from Albany Street instead. But it was not too late. Hurrying to the Docks, I caught them up, splendid fellows as they are; six hundred of them crammed on the deck of a penny steamer. A Serene Highness wants to join 'em. Must keep my eye on him. The Duke came up on a private coal-barge, crying like a child, and collecting photographs of the departing giants in his parade cocked hat. The gallant fellows cheered him hoarsely as he moved amongst them, and, when His Royal Highness said he was so overcome that he had forgotten the names of all the horses, but that he would have gone as far as Margate with the Brigade, and have tried to learn them by heart, "if it hadn't been for the sea," there wasn't a dry eye in the Pool.

1 P.M.—Lost sight of Serene Highness while seeing the officers, after a happy lunch at Rosherville, coming on board with the band. Talk of the good blood of Old England,—if you want to see it, the next time there's a European crisis, come to Rosherville. There wasn't one of these representative warriors of our grand old noblesse that wasn't frizzed and curled. It was clear that every one of them that morning, to quote the wondrous life-like description of the immortal "WRECKER," "had stretched out his lithe clean-shaped limbs, and had soon drawn on his John Boots over his white leather pantaloons, that fitted as tightly as the dress of a harlequin." There they were, the whole twenty-eight of them, just as she so accurately describes them,—each "with his breast-plate, sash, tunic, gorget, shirt-of-mail, belt, clean starched collars, tags, bearakin, epaulettes, spurs, embroidered gauntlets, regulation moustachios, helmet, and plumes of rainbow hues," looking, as at the moment of embarkation, "his servant, with all the celerity of a practised professional hand, fastened on his polished shield and buckler, and, lastly, attached to his side his glittering sword, with its jewelled hilt, that had been presented to him by some of the fairest demoiselles who had seen him pass their windows," the very *beau idéal* of a British Cavalry Officer prepared to sacrifice himself, his uniform, and his horse in the service of his country. Some of them were singing, sadly, "*We do want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we don't!*" while others were letting off fireworks as a farewell signal to friends on shore. A few were refusing to pay their fares, and one or two, more cautious, were creeping into their berths in the steerage, unobserved. It was a stirring scene.

But I must close this, for I have to catch 'em again wherever I get a chance, all along the coast until they reach the Lizard.

7 P.M.—I am writing this in great haste, but much moved, having just witnessed another never-to-be-forgotten scene. I stopped the ship off Portland, by putting up the signal "Sealed Orders." Then I sent the gallant fellows a free admission for two to the pit of the Weymouth Theatre in a gummed envelope. The effect was electric. The whole rigging was instantly filled with the grateful giants, waving their boots and breastplates, while the Colonel stood on his head, as he counted twenty, on the top of the mizen-mast. There wasn't a dry eye on the shore. But I must be off, as I am once more going to look for His Serene Highness, whom I have missed, and who meant, I know, to get on board somehow the first thing to-morrow morning, if he could only get a chance.

10 A.M. Just heard by signal that he has turned up as a stowaway, having, in the enthusiasm after a light lunch yesterday off Barking, hid himself in a bulkhead. They are going to let him accompany the Brigade, and he won't be much in the way. He is to be attached to the quarter-staff as a supernumerary ophicleide; and the Authorities at the Horse Guards have just telegraphed that he is to be taken about the field at a distance in a green bullet-proof bathing-machine, and "to be well looked after" by Sir GARNET. Shall follow them up somehow. More from Gib.

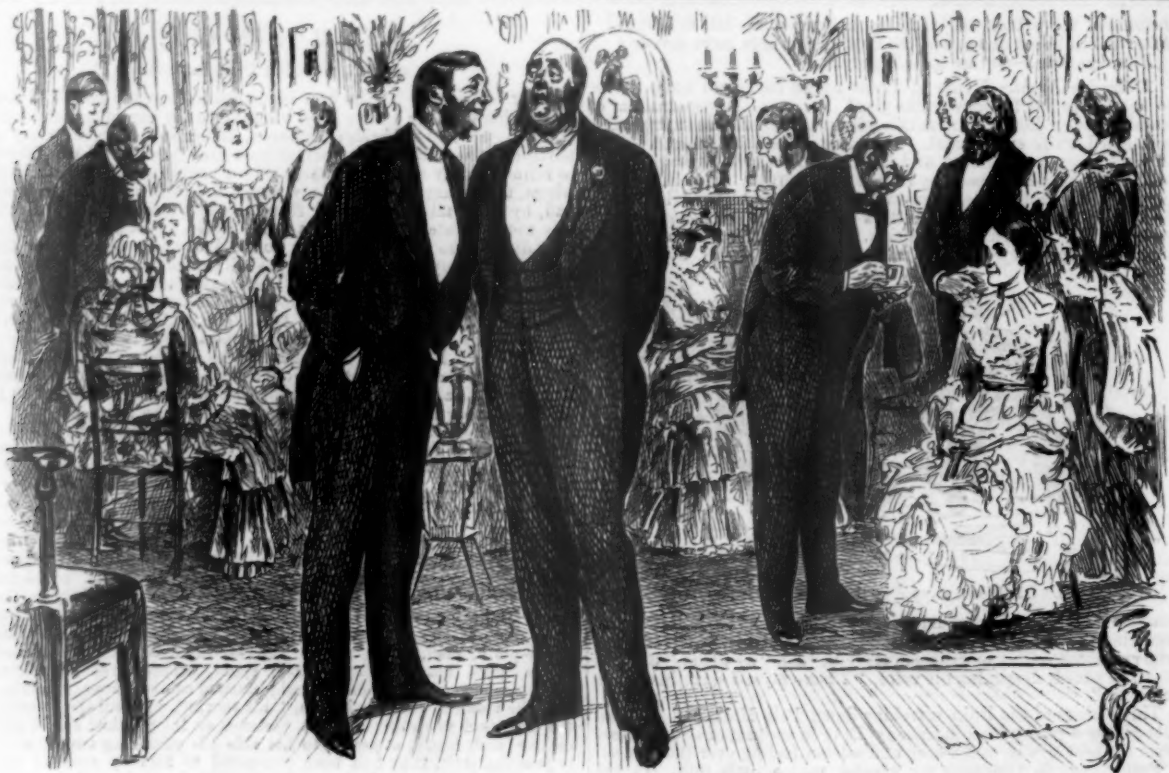
AT THE NEW LAW COURTS.—The cry of the Solicitor who has to go to the top storey to transact business is, "Please give us a lift." The Solicitor's Lift, if introduced, will be called a Conveyancer.

WHEN SHAKESPEARE'S plays were first produced how long was probably the run of each one? It is difficult to determine, but everybody has heard of SHAKESPEARE'S *Twelfth Night*.

NEW BOOK.—*Jane Ingle's Uncle.* By the Author of *John Inglesant*.



Checking the ardour of "Fussily Leases."



MISPLACED AND UNCALLED-FOR CONFIDENCES.

Festive Host (who has been told by his Wife to make himself agreeable). "UNCOMMON SLOW, AIN'T IT, SIR POMPEY? FACT IS, MY WIFE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE RATHER FUN TO ASK ALL THE BORES WHO'VE ASKED US, AND GET 'EM TO MEET EACH OTHER, AND PAY THEM OFF IN THAT WAY, YOU KNOW! AND SHE DID, BY JOVE! AND THE BEST OF IT IS, THEY'VE ALL COME!!!!!!"

A VIGNETTE FROM VISIBLE LIFE.

(With acknowledgment to the Author of "Vignettes from Invisible Life" in the St. James's Gazette.)

THE STENTORS.

THE *Stentors* are among the most prominent form of social life: of various classes, callings, and party-colours; and few objects are more interesting and attractive to the satiric observer. They are, moreover, easily found and recognised.

They may be regarded—psychologically speaking—as trumpet-shaped, the expanded end representing the mouth of the creature, and the remainder its attenuated intelligence. This physical inflation and intellectual tenuity are very singular, for by reason of them the creature can contract itself—in one sense—into an infinitesimally small compass, like a maggot in a nutshell, and—in another sense—expand at will to abnormal bulk, like a blown bladder. Also, by these means, it enters the condition of social life. A number will congregate together, and form a social colony, coterie or clique—secreting a viscid slaver, by means of which they attach themselves in groups in any locality. Thus, if you collect a number, and place them in a club-room, or a bar-parlour, with some potables and pipes, in a short time they will be seen posing in ungraceful, but pompous attitudes (mentally), head downwards, or (intellectually) upside down, sprawling incontinentally all over a subject, social, scientific, literary, artistic, or—by preference—political.

Any fine morning of the year, walking through the central thoroughfares of London, or riding in the conveyances journeying thither, you may come upon agitated groups, like black dolphins tumbling energetically together in a turbid sea, the illusion being apparently confirmed by the masses of white (newspaper) drifting and billowing to right and left, as they struggle with the broadsheets and their emotions. Viewed from above, these street *Stentors* are like so many "animated hats" tumbling and rolling about in—more or less—delight. All the race of *Stentors* are provided with vociferous voices, which, vibrating with furibond passion, enable them to

perform, without weariness or exhaustion, the main function of their blatant being. This function is to shout angry, dogmatic, and pragmatical nonsense in the unwilling ears of a wearied world.

There are some *Stentors* who seem to approach a higher form of life, in that they surround themselves with a protective paper-like case, or retreat (known as "press anonymity"), in which they take refuge on the slightest alarm. This power to secrete themselves in a papery covering is of essential service at a period of their lives when the important operation of self-division (known, metaphorically, as "ratting," or turning one's back on oneself) has to be performed, as with *Stentors* it often has.

The *Stentor Polymorphus* has, as its name implies, the power of changing its form. Now it is—as it were—trumpet-like, and attached to war policy and a Jingo journal. Presently it will detach itself and turn—metaphorically—into a housewife's thimble, and in this form lead a free if acrid life, moving rapidly through the stages of carping criticism, snarling abuse, and preposterous and unpatriotic cantankerousness. The bodies of these creatures are very plastic, and change rapidly. But they carry one quality unimpaired through all their transformations, namely their strident *staccato* vociferousness.

Arcades Ambo.

SAID WILFRID LAWSON TO WILFRED BLUNT,
"Isn't it sport with a hobby to hunt?"
"Happy to welcome you into the pack,"
SAID WILFRED BLUNT TO SIR WILFRID L.
"Thank you. You manage your hobby so well!
Hope that in time I shall borrow the knack."
SAID ANGRY JOHN BULL UNTO BLUNT AND LAWSON,
"You both want a bridle your indiscreet jaws on!"

DAILY TELEGRAPH RECENT WAR NEWS.—New Edition of *Gay's Fables*.



"DOCTOR BISMARCK."

THE END OF THE WORLD



THE SHOOTING OF THE LAST GROUSE.

AN ALARMIST'S VISION OF A.D. 1900.

SPICE WITH HONOUR;

OR, THE LATEST THING IN SPECIAL EDITIONS.

SCENE—A Sanctum somewhere within the precincts of High Class Penny Journalism. Acting Editor and Influential Politician discovered engaged in zealous and earnest discussion of a grave national crisis.

Acting Editor (rising and coming to the preroration of a brilliant elocutionary effort). The fact is, in the face of such a situation as this, there is, I maintain, but one course open to a powerful and patriotic Government. As we told the country plainly yesterday, *(Refers to leader.)* "Judgment may have been wanting, preparation deficient; nay, we will go further, and affirm that even disgrace may have been invited. But the true Gallios to whom are confided the tremendous destinies of a mighty Empire should care for none of these things. Principle and party should alike trample them under foot, conscious only, at a supreme hour like the present, that the renegade who would traffic in the disasters of his fatherland, deserves the good old traitor's doom of a ride on a hurdle to Tower Hill, to be followed by a rough and ready quartering, as soon as may be afterwards, at the hands of the common hangman."

Influential Politician (enthusiastically). Quite so, a little more of that sort of spirit ringing through the Public Press of the country—and it would be as good, Sir, as an extra twenty thousand men in the field. And I further maintain—

[Continues further maintaining for ten minutes.]

Acting Editor. Precisely. A deep-seated, a personal conviction in all of us that the honour of these good and noble fellows is dear to us as the apple of our eye is, I emphatically insist—

[Bows out Influential Politician, emphatically insisting.]

Brief interval, during which Acting Editor engages in animated conversation on the subject of "prestige" over his lunch, while the Second Edition of High-Class Penny Journal goes to press. Enter Subordinate with proof-sheet of Evening Contents-Bill.

Acting Editor (surveying it dubiously). Hem!—very much what we had yesterday! *(Reads.)* "Reported advances to the Front"—"Further Massacre of Five Europeans in the Interior"—"Fall Details." Very poor bill, Mr. JOHNSON: very poor! *(Considering.)* Hum—look here; put a "horrible" in front of that massacre, and just double the size of that "details"—*(struck with bright idea)*—and ha! that will pull 'em up a bit: make 'em "revolting."

Subordinate. Yes, Sir; I can do it: but it won't read fresh. We had 'em three times last week. *(Looking at it artistically.)* You haven't got nothing else, I suppose?

Acting Editor (much distressed). No, confound the thing! And the worst of it is, the massacre is next to no good—paltry affair—only five of 'em. No—there's nothing come in; I'm afraid we must make the best of it. *(Enter boy with telegram.)* Ha! here's something! *(Opens it, and devours the contents with a radiant smile.)* Ha! Good—this is first-rate! Just in the nick of time, too! Quick, Mr.

JOHNSON, we shan't want that wretched thing now—get this set up at once! *[Draws up form of Contents-Bill—]*

THE EVENING TRUE BRITON.

(SPECIAL EDITION.)

FURTHER THEFTS AND DEPREDACTIONS

BY
BRITISH TROOPS.

SNEAKING AND COWARDLY CONDUCT

OF

A WHOLE REGIMENT IN THE FIELD.

DASTARDLY FLIGHT OF GENERAL OFFICERS.

SUICIDE OF A FIELD-MARSHAL
FROM TERROR.

FULL PARTICULARS!!!

[—and hands it over for type.]

Subordinate (cheerily). Ah, Sir! this is the sort, and no mistake! I wish we could 'ave something like this every day.

Acting Editor (in excellent spirits). Ah, indeed, Mr. JOHNSON! But we must be contented with what we've got for the moment. Plenty of "spice" anyhow for to-day. And the sooner you get it out the better. I should like to forestall the Empire and the Patriot.

[Does so—to the grief and humiliation of millions of his fellow-countrymen; but somehow he isn't, together with some amiable Special Correspondent, drawn on a hurdle to Tower Hill, and quartered, according to his own excellent suggestion, by the common hangman.]

IMPORTANT INFORMATION—NOT AT ALL PRIVATE.

THE will of Mrs. BULLION, of Clapham Common, has been proved under £700,000; and Mrs. JONES, of Peckham, has died worth £5000. We were in error last week in stating that Mr. TOMPKINS, of Chelsea, left £20,000; it should have been £30,000.

"TELL THAT TO THE MARINES" *(a Mat from Mr. Punch to Sir B. Seymour).*—"Although not mentioned in Despatches, they have done their work bravely in Alexandria."

LAWN TENNIS SUPERSEDED!! THE GAME FOR AUGUST!!—Grouse, of course. Sold again. Shall I suggest another game? Yes. "Go-Bang!"—that's one Moor game.

PRIZE-ESSAY: ON
BURLESQUE.

(By a Gaiety Habitué.)

THE Burlesque Style, which SCARROW used with such skill, though he can hardly claim to have invented it, has had its partisans and detractors. The word Burlesque, in itself, is not very ancient. It was not known in France or England before 1640 or 1650. SARRAZIA, according to MÉNAGE, is the first who used it in France, where it was known by the term "grotesque." The etymology of "grotesque" is *grutta*,—from which we get the term "grotto"—a name given to ancient chambers discovered by excavation, the walls of which were covered with an odd mixture representing animals, plants, and architectural ornaments. "Burlesque" comes from the Italian *Burla*, which signifies a joke, or a mockery, and from which the Italians derive the words *Burlesco* and *Burlare*, adopted and modified in English in the term *Burletta*. *Burla*, though used as Italian in Italy, is really a Castilian term. In Spain, certain hidden jets of water, which spring up suddenly under the feet of unsuspecting passers-by, are called *Burladores*. The Comedy of *Tirso de Molina*, which served as a model for the *Don Juan* of MOLENAER, is named *El Burlador de Sevilla*.

[The Gaiety Habitué has been reading THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.—ED.]

"Put money in thy purse," is the mutual advice of Turk to Turk. The SULTAN should head his Firmans with "In the name of the Profit."

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 96.



SIR GARNET WOLSELEY.

SHORT SERVICE AND QUICK RETURNS.

COPYING A BAD MODEL.

FIVE-AND-TWENTY years ago, when the first model lodging-houses were started, with the best intentions, in Bethnal Green, by Lady BURDETT-COUTTS, the homes of weavers and costermongers were destroyed for the erection of a philanthropic barrack in which no costermonger's cart or weaver's shuttle was allowed admission. The Peabody Trustees in Drury Lane and Whitecross Street have followed this bad example. They have run-a-muck at trucks in one place, and shown a most unnatural want of sympathy with donkeys in another. Columbia Market, Great Wild Street, and the slums generally, are not to be improved with capital provided by charity for the reception of clerks and warehousemen at sentimental rents, but for the reception of the working poor whose homes have been swallowed up by the so-called "Improvements."

L. S. DEE.

"The Executors of the late Lord WENLOCK have got a judgment, subject to appeal, for £173,000, against the River Dee Company. The defence was, that though they had had the money, they had exceeded their borrowing powers."—*Public Press*.

THERE was a jolly debtor once
Lived on the River Dee;
He laughed and sung from morn
till night,
No lark more blithe than he:
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be—
I pays no mortgages, no, not I,
And nobody pays for me.

FRENCH COOKERY.—LESSEPS'S
Sauce too strong for GRÉVY.

SENT FOR BY GRÉVY.

(Extracts from the Diary of a Possible Premier.)

Day after Resignation.—Spent a feverish night, after having given a silent vote against the Ministry. Don't know that I may not be obliged to reverse it to-morrow; and it is a nuisance not to know what opinion you may be obliged to have twenty-four hours hence. Who will it be this time? They can't have FREYCINET again, even though we do vote that we have the most implicit confidence in him. And then my claims are really paramount, since I have coalesced with anybody against every Cabinet that we have had during the last ten years. Ha! The Garde Paris at the door! A big envelope: GRÉVY's fist. Sent for to the Elysée to-morrow. *Merçi, mon Dieu!*

Monday.—Am three-quarters of an hour before the time at the Faubourg Saint Honoré, and excite suspicious animosity on part of sentinel, by persistently perambulating in front of palace, so as to catch the President directly the shutters are opened. GRÉVY hasn't precisely got a portfolio ready, but rather seems to say anybody can have the Premiership who can manage to get a Cabinet together, and not be beaten in the Chamber more than once a fortnight. This condition rather exacting on the part of GRÉVY, but have resolved to try; and eleven francs courses looking up Left Centre-ists. Wonder if courses can be deducted from salary.

Tuesday.—The Left Centre-ists don't seem to care about it. Think that intervention ought to go as far as Suda Bay, and no further; while the Centre-ists (they might be called Centre-bits, they're so small) won't enter any Cabinet that doesn't contain at least one Viscount. And, it's strange, but Viscounts in our days don't seem to run to Statesmen, as a rule. They run horses instead, and sometimes they run to Belgium afterwards. More courses, and finally to GRÉVY's with result of interviews. Doesn't appear to think it par-

ticularly brilliant, but suggests a Ministère de Combat, as being likely to rouse the Chamber into having something like a majority—just as by vigorous stirring you can make oil and vinegar mix into a definite whole. Think CLÉMENTEAU would do for combat, but CLÉMENTEAU insists on ROCHEFORT for Education and Les Cultes. Scarcely come to that yet.

Wednesday.—Telegram from GRÉVY: "Try Ministère d'Affaires." Try. Eminent Senator won't join, because of an idea of his about beetroot sugar, and eminent leader of the Third Section of the Fifth Group of the Immoderate Conservative Party insists upon immediate abrogation of all commercial treaties. GRÉVY almost rude over his billiards, when I bring him the news.

Thursday.—Ministère de Dissolution all day, and have ceased to count courses. Wish cabmen would. Nobody will join this Ministry, except those politicians who are so popular as to be quite sure of re-election—and if we're to have popular people in the Cabinet—ah, bien non, alors!

Friday.—Ministère de Conciliation formed at last—that is if we can get over the first Cabinet Council without throwing inkstands at our heads. Oddest thing about all the crisis is, that the corn has continued to grow, and men to buy and sell all over France, as if there wasn't such a thing as a Ministry or a Crisis at all!

A Duke and a Drake.

THE Duke of BEDFORD has given a Statute of the Bold Buccaneers DRAKE to Tavistock. Let the Duke set up one of BACON in Covent Garden, which would be appropriate in such a pig-stye. Poor Mud Salad Market! As bad as ever. But the "Dual Creature" won't take the very broadest hints; in fact the Dual Creatures seem to go about with wool in their ears, their own specially coloured spectacles before their eyes, and their fingers to their noses.



TIME PAST—CRINOLINE ERA.



IN THE STALLS.

TIME PRESENT—FAN DEVELOPMENT.

THE DOUBT OF THE BENEFIT.

MR. IRVING took a benefit and apologised for it. Quite right. An abuse which is indefensible needs an apology, though we shall make no apology for abusing an abuse. At the same time we shall always heartily commend the proper and legitimate use of a Benefit, which, got up under "distinguished patronage," was meant to reimburse the needy and deserving Author or Actor, or Author-Actor where both callings were combined in one person, who had sustained loss in his honest endeavours to amuse the public.

The Manager of the Lyceum, we are glad to say, cannot plead poverty as his reason for taking a Benefit. It is not to put money in his purse that he announces his Benefit,—though that it does add to his funds he admits as the merest detail,—but he fondly "clings" to the Benefit Night as a sort of good old genial theatrical custom for which he has a sentimental regard, and which serves him as an excuse for gathering about him a dress-circle of admirers who will listen to a speech from the throne, and give him an extra ovation. He likes, on such a delightful occasion, to be their spokesman, to express their sentiments, to speak for them in their name, as well as to them in his own. All very charming, friendly, sociable, and harmonious. Only why make use of the Benefit machinery which was intended for a charitable purpose? Surely, if all that Mr. IRVING wants is to gather his friends round him in order to make them a pleasant and affable speech about Lyceum retrospects and prospects, he could insure a crowded audience by issuing tickets of invitation for a meeting at his theatre in the afternoon, or at night after the performance, when he could speak for an hour or so if he liked, and then dismiss them with his blessing, or, if he wished to make a sort of birthday festivity of it, he could throw in a supper—a super-numerary attraction—and he could say, by way of old-fashioned "tag," "If our friends in front will only accept my little hospitality, I am sure that no happier party will sit down this night than Yours truly, HENRY IRVING and Company Limited."

Mr. IRVING pleads the previous example of "many great masters of my art"—who were not ashamed to take Benefits. No: and on one of these occasions, to add to the attraction, EDMUND KEAN danced as a Harlequin, and sang *Tom Tug's* song in *The Waterman*, in imitation of INCLEDON. Would Mr. IRVING follow him in this eccentricity? Why not? The announcement that he would dance as JOHN D'AUBAN, or sing as SIMS REEVES, would draw a big house, and he would have the authority of, at all events, one of "the great masters of my art" as a precedent.

Would Mr. IRVING be thoroughly Shakespearian? "Certainly," says Mr. DUTTON COOK, a most trustworthy guide, in his *Book of the Play*, "in SHAKESPEARE'S time, the Actors knew nothing of Benefits." And he goes on to point out that at this period the Actor was "looked upon as if close kin to the rogue and the vagabond, and with degrading possibilities in connection with the stocks and whipping-post never wholly remote from his professional career." Nowadays, the only stocks known practically to the prosperous Actor, are those in which he invests his money. "An Elizabethan player," says Mr. D. COOK, "would probably

have been deemed guilty of a most unpardonable impertinence," had he announced a "complimentary," or "special Benefit."

Benefits grew out of "Authors' Nights," the *raison d'être* of which lay in the poverty of the Dramatists, who were so parsimoniously treated by Managers; and there was, subsequently, an excuse for Actors' Benefits, when, as in BETTERTON'S time, the salary of a leading Actor was only four pounds a week. Benefits, whether for Authors or Actors, were usually associated with the idea of previously insufficient remuneration, or some other temporary necessity. After a while, once more to quote our Mr. COOK, "To draw a crowded house, and bring money to the Treasury, was the only aim."

The reasons that led the Eton authorities to abolish the "Montem," which had grown into an abuse, would, we apprehend, apply to the discontinuing of the Benefit system as it is now practised. Once discountenanced by the theatre-going Public, it will be discontinued by the Theatrical Profession.

We would see the charitable use of the Benefit system retained, and the theatre-goer's contribution would then be applied to deserving objects.

MR. IRVING is an admirable Comedian, an occasionally impressive Tragedian, a nervously painstaking Actor, and, generally, an indifferent Elocutionist. Still, with all his faults and mannerisms, from which no original Artist, Writer, Orator, or Actor can be entirely free, the Lyceum Manager is a popular favourite, because everyone who wishes well to the Drama is as firmly convinced as we are ourselves, that, among all the Actors, there is not one who has the true interests, professional and social, of the Stage more at heart than Mr. HENRY IRVING; and as we cordially and ungrudgingly wish him every possible success, so we should be the more satisfied with him personally if he would take the initiative, and, instead of sentimentally apologising for the continuance of an abuse, boldly reform it altogether, and do his best to banish it from the Stage.

MELBURY ROAD NEWS.—EX-KING CRETWAYTO is located all among the Artists. He is developing a taste for Sunflowers and Daisies. He has been advised by Mr. VAL PRINSEP to go to a picture-cleaner's in order to be "restored." On his restoration, Mr. V. P. will be offered a seat in the Zululand Cabinet at the first Dark Séance.



THE theatrical bookseller, Mr. FRENCH—a most appropriate name for a vendor of British dramatic works—advertises a Handy Make-up Box for Actors. In the list of necessary articles included is "a puff." Of course this, to an Actor, is indispensable.

ANNOTATED by the reticent character of the Ministerial replies, the Fourth Party describe the policy of the present Government as one that "won't answer."

A CONTINENTAL SCAMPER.

AIR—"When a Man Marries."



Passport secure, all through your tour,
Railery mailery, night, night!
Worrying Murrayng, ticketty wicketty, &c.
Make up your mind to give comfort the slip, &c.

II.

Bye-roads of France, see at a glance,
Crackery smackery, Oh! Oh!
How you will fret, in the *banquette*,
Crespery sleepery, slow, slow!
Steam up the Rhine, weather so fine,
Hockery mockery, drink, drink!
Castles—a score, horrible bore;
Hazily lazily, think, think!
Crackery smackery, &c.,
Make up your mind, &c.

III.

Ne'er will you miss, land of the Swiss,
Shivery quivery, chill, chill!
Gessler and Tell, terrible sell,
Chargery largery, bill, bill!
See the sun rise, rubbing your eyes,
Peakery seekery, top, top!
Over a pass, down a *crevasse*,
Trippery slippery, drop, drop!
Shivery quivery, &c.
Make up your mind, &c.

IN a recent criminal trial, the Prisoner, as an excuse for ill-treating his Wife, pleaded "softening of the brain." Much more likely to have been "hardening of the heart."

CASH PAYMENTS FOR EGYPTIAN EXPENSES.—Cry of Tax-collector, "Down with the ready!" Cry of Taxpayer, "Down with the Blunt!"

AKE up your mind to give comfort the slip,
If you would go for a holiday trip;
Never expect in the length of your flight
A moment of quiet from morning to night!
Guides you must scan, a capital plan,
Worrying Murrayng book, book!
Lots of new maps, travelling caps,
Ticketty picketty, Cook, Cook.
Order new coats, circular notes,
Dashery cashery, bright, bright!

IV.

Railway and boat, big *table d'hôte*,
Dinery winery, crush, crush!
Italy fine, olive and vine,
Scenery greenery, gush, gush!
Palace and church, rapidly search,
Chattering smattering, art, art!
Musquitoes and fleas, always a tease,
Bitery smitery, smart, smart!
Dinery winery, &c.
Make up your mind, &c.

V.

Soon will you find, body and mind,
Wearily drearily, sad, sad!
Over the sea, quickly you flee,
Merrily verily, glad, glad!
Worn out at last, back you come fast,
Crossery tossery, foam, foam!
Happy once more, old England's shore,
Holiday, jolly day—HOME!
HOME!!
Wearily drearily, &c.
Make up your mind, &c.

HOLIDAY HAUNTS.

By Jingle Junior on the Jaunt.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

LEAVE Charing Cross—one hour—Tunbridge Wells—here you are!
—Pantiles—very quaint—excellent shops—beneath the limes—band playing—old-world feeling—behind the time—dreamy—Doctor JOHN-SON—RICHARDSON—Mrs. THRALE—BEAU NASH—pretty girls—violets—daisies—babies and perambulators—want clearing away—band-master for contributions—lost in thought—look other way—save six-pence! Nevill Club—Pump Room—chalybeate spring—ferrie oxide—silica—chlorine—like halfpence boiled in ink—very nasty—good for health. Nice town—pleasant parks—well-placed villas—Public Hall—Colonel Company—why certainly—Mount Ephraim—Mount Pleasant—Tunbridge ware—bound to buy—BARTON'S Repository—grand views—Robinson's photographs—Chapel of Ease—two hundred years old—lots of churches—fine hotels—plenty of 'em—Bishop's Down Hydropathic—ancient sweepers—like rural deans in reduced circumstances—brass-tipped brooms—large female population—out-number male—four to one—lovely walks—High Rocks—Toad Rock—delightful drives—Eridge Castle—The Moat—Penshurst Park! Breezy common—fine air—horse exercise—shady seats—everyone cricket mad—must cultivate cricketual faculties—O, well run!—well hit, Sir!—Yah! butter-fingers!—whole population in a cricketual state of excitement—baby bowlers—lady-longstops—maiden-midwickets—ball bang in your eye—no matter—quite an honour—throw it up sharp—look pleasant over it—smile through blackness—thenkew!

THE SPENDTHRIFT'S GUIDE.—No. IV.

To relieve the monotony of spending money for his solitary gratification, the Spendthrift should think how it is best to spend money for the gratification of others. There are various ways of doing this. Dinner-parties, four-horse coaches, diamond rings, bracelets, testimonials, &c., are all, more or less, old-fashioned. Invention and enterprise are as necessary in extravagance as in business. The Spendthrift must look round his native city with an intelligent eye, and see what public want he can supply on a scale that is worthy of his capital. He will not have to look far. He will find nearly four millions of patient stupid people, taxed from the soles of their feet to the roots of their hair, ridden to death by Bumbledom and licensing systems, with far less social liberty than the despised Russian, living in the greatest city in the world without a single Casino or Music-garden. Casinos and Music-gardens are not the one thing needful, or the breath of life, but they are things that no other great city has consented to do without, and which Englishmen can be trusted with as safely as Germans or Frenchmen.

The Spendthrift will see his opportunity, and act upon it. He will buy a mansion and grounds from an embarrassed nobleman (there are plenty about) which he will throw open to the Public, free of charge. He will go to several cities on the Continent, where music is not so much a profession as a recreation, and he will select a number of musicians to form an orchestra. He will light his grounds with the Electric Light, if he can find any Electrician not too busy with company-mongering to attend to him, and he will engage a proper staff of Masters of the Ceremonies to conduct the dancing in a spirit worthy of the late BEAU NASH, and the late Baron NATHAN. He will decorate his grounds with statues of the most prominent obstructives on the Middlesex Bench. THOMAS CARLILE has received this indignity, and why not a Middlesex Magistrate? Our Spendthrift's dances will take place six nights a week, and his band will play every day and night, including Sundays.

He will occasionally be prosecuted. In a country with twenty licensing authorities, and only one fish-sauce, he can hardly expect to be free from this amusing annoyance. He will occasionally be fined. He will pay the fines. He will have several lawsuits brought against him. He will defend them, and make arrangements with his capital to carry them on for ten or twenty years. The New Law Courts will make this process a little more expensive, but expense, in this case, is only an amusement. A Lunacy Commissioner will be sent to see him by the Government. He will receive the Commissioner with full musical honours, and pension him off with twice the Government *honorarium*. When he has been proceeded against by every legal power given to the Sacred Jackasses who rule the Kingdom of Fools, it will be found that he has done little more than the Emperor of Austria is doing every day in a portion of the Palace Gardens at Vienna.

CARRIAGES are not to be taxed, but Income-tax payers are to pay eightpence in the pound to keep our high road to India in good repair. So we're toll'd.



"THE SCOT ABROAD."

Foreigner (in Paris, on a Quai by the Seine). "I SAY, 'ARRY, WHAT A LOT O' BATHS THAT FELLER BAIN MUST 'A GOT 'EM!"

'Arry. "O LOB, YEE—SCOTSMAN Y' KNOW—THEY TURNS UP EVERYWHERE!"

"THE TWELFTH" IN TOWN.

Happy Thought.—Hooray for the Twelfth—"the Glorious Twelfth!" . . . Stop! On second *Happy Thought*, why have I quoted that? How do I come to call it, quite naturally, and without any effort, "the Glorious Twelfth?" With what is it associated—besides grouse? "Grouse" and "Glorious" both begin with "G," but that can't be the reason. Of course, it can't be called "the Glorious" in the annals of a country, simply because people go out grouse-shooting on this day.

Why "Glorious?" It isn't the celebration of American Independence. No, that was last month. My reason for being certain that this celebration was last month (if not the month before) is because there was a big ball given in honour of the day, and I ought to have been there if I had been asked, which I wasn't, but was told afterwards that, had I shown myself, I should have been welcome. Rather glad I didn't show myself, or might have been shown up, and then shown out.

But why "the Glorious Twelfth"? Is it a familiar name of a regiment, or the anniversary of some great victory? or am I entirely wrong, and it isn't and never was "the Glorious" at all, which term is applied, probably, to quite another day, and a totally different occasion?

Anyhow, I've called it "the Glorious," and, therefore, if this is perfectly original, it must have been an inspiration. (On the subject of "Inspiration"—see my notes for the Fifty-Fourth Volume of *Typical Developments*, letter "I," which is in course of preparation with fifty-three others—all in a more or less advanced state. This is to be my *magnum opus*—a magnum holding two bottles. However, this has nothing to do with it; at least, I don't think so.)

But to-day is the "Glorious Twelfth." It is glorious in town. It is lovely weather. There is a delightfully refreshing breeze. Omnibus-drivers, perched up aloft, feel it, and smile pleasantly. Hansom cabsmen also like it, and also smile affably. Growlers feel it less, but appear inclined to be polite. Everybody in town knows everybody else. We all smile at one another as we walk along this splendid morning. "Yes," we appear to be saying to one another as we pass without speaking. "I'm in town, so are you. Never met you before, but seem to know you. How are you? Isn't town delightful?" So it is. Cabs are not overworked, Cabmen are civil and thankful for small mercies; horses, not being tired, can step out, and have plenty of room to step out, the thoroughfares being cleared as if for a procession.

Also, it is a pretty day in town. Every one with any experience, and half an eye—[*Happy Thought*.—One half an eye doesn't see what the other half does. Also, another new proverb, "Don't let your right eye see what your left eye"—but this is trenching on dangerous ground. New Proverbs are wanted. Will think out a few.]—knows there are Pretty Days and Ugly Days in town. Some days pretty faces are meeting you, going east or west as the case may be. Other days everyone is ugly.

How I pity the poor chaps on the moors! Of course I feel for our children in arms—infantry and cavalry—in Egypt; only that it must to-day be too hot to do anything—even flies and mosquitoes must be tired of biting.

Last year I was on the moors. Then—let me see, did I pity the poor people compelled to remain in Town?

Why am I not on the moors? Well—why was I not at that American Independence Ball mentioned above?

When my friend, M^r CANISTER, sees this, he will write, "Dear Boy, why stop to be asked?" [*Happy Thought*.—Why not asked to stop?]

It is delightful in town, and really I hate a gun, it makes such a noise, hurts your shoulder (my shoulder I'm speaking of), and, as HAMLET says of the skull, "smells so." Yes; I prefer London on "the Glorious Twelfth"—(why "glorious?" Must find this out, and note it)—and I like to see everyone looking so happy and pleased, and all smiling at me. Why do they do it? Is it because I'm smiling at them? *Happy Thought*.—Step up to glass and catch myself in the act. Yes—

. . . (in Club looking-glass, which I have all to myself) . . . I do look happy . . . Can it be because Unified went up three-quarters to an eighth (or something like that on the Stock Exchange Barometer) and ALICE BUSTEN wrote to tell me I'd made two pound ten, which, as I'd risked losing five hundred, is satisfactory? Perhaps that (on analysis) is why I am smiling. But why is everybody smiling at me? Have they all done the same thing? Or is it my new white hat? Rather be in and out of—well out of—Egyptians than on the Moors. This day year I may be shooting—so moor in my next, but no moor at present.

Happy Thought Proverb for the Twelfth.—"The Moor the Merrier!" [Haven't time to work this out, but evidently it's a basis to go upon.]

WHERE'S HIS KEEPER?

(Natural Inquiry for the Climbing Season.)

SCENE—Back Study of a Suburban West End Mansion towards the end of the Month of August. Eccentric Briton discovered strapping up small Travelling Apparatus, preparatory to departure. Enter Unsophisticated Stranger.

Unsophisticated Stranger. Ha! So, you are off! I met your Solicitor in the hall, who told me you had made your will, and that he and the Cabman had just witnessed it. (With emotion.) Well, my dear fellow, when duty calls us to face danger—it may be danger of the gravest kind—(Shakes his hand)—it is best to be prepared. On tremendous occasions such as this, we must all of us think of those dear ones who are dependent on us.

Eccentric Briton. Quite so. And as I have not much time to catch my train, and have several last farewells to make, perhaps you'll excuse me? Ha! here they are!

Enter his Wife, Wife's Mother. Grandfathers on both sides, Maternal Uncles, Maiden Aunts, several Female Cousins, and five Children, of whom, discoloured in tears, amid a scene of agonising hysterics, he takes his leave, one by one.

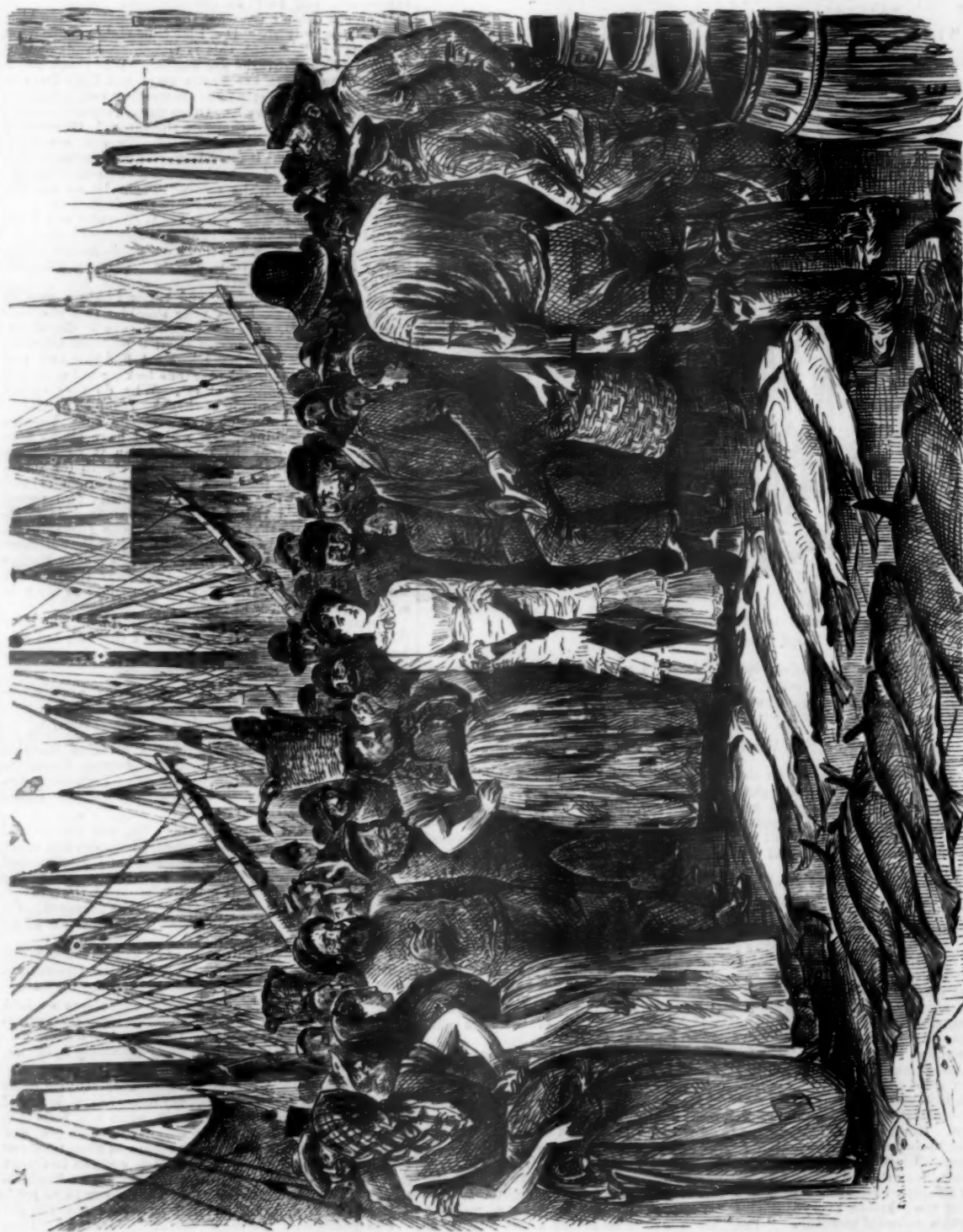
Unsophisticated Stranger (choking with emotion as he leads him to the Cab). Bear up, my brave fellow, bear up! Such partings wring the heart, but when one feels that the eyes of one's country are steadily fixed on one, and that it only waits the day of our return to place upon our brows the victor's crown, the effort it costs us to depart may be severe, but our heroism will find us, as Englishmen, ever equal to the crisis. God speed you to Egypt!

Eccentric Briton. Bless you, I'm not going to Egypt!

Unsophisticated Stranger (amazed). Indeed! Then why all this leave-taking? Your will? These tears?

Eccentric Briton. Well! What of 'em? All right enough! Why, didn't you know I was off with a second-class "Circular," to have a three weeks' lark in the "Bernese Oberland"? [And he is.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—August 19, 1882.



AT THE FOUNTAIN-HEAD.

ALMOST BEFORE SHE KNOWS WHERE SHE IS, AND BY A MERE NOD OF HER HEAD, THIRTY LITTLE MRS. MILDMAY BECOMES THE OWNER OF SIX BLENDING GOD, A DOWRY FIVE BLACK-JACK, AND FOURTEEN MAGNIFICENT SLAVE, —ALL FOR THE MINDCLOUTNEY SMALL SON OF HALF-A-CROWN. SHE SUDDENLY REMEMBERS THAT HER YOUNG FAMILY CAN'T BEAR FISH, AND THAT HER HUSBAND HAS BEEN FORBIDDEN TO EAT IT!

HANDY JACK!

(A Lay of Alexandria, A little à la Ingoldsby.)

"The sailors, after proving themselves excellent gunners and most useful infantry, have to-day shone in the capacity of engineers."—"Standard" Correspondent at Alexandria.



On! for what are you *not* good and game,
Handy JACK?
For what are you *not* good and game?
Upon Egypt's far strand
You seem turning your hand
To almost any job one can name,
Which same
Should resound, my dear JACK, to your
fame!

You're exceedingly good with a gun,
Handy JACK!

As we know from the deeds you have done.

At infantry duty
A regular beauty,
On land and on water you're one
Whose fun
Is to fight and do aught—except run.

And now you have turned Engineer,
Handy JACK!

Or so from reports 'twould appear.
N'importe what the matter is,
Bridges or batteries,
You're to the fore, never fear!

Which is queer,
But does Mr. Punch good to hear.

You're a compound of gumption and grit,
Handy JACK!

And that dodge upon which you quick hit
To get rid of a shell
Which unluckily fell

In a drawing-room, showed a good bit
Of wit.

Awkward thing, JACK, to lie where it lit!

From the spanking *Inflexible's* gun,
Handy JACK!

It dropt in—and it weighed half a ton.
And the good Coptic gent

Showed extreme discontent,
And he wished it removed with a run,
Like fun!

Which was easier said, JACK, than done.

But you have a remarkable head,
Handy JACK!

And a capital notion, 'tis said,
Came into that noddle,
The huge shell to swaddle,
And roll it down-stairs in a bed—
Feather-bed;

And so back to the ship whence it sped.

You are brave, and no end of a brick,
Handy JACK!

Jack-of-all-trades, as cheery as quick;
Amphibious of gift,
Ambidextrous and swift,

And as awkward to flummox as lick;
The pick

Of our Blues would not strike to Old Nick.

Here's your jolly good health and good luck,
Handy JACK!

And the flag you so seldom have struck.
Ashore or afloat,

On a bridge, or a boat,
You're a picture of nous and of pluck

Never stuck.

They who say JACK has altered, talk muck!

FROM THE REPORT OF A RECENT IRISH TRIAL UNDER THE CRIME ACT.

Counsel. Did you not feel yourself warranted in administering the rites to him?

Parish Priest (the Witness). Yes; he was able to take some whiskey-and-water, and I gave it to him.

This was evidently a sure way of getting him "to rights."

THE LATEST FAREWELL TO ERIN.



Potato sings—

WHAT! Not a native?
Thin I beg to sthate, iv
That same's the fact oi've a notion foine!
From disease and murther
Oi've long wished me further,
In some disthant counthry far o'er the
broine.

Weather wet and windy,
And periputal shindy,
To a tindher tuber, like meself, mane
death.

And a cloime more torrid
Would be far less horrid
Than this green ciste, blashed by
Sedition's breath.

Whither fraht brought over
By DRAKE, brave rover,
By gallant HAWKINS, or by RALEIGH
bould;
Shure me onld extrathion
Justifoies me aethion,
If oi'm but an exoile whin all is tould.

By the sowl of PLATO—
"Misther P. O'TATO"
Sounds extramely Oirish on the ear—
that's poz.

But a plague on prating!
Oi'll be emigrating
To me Native Counthry—wherever
it was!

CROWNED HEADS AND SHILLING DAYS.

THE splendid hospitality universally extended by the Chairman and Directors of the Crystal Palace to any Royal Personages that happen to be strolling about the Metropolis for a few days, has not been slow in pouncing on the Ex-Monarch of the Zulus. Our good-natured friend CATEWATO, though debarred by a British cold at the last moment from appearing after lunch on an iron gallery, and going through the ordinary form of such "royal ovation" as can be got from bowing his acknowledgments to Thirty Thousand Shilling Visitors, who regard him as included in the programme, was nevertheless intended to form no inconsiderable feature in the day's attractions. The advertisement, which well mixed up his unconscious Majesty, with the Company's Band, the Electric Exhibition, to say nothing of the refreshment department, and random performances on the great organ, was a model of courtly announcement; cleverly too were his personal friends and valet interlined with the fireworks. Sydenham is, in fact, quite awake to the occasion, and we shall, together with Lord KIMBERLEY, look out for next week's "Bombardment" Advertisement with much lively interest.

CATEWATO'S FIRST EXPERIENCE OF CIVILISATION.—Influenza, gruel, nose-tallow, mustard-and-water, and a little medicine.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

COLLISION AVOIDED!—WONDERFUL PRESENCE OF MIND OF THE SWITCH-MAN AT ST. STEPHEN'S STATION!!

Monday Night, August 7.—CHERRY came down to-day, and took a look at us from the Gallery. Didn't think much of the place, preferring the House of Lords. Thinks he will have windows like those when he goes back to Zululand. Went up, and had a chat with the King. Found him a little bored, and very footsore. Says Civilisation would be endurable only for its boots. Doesn't take kindly to trousers.

"I draw the line at the waistcoat, Toby," he said to me, through the interpreter. "Also, if you get a black or blue blanket, and cut it out with holes and sleeves, and put buttons on it, nice bright brass ones, mind you, and call it a coat, and say I must wear it, good. But why you should take a useful blanket, cut it up the middle, and sew it together like a double-barrelled gun so as to make it uncomfortable about the legs, goes beyond me. As for your boots, TOBY, they're simply flying in the face of Providence. Look here!" he said. And throwing upon the seat a leg of the girth of Pompey's Pillar, he displayed a boot of the size of one of the smaller Committee-Rooms. "What do I want going about in a thing like that? It's roomy, I admit; but also it's heavy. I mean to keep this pair, carry them home to Zululand, and try the effect of one on JOHN DEAN, taking him from the rear at a run of eighteen yards. I hear your people use them in Lancashire, to bring their wives round to a full sense of their domestic responsibilities. But I haven't got a wife with me; and if I kick other people's, I understand there would be unpleasantness. That's one of the intricacies of your law, which I cannot understand, and don't want to understand. As soon as ever I get to my lodgings, the first thing I do is to slip these boots off; but whilst I am out they play Old Harry with me."

This, it will be understood, is a pretty free rendering of the King's observations, after the style of Mr. BLUNT's translation of ARABI BEY's letter to Mr. GLADSTONE.

CHERRY wanted to know how old the SPEAKER was, and who plaited his nice long grey hair. Also greatly admired his club, which was lying on the table before him. Wanted to know if he might have it to play with a few minutes. Proposed to practise on his hairdresser. Told him this was the Mace. Said it didn't matter; wouldn't be any difference to his hairdresser ten minutes after the game had begun. Told him it must not be. King went away rather huffed.

Business done.—Supply.

Tuesday Night.—Great House to-night. Members whistled in from all parts of the country. My Lord Marquis been trying to coerce the Commons. Nothing better calculated to wake up the spirit of Commons, getting a little drowsy at this time of the Session. Great show of white hats and summer vests. Grand Old Man comes out quite young in white waistcoat, six-on-shilling trousers, a yellow rose in his button-hole, and his collar like the mainsail of a yacht.

In the interesting match between BOBBY SPENCER and the PARKER,

BOBBY nowhere. Certainly WRO, "with characteristic subtlety," as DRUMMOND-WOLFF says, got BOBBY into the match on unequal terms. B. wears a dog-collar, and, the higher it mounts, the nearer it goes to cutting him off by the jaws. Of dauntless spirit, and grim determination, BOBBY has, by hard training and the concentration of a powerful mind, succeeded in wearing a higher collar than any living being, not a giraffe.

"If you give your mind to it, and are content to sit up now and then all night with your collar, you can do almost anything," he says. But the Grand and wily Old Man, when the match was arranged, expressed an innocent preference for a collar that closed over the cheek. Consequence is he can go to any height, and does, whilst BOBBY's aspirations are limited by his chin. Still BOBBY won't give in.

"The Old Guard choke, but never surrender," he says. Goes about with pale, resolute look, and ever-heightening collar. WILFRID LAWSON, who sits near him, says he expects some day, upon a sudden jerk, to see his head rolling down the Gangway.

To-night, GLADSTONE's collar up, and his cholera down. Nothing could exceed the graciousness of manner with which he concedes to the Lords chiefly nothing. My Lord Marquis declared the Arrears Bill must be made optional. Mr. GLADSTONE blandly says that can't be, and the Commons by a swingeing majority of 136 support him.

My Lord Marquis's turn to speak next.

Business done.—Lords' Amendments rejected.

Wednesday Afternoon.—Strokes of good luck for Land-Leaguers this afternoon. Thought they must at last discuss the Constabulary Vote, after having kept it off for several nights. Have discovered sudden interest in Constabulary. SEXTON, who a short time ago delivered long indictment against them, exciting even the indignation of Mr. CALLAN, now protests that they are hardly used. Men must be supported in difference with the Government.

TRAVELER says "Pass this vote including a trifle, £180,000, as *pour boire* for Police. Let me go over to Ireland and I'll soon settle matters."

But Land-Leaguers, in their newly-born anxiety for interest of Police prevent vote being taken. To-day doubly delighted. Got a shot at LYON PLAYFAIR, and prevented Constabulary Vote coming on. JOSEPH GILLIS, a little depressed of late, begins to think life is worth living. RAIKES made a clever speech clearly proving LYON PLAYFAIR in the wrong, and winding up by patronising him.

Seems to me, speaking diffidently as a young Member, that this dead set on LYON PLAYFAIR is neither fair nor justifiable. PLAYFAIR is really the first Chairman who has had to deal with organised and triumphant Obstruction. RAIKES had a bit of it, but it was in the melodramatic times of the Major, and when PARKER had neither his position nor his following. All very well to point out next morning how something could have been done better. Nobody else has yet had opportunity to try. When the time comes, expect we shall look

back on present time and say, "Ah! if we'd only LYON PLATFAIR now." *Business done.*—None.

Thursday Night.—My Lord Marquis's turn has come, and he has spoken with a vengeance. Seems he led Noble Lords to the brink of a precipice, and showed them how delightful it would be to tumble over. Noble Lords don't quite see it. Think they'd rather remain



"The Sleeper Awakened." The Sergeant brings tidings of "comfort and joy."

where they are. SALISBURY tears his coal black beard. Says he'll go over if he's to go by himself. Lords advise him to think of his family, and begin to move gently but firmly backward. On reflection My Lord Marquis sees he can't very well go over himself, but determines to let everybody know how Noble Lords have behaved.

Delightful to see EARL GRANVILLE's genial smile as he listens to narrative. A little later LORD LIMERICK proposes to go over a precipice on his own account. Will divide House on LORD WATERFORD's Amendment. LORD WATERFORD in great trepidation. "For Heaven's sake don't," he whispers to LORD LIMERICK. House cleared for a Division. LORD GRANVILLE wishes to drop a word of warning. Can do so only when seated and with hat on. Hasn't got a hat; looks wildly round. Makes a grasp at LORD ROSEBURY's. But ROSEBURY's hat new. Not going to have it knocked about on first day. So doesn't see GRANVILLE's gesture. At length FOREIGN SECRETARY foregoes the hat, and drops a word of gentle warning without it, smiling sweetly all the time. LORD LIMERICK led away, and Bill passes. My Lord Marquis all the time sitting with head well up, staring stolidly at the roof.

"Reminds me," says SIR CHARLES FORSTER, regarding him meditatively, "of the wise man mentioned in Scripture, who dug a pit for Mr. GLADSTONE and fell in it himself."

Business done.—Arrears Bill passed through Lords.

Friday Night.—Tremendous lot of business done to-night. Everybody tired of talking, and anxious for business. Bills advanced stages, and Votes agreed to by the half-dozen.

"After all, TOBY," the SPEAKER said, "the House of Commons is only a huge popgun. At one end of the cylinder—the February end—it is all wind. We shove it down and down till it gets to the August end, and then business goes off with a pop."

QUESTIONS are pretty well ventilated in the House, but the question of the House itself being sufficiently ventilated has not yet been satisfactorily answered.

No JOHN FOR ABRAHAM, being described by the SQUIRE as an "Untrue to the Core 'un."



Companion to the Beau Nash
Status—the Bow Gladstone
Status—a Bow Nashional
Compliment (Limited).

BUTCHER WORSHIP.

EVERY nation has its favourite form of cruelty to animals. The English have their pigeon-matches; the Spaniards have their bull-fights. One or two weak-minded rulers of Spain have endeavoured to remove this disgrace from their country, but of course they have failed. They might as well try to upset Jeremy Diddlerism in their Finance as to depose King Torreador—the elect of the people!

No Spanish city is complete without its bull-ring. Writers who have had the inestimable advantages of a classical education, tell us that the bull-ring is the great-grandson of the Roman Arena, and that while the parents of civilisation gloated over the sufferings of dying gladiators, their Castilian descendants are content with the agonies of butchered horses and bulls. The horses that are tortured may be the most wretched "screws," but, for all that, they represent the sacred mystery of life.

The bull-ring is a gigantic circus, capable, in cities like Madrid and Seville, of seating fifteen thousand people. On Sundays and holidays, in the bull-fighting season, it is crowded with a representative audience of amateur butchers. The scum of the population is there in all the majesty of numbers, while rank and fashion are headed by Royalty or a Mayor. The entertainment might be thus described in the bills which plaster every wall of the city:—

The Dancing Butchers;

OR, THE RIGHT REEF IN THE WRONG PLACE.

Flags are flying, a brass-band is bleating, men are selling oranges, and nothing but drink is wanting to remind the home-sick Englishman of his native land. The Show begins with a procession of Torreadors gaily, even richly, dressed, who look like glorified Figaros about to give the spectators a Spanish ballet. They are really preparing for a dance—sometimes the dance of death. The ring is cleared, the door of the bulls' den swings slowly open, and the first bull gallops into the ring. Three or four clumsy picadors, with padded legs, mounted on horses and armed with heavy spears, and the gaily-dressed Figaros, provided with gaudy table-cloths, are spread round the ring to receive him. The horses are mostly gray, because that colour shows off the blood. The bull "goes" at a picador, and, holding his head low, overturns both horse and man. The dancing-butchers then skip round the bull, and distract his attention by flourishing the gaudy table-cloths. The bull, being a born fool, allows his attention to be drawn off the clumsy picador, who is lifted on his legs. The horse, if not ripped to death, is prodded into an upright position; and if he is spurred round the circle with his red protruding bowels dragging under him in the dust, the delight of the swinish multitude knows no bounds. When all the picadors have been dismounted, and all their wretched animals gored to death, while the bull is bleeding from a score of spear-thrusts received from the picadors, who have tried to keep him at bay, the gaudy table-cloths are allowed to descend on the First Act of the drama.

The Second Act begins with a playful game, in which the Torreadors, or Dancing Butchers, give up the name of Matadors, or throwers of table-cloths, and become Bandilleros. The Bandilleros are furnished with short spears, like thick arrows, or darts, decorated with bunches of recruiting sergeants' ribbons. These darts are stuck, one after the other, in the back of the bull, and here the misplaced courage, activity, and skill of the Torreadors are shown. When all the gaudy darts have been fixed, and the bull is sufficiently enraged, and partially exhausted, the Second Act of the Farcial-Tragedy closes.

In the third, and last Act, the Torreador becomes an Espada, and enters the ring alone, with a coloured cloak and a sword. He informs the King, or Mayor, or whoever may be the Chairman of the meeting, that he will kill the bull, but sometimes, though not often, the bull kills the Espada. The fight—like the whole of the proceedings—is carried on according to the strictest rules, drawn up and sanctioned by the wisdom of ages. The bull is kept at bay by the cloak, until the fitting moment arrives, when the variegated Butcher, rising on tip-toe, plunges his sword up to the hilt in the back of the baited animal, amidst the frantic applause of the multitude of Butcher-Worshippers. The band strikes up a Mabile tune of the latest Parisian brand; the gory remains of the wretched animal—the bull and horses—

"Butchered to make a Spanish holiday,"

are dragged out of the circus by mules half-covered with bells; the attendants rake the sand over the trail of blood, and the ring is prepared for five more Farcial-Tragedies of a precisely similar pattern.

Beef should not be killed any more than dirty linen should be washed in public. Bull-fighting will not be put down, until bulls are taught to go at one thing at a time. When this result is arrived at, and bulls are able to kill Torreadors as easily as Torreadors now destroy bulls, bull-fighting will become as much a thing of the past as the pleasant game of quarter-staff. But what on earth do they want with bull-fights at Nimes? A Nimes-itation.



A SEA-SIDE BANK HOLIDAY.

THE WARDEN'S DIARY.

"S. P." does not complain of the establishment of fresh foundations on the declared basis of an exclusive reception of students, poor either by compulsion or by will. His charge is that the two in his own University are like persons who join a club without being able to pay the subscription. He has no objection to poor students; he objects to new poverty-stricken Colleges."
—Daily Paper.

6 A.M.—Sleepless night, harassed by pecuniary anxieties, but up early to open the chapel, dust the seats, clean the one fellow-commoner's boots, take in the milk, and make myself generally useful.

9 A.M.—Nothing in the buttery for breakfast. Ask the Lecturer on Ecclesiastical History just to step round to the baker's with my compliments, and see whether he cannot get another quarter or two on credit, just to go on with. Reply as usual. They won't send them without the money. Feel hungry, but make the best of it. Our College Eight is, from motives of economy, training on saveloys, and toast and water. Afraid they'll be at the bottom of the river.

Noon.—Lecture well attended. Took as my subject "Latin Composition with one's Creditors." Felt thoroughly at home. Just received intimation that the gas and water will be both "cut off" in the course of the afternoon. Awkward. Have, however, asked the Professor of Natural Science for the sake of preserving the prestige of the College, to try to introduce these disagreeable occurrences naturally, and work them into his lecture, as if pre-arranged experiments. He is nice about it; says he will do his best. Things are looking up.

3 P.M.—Have just been called in to cut down Professor of Pastoral Poetry, who has again hung himself in the common room with his own Master's hood. Fifth time this term he has been up to this game. Promised to see about arrears of his salary, and he is more calm.

6 P.M.—A great deal of trouble. At about four a man in possession turned up and refused to compromise the matter by matriculating, or even by taking a "travelling professorship." Much worse than last week. This one won't stir without £179 4s. 10d., so I've begged him to wear an old Doctor of Divinity's gown, wash his face, and dine with me at the high table. Dear me—and there's no wine!

9 P.M.—By pledging founder's portrait, both my cape, and borrowing another shilling of the bursar, I managed to get a couple of bottles of a fruity, youngish port, and took 'em to the common room. Great success. My usual joke, however, about "Short Commons Room" fell unpleasantly flat.

MIDNIGHT.—Managed, with aid of gatekeeper, chaplain, and equity Lecturer, to duck the man in possession in the fountain, and put him outside, through the Divinity School window. Quite like old times! Still some thing is wanting! To bed in the dark, anxious.

THE GLADSTONE BAG.

Sportsman. What, PUNCH, is that all?

Keeper. Well, it doesn't look gay.

Sportsman. After promise so fair, and such blazing away, I did think we should have a respectable bag. Only one decent brace! It is trying to fag Over mile after mile of stiff hillock and heather For this!

Keeper. Well, you see, Sir, we've had such bad weather!

Sportsman. Too true. Why the Moor has been more like a bog, And it takes a good shot to shoot straight in a fog. But two!

Keeper. Well, you won't count the cheepers?

Sportsman. Oh, no.

Keeper. Well, I'm bound to confess 'tisn't much of a show. But these two are fine birds; and I didn't believe That the latter one we should so smartly retrieve. Hardly touched, little mauled—just look at it!

Sportsman (musingly). Why, yes,

Some small game to mark down needs a lot of address;

And at one time I fancied those fellows—

Keeper (cheerily). No fear, Sir! We've bagged him. 'Twill—shall I say—make up Arrears, Sir?

At least it makes up one extremely fine brace.

Sportsman. Even that seems poor sport—though it is not disgrace.

Keeper. Well, the weather has simply been vile—

Sportsman (emphatically). To my sorrow.

Keeper (hopefully). If it clears up a bit, we'll do better to-morrow. [Left looking forward to it.]

International Grammar.

Our Continental neighbours, some of them, are somewhat urgently insisting on the neutralisation of the Suez Canal. How will this square with "fluviorum, ut Tiberis, Orontes," in the *Propria quæ maribus*? According to that rule, Rivers are masculine, and can't be neutralised. But then, to be sure, a Canal is not a River. The Latin Grammar does not specify Canals. Rivers are personified, as male—for instance, Old Father Thames. We talk of Old Nile, but not of Old Suez—or, as we should rather say, New Suez—of River Gods, but not Canal Gods. If the Suez Canal is not necessarily masculine, no more is it feminine, and being neither, ought, therefore, all the rather to be regarded as neuter.



THE GLADSTONE "BAG."

Mr. P. (*the Keeper*). "SPITE O' THE ROUGH WEATHER, SIR, WE'VE GOT A BRACE OF BIG ONES—NOT COUNTING THE CHEEPERS."



THE AMERICAN INDIAN

THE AMERICAN INDIAN, A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, BY J. M. SMITH, ESQ., VOLUME I, PART I, CHAPTER I.

QUELQUES SHOWS.

Pluck not Luck (I)—What is it in Wyck Street?—Return of the Nations.

THE story of £50,000, now being told nightly at Drury Lane, is, to quote the eminent burlesque inebriate, Captain Croastree, "Rather confusozelum."

It commences with an effective set, called an "English Home."



Dolls' House—"Let in Plats."

son, probably for the reason that he was a young gentleman likely to be quite up to the time of day, and to know to a second "what o'clock it was." *Spring-heel'd Jack* appears to have thrived by the arrangement. To put it prettily, he is "getting a big boy now," and he embodies "Pluck." *Florence Templeton* (Miss CAROLINE HILL), the daughter of the sentimental and neglectful banker, is also an inmate of the "English Home," to which comes *Stephen Clinton* (Mr. BARNES), portly and smiling, but horribly villainous, and one *Peter Keene* (Mr. NICHOLLS), who, in the First Act, might have been described as "the Avenger," and in all the others as "a drivelling wag." And here it may be remarked that the Authors of the piece seem to have been uncertain about this character. Consequently, in the First Act *Peter Keene* is as tragic as EDMUND KEAN, and in all the others as comically eccentric as a Clown in a Christmas Pantomime. *Peter Keene* is drunk in the First Tableau, and he is in precisely the same state in the



The Safe Man.

Seventh. "Same drunk, Messrs"—so it is a well-sustained, or, as "well," suggests temperance, we would say it is a spiritedly-sustained character. *Spring-heel'd Jack* contends with *Stephen* for the hand of *Florence Templeton*, which he would obtain but for the villainy of smiling Mr. BARNES, who has been dodging about, hiding (now we see the artful use of that big tree) and eavesdropping, and who now charges the *Spring-heel'd* one with being a thorough-paced scoundrel, which the embodiment of Pluck,—there ought to have been a representative of *Pyke*, as the two, Messrs. *Pyke* and *Pluck*, were inseparable in *Nicholas Nickleby*,—who has accepted the temporary guardianship of a defaulting Stockbroker's wife and child (thrust upon him all of a sudden, and without the slightest warning), is unable to disprove. So the Twin Sir JOHN BARNES turns the unfortunate *Spring-heel'd Jack* out of the English home, while *Florence* throws him over there and then, without losing a

moment (one can't stop to think when you're well in for a sensational drama), and gives her hand to the wicked but now triumphantly-smiling *Stout Stephen*. The laugh, however, is taken out of him by the appearance of *Peter Keene* as a tragedian, who says "No you don't!" and the Curtain falls. Much applause; cheers for *Spring-heel'd Jack*, and howls for his opponent.

Tableau II. introduces us to "the Wedding Breakfast," or rather a view of the door of the room where the wedding breakfast is taking place. The servants are gathered in the hall, and on the staircase, leaving the whole of the waiting on the guests to be performed by a comic housekeeper. *Stout Stephen* is just off for his honeymoon, when he is opportunely confronted by *Spring-heel'd Jack*, and, in presence of the guests, is accused of forgery, arrested, and taken off.

In Tableau III. everybody is going up to London by the 9.15 train, which *Peter Keene*, not as Avenger, but as comic practical-joking villain, has undertaken to upset, to please the about villain.



Messrs. Harris and Pettitt playing at Trains, and arranging the Loco-motives of the Drama.

He does so, by placing a sleeper on the line. Then ensues a fearfully thrilling scene. A train, moving at the pace of at least a mile an hour, and making the noise of a dozen fiery traction-engines, comes puffing and blowing, with very broken-winded and bellows-to-mend action, along the line, until, utterly overcome by the awful pace which kills, it stumbles over the sleeper, breaks down, the engine rearing up in the air, and stopping there, as if challenging another engine of its own size and weight to do the same; which challenge is immediately accepted, as another engine enters quietly on the opposite side—its name should be *The Anti-Climax*—stumbles over something, and rears itself up also in exact imitation of the first. To add to the horrors of the catastrophe, a load of squibs and crackers, which the last train was apparently carrying (probably for some country fête), suddenly explodes; and on this Tableau, of two terrific pasteboard steam-engines in fighting-cock attitude, the Curtain descends. In this scene Mr. HARRIS greatly distinguished himself. He divided his time impartially between saving beauty in distress, as the hero, and superintending the collision, as *Pluck's* producer.

Tableau IV. The Banker's sanctum in his English Home. A nice snug little study, the width of Drury Lane stage and half the length—(problem for arithmetician, to determine size of entire house)—coosily illuminated by twenty-four gas-lights in candelabras, and one lamp. Here *Stout Stephen* murders the Banker (when the twenty-four gas-lights are out), and *Peter Keene* witnesses the deed through the keyhole of the patent air-tight Safe.

Tableau V. We are outside a Bank during the Panic, or, apparently, a Glass Panic, as the crowd take to playing at smashing the windows, and the excitement of the audience reaches its climax when a man, with a pickaxe, rushes in, and, regardless of expense, smashes a pane of glass, worth, at the very least, two shillings! Upon this telling incident the Curtain descends, and at supper we drink to this act of genuine glass-smashing in a real glass of Champagne. Bravo, *Pluck*!

The concluding Tableaux are rather disappointing. In the first we are shown the exterior of the Criterion during a capitally managed snowstorm, which exhibits the resources of the Management

• He was obliged to come out very strong, we expect. On the night we saw the piece, an accident happened to the train off the stage, and *Spring-heel'd Jack*, who ought to have been lying senseless, was obliged to raise himself up, to see why on earth that confounded train didn't come up to time. He beckoned to it, or we should say, he signalled to it, but it wouldn't move. It was evidently a train on the Hitchen line, and so the Curtain came down only to ascend again in very few seconds, when on some the train without its funnel, rather slaggery. The smash was done to-rights, and the audience once more applauded the Managerial Pluck. Why should *Spring-heel'd Jack* have been so very hoarse in the next Act? He must have been strongly advising the carpenters not to mislead that train again.



"That one should smile and smile and smile, and be a villain."

HOME AND FOREIGN
PIGEON-SHOOTING.

PERHAPS the notice of the HOME SECRETARY, in reading the foreign news, may have been attracted by a telegram from Amsterdam, stating that the Minister of Justice has issued an order prohibiting the pigeon-shooting matches which were to have been held the other day on the Rustenburg estate. Why cannot Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT likewise issue an order prohibiting the pigeon-shooting matches which are held at Hurlingham? This is no fool's question; for the HOME SECRETARY has power to withhold permission to perform experiments on living animals from scientific men, and it has been stated, as yet without contradiction, that he has actually refused vivisection certificates to several eminent physiologists. How inscrutable is the wisdom of the law which empowers him to hinder investigators from wounding rabbits or guinea-pigs, even for the advancement of medicine and surgery, but not to forbid idlers from shooting, crippling, maiming, and mangling doves, of which the pigeon-shooter stands charged at the bar of public opinion with causing the eyes to be gouged out previously, for fun! This consistency must be conspicuous to everybody outside of Earlswood, but qualified by quantity of reflective faculties to be an object at least as eligible for admission to that asylum as anyone in it.

MUDDLE LODGING-HOUSES.
—The Peabody Buildings.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 97.



SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, M.P., F.R.S.

HOW DOTH THE BANKING BUSY BEE
IMPROVE HIS SHINING HOURS
BY STUDYING ON BANK HOLIDAYS
STRANGE INSECTS AND WILD FLOWERS!

SHAKSPEARE AND SHOP.

Mr. PUNCH,

ARE you quite sure, Sir, that Mr. DUTTON COOK is exact in saying that "in SHAKSPEARE's time the Actors knew nothing of Benefits?" How goes the song in *As You Like It*?

"Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As Benefits forgot."

From the above showing, would it not rather seem that the Actors, whom SHAKSPEARE represented in the way of business, did indeed know something of Benefits, but something too little, and much less than they wished to know. Perhaps SHAKSPEARE, who speaks so touchingly of "benefits forgot," wished to signify that he would like to have them remembered by the patrons of the Drama; thus delicately inviting them to "remember the poor Player." Doesn't this conjecture suggest an association of ideas rather opportune just now *à propos* of Egyptian and Turkish requirements—Benefits and Backsheesh?

Yours truly,
COMMENTATOR.

FROM THE WELSH HARP.

THE Grand Old Minstrel Boy will not (it is feared) preside with harp and voice at the Eisteddfod. But if the Harpists want an extra Lyre—and a good big 'un too—here's a chance for the ex-War Correspondent of a certain, or recently uncertain Daily Paper!

in the way of "paper." The storm is short and partial, and not sufficiently severe to account for the absolutely deserted appearance of Piccadilly and Regent Street between eleven and half-past twelve at night. The Middlesex Magistrates will be delighted, and the "C" Division despondent. The second and concluding Tableau is the conventional fire, with its accompanying smoke and confusion. As well as could be made out through the haze, before the Curtain finally fell, all the bad people had killed one another, and the hero and heroine had made arrangements for immediate marriage.

Fun on the Bristol at the Olympic. What this exactly is, it is difficult to say. Suppose an entertainment written by Mr. Dick (*David Copperfield's* "Mr. Dick") for the Colney Hatch Christy Minstrels, and supposing further that Mr. Dick had carefully studied all previous Ethiopian serenader literature, the *libretti* of the entertainment of Messrs. MASKELYNE and COOK, and the dialogues of Ventrioloquists with the man up the gas-pipe, or with the drunken person in the cellar, and suppose a struggle on Mr. Dick's part to keep some sort of a story in it, and to introduce "illustrations" of the oldest German-Reed-Entertainment type,—well imagine these being mixed all together anyhow, and some faint notion may be obtained of what this three-act "Oddity" is like.

There is a broad Comedian there, however, one Mr. SHERIDAN, with a strong facial resemblance to the late Mr. GEORGE HONEY, who, if he can do anything out of Irish brogue parts, ought to be an acquisition to any company; and, if his line is entirely Irish, he could revive the old style of farce formerly associated with the name of POWER and HUDSON. His make-up as the vulgar middle-aged Irish-American Widow, with a great deal to say and do, and his make-up as the Old Jew, with nothing to say and hardly anything to do, were both good,—the latter especially so.

The Foreign season being over, the FAREEN season has recommenced at the Gaiety.

While none of 'em are bad in
This version of *Aladdin*.
As the plaudits of the house evince,
TERRY, ROYCE, KATE VAUGHAN AWAY,
We all of us must say,
"It hasn't been the same piece since."

Miss FAREEN's Wretched Little Arab song is still to our mind the hit of the piece.

OUR DRAWN SWORD IN "EGYPTIAN PREFERENCE."—Several sharp-eyed Correspondents have written to us to complain that one of our imitable Artists, "C. K.," in his recent picture representing a British Trooper and a Fair Egyptian, has "*drawn the sword on the right side*." Heavens! Surely they wouldn't have our Chivalrous Artist draw his sword on the wrong side! The weapon that he has represented is symbolical of England's Sword, which should ever be drawn on the Right side. Heaven defend the Right! *Magna est Veritas!*

"NEBUCHADNEZZAR REDIVIVUS."—The following is a cutting from the *Field*, which results in what a cutting from any field probably would, i.e.—

GRASS.—A Gentleman having more GRASS than he can feed off, is willing to take Horses or Cattle to turn out.

This Gentleman must literally be "in clover."



"LIKE HIS IMPUDENCE!"

Noble Loafer. "AUGH—THESE PICT-YARS ALL YOU-ARS!" Painter. "Yes, M' LORD."

Noble Loafer. "AH—FOR SALE!" Painter. "OH, CERTAINLY."

Noble Loafer. "A PRIX FIXE!"

TAPPING THE WIRES.

ARABI PASHA to Sultan.—Have just read your last gracious message to my troops. They are delighted, and have massacred fifteen more Christians. Congratulate me! The infidels were defeated yesterday with loss of a thousand men and fifty guns. When are the Nizams coming? The 40-pounder at Ramleh is troublesome. Couldn't you get Conference to remove it?

O'D. R. (New York) to Arabi Pasha.—By Jabbers, you're doing it first-rate! Burning of Alexandria—capital! Go it, my boy! More power to your elbows! Am sending couple of trustworthy Fenians over to help. They bring dynamite; and we hope you will pay their Egyptian expenses. Would a few infernal machines be of any use? If so, will send them, and put expense down to Land League. They've got more money than we have. Why not blow WOLSELEY and Staff up? Would produce excellent moral impression, and subscriptions, over here. Wire back, but pre-pay reply.

Arabi Pasha to O'D. R.—Don't quite understand your last, but suppose it's all right. Don't send the two Fenians unless they bring cash with them. No cash, and very little food here. Yet Allah helping us wonderfully. This is a genuine national movement, so send as many infernal machines as you've got. Who's JABBERS? An Irish deity? Excuse question, and farewell!

Sultan to Arabi Pasha.—You may expect Nizams next week. Only not quite sure that BEAUCHAMP SETMOUR won't pound them up with his big guns! Rather awkward situation. Can't get 40-pounder out of Ramleh at present. Shall probably have to proclaim you a rebel; mere matter of form; hope you won't mind; and DUV-FERIN is so pressing.

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

BOLNEY FERRY.

THE way was long, the sun was high,
The Minstrel was fatigued and dry!
From Wargrave he came walking down,
In hope to soon reach Henley town;
And at the "Lion" find repast,
To slake his thirst and break his fast.
Alas! There's neither punt nor wherry
To take him over Bolney Ferry!

He gazes to the left and right—
No craft is anywhere in sight,
Except the horse-boat he espied
Secure upon the other side;
No skiff he finds to stem the swirl,
No ferryman, nor boy, nor girl!
He sits and sings there "Hey down derry!"
But can't get over Bolney Ferry!

No ferry-girl? Indeed I'm wrong,
For she—the subject of my song—
So dainty, dimpled, young, and fair,
Is coolly sketching over there.
She gazes, stops, then seems to guess
The reason of the Bard's distress.
A brindled bull-dog she calls "Jerry,"
Comes with her over Bolney Ferry!

She pulls, and then she pulls again,
With shapely hands, the rusty chain;
She smiles, and, with a softened frown,
She bids her faithful dog lie down.
As she approaches near the shore
She shows her dimples more and more.
Her short white teeth, lips like a cherry
Unpouting show, at Bolney Ferry!

With joy he steps aboard the boat,
The Rhymer's rescued and afloat!
She chirps and chatters, and the twain
Together pull the rusty chain:
He sighs to think each quaint clink-clank,
But brings him nearer to the bank!
His heart is sad, her laugh is merry,
And so they part at Bolney Ferry!

The Minstrel sitting down to dine
To retrospection doth incline;
"A faultless figure, watchet eyes
As sweet as early summer skies!
What pretty hands, what subtle grace,
And what a winsome little face!"
In Mrs. WILLIAMS' driest sherry
He toasts the Lass of Bolney Ferry!

DINER À LA RUSH.—The table d'hôte in the Midland Pullman Car. Like certain physis, it is well shaken before it is taken. Soup in Derbyshire, fish in Staffordshire, entrées in Leicestershire, and joints in Bedfordshire,—what more can the most go-ahead traveller require?

A HANDBOOK OF KNOWLEDGE.

No. VIII.—THE COFFEE-SHOP.



Q. What is a Coffee-Shop?

A. The opprobrium of the London thoroughfares.

Q. May I ask you to particularise a little?

A. It is difficult in a few words to define so curious a combination of many nastinesses as the London Coffee-Shop. It can only be described, and that in considerable detail.

Q. Is it not, as its name implies, a shop for the sale of Coffee?

A. That would, in most cases, be an imperfect and misleading definition. Firstly, because most Coffee-Shops sell other things than Coffee. Secondly, and most importantly, because most Coffee-Shops do not sell Coffee at all.

Q. But does not this singular carrying out of the *lucus à non lucendo* principle lead to difficulties with would-be customers?

A. Not at all.

Q. How, then, do the keepers of Coffee-Houses avoid such difficulties?

A. By substituting various dirty and dismal decoctions which they vend under the name of the genuine produce of Mocha.

Q. How are these decoctions composed?

A. Of ingredients as numerous, and often as unpleasant, as the constituents of the Witch's broth in *Macbeth*, among the more innocent of which are chicory, horse-beans, and fig-refuse.

Q. By what devices are these decoctions rendered palatable to the purchaser?

A. They are not rendered palatable at all. On the contrary, the muddy and tepid draught from the clumsy and unclean Coffee-House cup is as unpleasant to all the senses as can well be imagined.

Q. Are, then, the Coffee-Shops of London little used?

A. On the contrary, they are largely patronised by the lower and even the middle classes. The Coffee-House is, indeed, in many cases the restaurant of poor respectability, and to no small extent the home of such persons as labourers, cabmen, and the poorer grades of shopmen and clerks.

Q. What appearance do these curiously-conducted shops present?

A. Externally they are generally characterised by a sort of surface smartness, so far as this can be produced by paint, French-polish, gold-lettering, and gleaming lamps. Internally they are almost invariably frowsy, fetid, and fly-blown. Particularly the latter; the Coffee-House fly being an insect which, for plentifulness and pertinacity, surpasses even his fellows of the Butcher's or Confectioner's Shop.

Q. Will you describe the average Coffee-House interior a little more in detail?

A. In entering it, you probably plunge down an unseen and treacherous step, or steps, into a dingy, stall-divided, low-ceiling'd apartment, with an aspect of misty gloom, and an atmosphere of steamy unavouriness. The "stalls," consisting of narrow tables and hard seats, are of wood, grimy mahogany, or grubby sham-oak, the whole confined, unclean, and dismally uncomfortable. If there be any cloth at all upon the table, it is invariably smutty and egg-stained into a sort of Whistlerian arrangement in soot and gamboge. Most commonly there is no cloth at all, but the grease-coated and coffee-ringed board is left bare to sight and to touch. The ceiling is low and smoke-darkened exceedingly; the walls are steamy, and decorated with hat-pegs and battered advertisements. The murky air of the apartment is resonant with a dull, yet fretful and irritating booming. It is the co-operative buzzing of myriads of flies, whose bodies, or whose traces are on and over everything, ceilings, walls, clumsy cups and saucers, the mysterious decoctions served therein, the coarse sugar in the shattered glass bowl, the dirty milk in the dirtier mug, the rickety crust-stand, and the odd and fractured castors, the greasy bread-and-butter, and the equivocal egg.

Q. And what are the attendants upon the unhappy customer in this dreary den?

A. Commonly depressed men in shirt-sleeves and aprons, or blowy and bare-armed women in caps or curl-papers, who have to be summoned from dim and mystic interiors, by rapping on the table with a "copper" or a cup-bottom.

Q. What about the edibles and potables sold in these places?

A. They are generally quite in keeping with the places and their appointments; that is to say, they are nasty without necessarily being cheap. The so-called Coffee I have already described. It is a dreadful draught, served up in dirty crockery, accompanied by huge slabs of brown-crust bread smeared with a yellow deposit of oily butter. Tea, too, is forthcoming upon call,—a long-stewed, dingy-tinted potion of uncertain origin, flat as stale soda-water, nauseous as a sarsaparilla drench. Eggs which are musty, bacon

which is rusty, steaks which are tough, and chops which are tainted, even sodden cuts from half-cooked joints, and wedges of flabby pastry, may be procured at the more pretentious Coffee-Houses, while at the humbler ones the sense is regaled with the strong savour of red-herrings and smoked haddocks.

Q. You say that certain classes of the community freely patronise these dismal houses of entertainment?

A. They are the only resource of persons who will not stoop to the Cookshop and cannot rise to the Restaurant or Hotel.

Q. Would not clean, comfortable, and fairly cheap Coffee-Houses be a boon to these multitudes? A. Assuredly.

Q. What are the obstacles in the way of their establishment?

A. The same that militate against all improvements whatever—self-interest and stupidity; especially, in this case, the latter. Bright and cleanly Coffee-Rooms, where people, seated in comfort, could obtain wholesome refreshment at reasonable rates, would brighten the daily lives of large sections of the public, plump the pockets of enterprising caterers, and be no inconsiderable auxiliaries to the cause of Temperance.

Q. Have no efforts been made in this direction?

A. Yes; mostly ill-directed, and not generally successful.

Q. Why is this?

A. Mainly from want of sympathy and imagination.

Q. Are these commonly regarded as the qualities essential to success in so practical a matter?

A. No. They are generally looked upon, and laughed at, as mere poetical equipments. They are nevertheless prime necessities in dealing on a large scale with the wants of the poorer commonalty.

Q. Will you explain your seemingly transcendental position?

A. It needs wide and intimate sympathy to realise the requirements of the great, varied but unvoiced throng of what may be called the Hand-to-Mouth classes. It needs imagination and inventive enterprise to devise that which will meet at once their necessities and their tastes. Caterers for the convenience and the amusement of these classes, who possessed in the requisite degree these qualities, would go far to transform Society. They would at least provide, what at present are nearly non-existent, places where common people could partake of common fare in common comfort, amidst surroundings which were commonly cheerful, and at rates which were commonly cheap.

HOLIDAY HAUNTS.

By Jingle Junior on the Jaunt.

DOVER.



START for Paris—think you require rest—stay where you are—plenty of quiet—good air—good society—good food.—Lounge on Admiralty Pier—see boats off—pretend you're starting on Continental journey—see boats arrive—fancy you've returned from European tour—all the excitement—none of the trouble—cheap very!—Sir THOMAS BRUCE Admiralty Agent—Mr. DRUCE Admiralty Pier—ought to play a farce—Bruce and Druce—in new theatre about to be erected—safe to bring down the house—Ancient mariners—compel you to gaze through telescopes—nothing

to be seen but three eyelashes in a fog—pay sixpence—endeavour to look delighted—Shaft—Castle—Heights—Castle up such a height—sensible visitors never get there—height of absurdity—Military band—Granville Gardens—Yachts in harbour—old scenes—Lottery of Marriage—Jack Brag—"Three Mackerels"—pleasant lodgings—Marine Parade—Cinque Ports' Yacht Club—Cinque Porters in glass-case sunning themselves—Head Cinque Porter gazing through telescope—difficult to tell his scope of observation—Captain HAWLEY SMART in balcony—writing fiftieth sporting novel—*The Welsher's Rarabit*—Shakespeare's Cliff—no sapphire gatherers—mendacious Bard—sapphire gatherers fallen off since his time—good thing too—why doesn't Sir WATKIN gather sapphire?—capital for pickle.—Varied excursions—St. Margaret's Bay—splendid lobsters—Deal, Walmer—a deal warmer if you walk there—Snargate Street—who was Snargate?—why should he have a street?—lots of old salts—always thirsty—possibly because they are salts—arduous occupation—sitting on posts—smoking short pipes—gazing at offing—must be dry work—Dover soles—the best in the whole solar system—Dover prawns—the prawniest you ever met with.—Signal up—can't wait—Calais boat must be met—not a moment to spare—ta! ta!

THE Dutch Order of the Oaken Crown has been conferred by the King of the NETHERLANDS upon two English gentlemen connected with the business of education; but there are many woolen-headed representatives of Bumbledom and Officialism who have received this decoration direct from the hand of Nature.



PUTTING IT PLEASANTLY!

Officer (Orderly-room, Head-quarters). "AND WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN SINCE YOU LEFT YOUR REGIMENT?"

Private (just re-joined). "TACHED TO THE PRISON DEPARTMENT, SIR!"

CONTRIBUTIONS TOWARDS A NEW ANGLO-TURKISH DICTIONARY OF DIPLOMACY.

With Annotations and Illustrations.

By KIBOSH PASHA.

DIPLOMACY. The art of lying with dignity, evading with politeness, delaying with decorum, and financing with *finesse*. (See Arts. LIE, EVASION, DELAY, BRIBE.)

LIE. The "Rahat Lakhoum" of Diplomacy, or Truth in the form of a Confection (*Anglicè*, "Real Jam"). Some (Oriental) lexicographers invert this, and define Truth as a "Confection of Lies," Falsehood "sweetened to taste," as the Cookery-Books of the West have it. It is a distinction without a difference. There is no difference—in the diplomatic sense. What is called "Truth" is the (apparent) form in which a Lie is most palatable to the punctilious Western taste. In that form, therefore, it is the duty of the obliging Oriental to present it. The obliging Oriental invariably does his duty in this respect.

EVASION. The art of not kicking against the pricks. Points—whether of weapons or arguments—are generally prickly. Both should be avoided as long as possible.

DELAY. Time, says the wise man, waits for no one. It is the business of the wise man, therefore, to wait for Time. Time generally brings everything to those who wait for him. Delay is merely waiting for Time. The Western mind is hasty. It objects to waiting for Time, or, what is the same thing, for the Turk. Except that the Turk brings nothing to those who wait for him.

PROCRASTINATE. The more active form of delay. The West says that "Procrastination is the thief of Time." It is rather its murderer. The more time you kill—in diplomacy—the better.

NEGOTIATION. The art of postponing the acceptance of an unpleasant proposition by the counter-suggestion of an impracticable one.

CONSIDERATION. Looking at nothing with your eyes shut. An

excellent occupation for the interval between receiving the unpleasant proposition and making the impracticable one. (See above.)

INTRIGUE. See DIPLOMACY.

CORRUPTION. The finance of Diplomacy. The art of buying (your enemies) in the cheapest market, and selling (your friends) in the dearest. The latter branch of the art is the more pleasant and profitable. Some experts even succeed in combining the two operations in one transaction. This is the perfection of the art.

BRIBE. The circulating medium of diplomatic finance. The standard coinage of the political currency. The bribe (*baksheesh*) is indeed the substantial and fundamental basis of all diplomatic transactions, which consist, *ex fond*, in giving or receiving bribes. It is more blessed to receive than to give—a bribe. But there is one thing more blessed still. It is to receive a bribe, and "evade" (*q. v.*) the briber. This is selling the buyer. Sometimes—in artistically—called swindling. It is the *finesse* of diplomatic finance, to which, in its perfection, the crude and clumsy Western mind never attains. The true Turk—Allah be praised!—can buy without paying the purchase-money, and sell without parting with the commodity sold. This is the real diplomacy.

ULTIMATUM. The Western notion of *Kismet* or the Inevitable. To the Eastern understanding, a *cul-de-sac* with a back-door to it. That point in negotiations which affords the finest opportunity for lying, evading, delaying, considering, bribing, in short, for all the processes of diplomacy. The Inevitable—in the Turkish sense—is Diplomacy's last ditch, driven to which, the Turk has yet one resource, viz., to lie down in it gracefully, as though he liked it. He always avails himself of this resource.

THE new piece, *Clôture*, an adaptation from the French, by W. E. GLADSTONE, will be read to the Company at T. E., St. Stephen's, Westminster, as soon as possible after the re-assembling of the Company in October. The piece is described as possessing very little literary merit, but as offering fine opportunities for "gagging."

A SONG OF SOBRIETY.

"TEMPERANCE IN SOUTH LONDON.—The Southwark Total Abstinence Union on Sunday commenced 'a week of 100 meetings' by four large demonstrations in different parts of the borough. At Bermondsey Square, St. George's Circus, Millpond Bridge, and the East London Railway Station, large numbers assembled, with banners and regalia from the several temperance organisations in the districts."—*Morning Paper*.

At the next merry meeting of the Southwark Total Abstiners, their proceedings will, perhaps, be additionally enlivened if some capable Vocalist can be procured to sing them a song which may be entitled—

THE MODERATE DRINKER.

He that always gets drunk every night of his life,
Gossahbed the worse, most nights, for liquor.
When his duty 'sh to love and cherish his wife,
He's accusomed to thrash her and kick her.

Did you ever hear talk of *Christophero Sly*?
A tippler he was—and a tinker.

I don't hold with sish characters. I don't, not I;
But I'll own I'm a Moderate Drinker.

When a Total Abstiners refuses his glass,
Overcomin' a strong inclination,
I won't shay that I look on that man as an ass,
'Cause he knows that he can't shand temptation.
But no weakness like that is a trouble to me;
So I'm neither a sot nor a slinker;
And I won't take the pledge, but I'll keep my will free
To indulge as a Moderate Drinker.

Some I know in a senseless incapabile ahtate,
That get sometimes wheeled home in a barrow,
I walk shtraight up-stairs always—no matter how late—
If I don't always rise with the sparrow.
Now and then I've a twinge in one tender great toe;
An' I'm told my nose keeps growing pinker;
But how many Teetotallers likewise look so,
Just the same as a Moderate Drinker.

'Tisn't drink of a morning that makes my head ache,
For till noon I take nothing that's heady,
Only when my hand happens a little to shake,
And a drop sherves the shinnawah to shsteady.
'Tis excess that makes toppers talk thick and look queer,
Now I shpeak like a rational thinker,
As you all must allow, 'cause you see and you hear
That I'm only a Moderate Drinker.



HOSPITALITY.

"BY THE BYE, MR. JONES, THEY'VE ELECTED YE AT THE DINATHERIUM, I'M HAPPY TO OBSERVE. WILL YE DO ME THE PLEASURE OF DINING WITH ME THERE NEXT THURSDAY!—THAT IS, ALONGSIDE OF ME, YE KNOW!"

TORY REVELS.

(Slightly altered from Tennyson.)

"Conservative Demonstrations," held at the country seats of the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the "Constitutional Party," have been of frequent occurrence lately. On Monday the Marquis of SMALLBERRYSBURY opened the splendid grounds of Hated Park to a select party of about eleven thousand five hundred Conservative Working Men, their wives and families, who were regaled with a substantial cold collation, followed by a variety of outdoor sports, including Ethiopian minstrelsy, racing in sacks, kiss-in-the-ring, and dancing on the green. Several most eloquent speeches, extending over more than three hours and a quarter, and in which the Home, Irish, and Foreign policy of the Liberal (?) Government was unhesitatingly condemned, were delivered by the distinguished Statesmen present. The enthusiasm of the audience was tremendous; and it was touching to mark the staunch adherence to Conservative principles (and toffy) shown by mere infants. On Tuesday the Earl of STROTHERWAY entertained the Members of the Dragbehind Conservative Horny-handed Sons of Toil Club, with their President the Hon. LILYWHITE PAWS, M.P., at his fine old ancestral seat, Blockington Hall, Mouldy Hurst. The entertainments included a capital meal, &c., blind man's buff, lawn-tennis, bumblepuppy, coddams, and Tonic Sol-Fa singing, followed by some most stirring displays of oratory from the distinguished Statesmen present, and in which the Foreign, Irish, and Home policy of the so-called Liberal Administration was unhesitatingly denounced. The proceedings (which were throughout of a most enthusiastic character) wound up with a brilliant display of fireworks.—On Saturday next it is announced that a *fête champêtre* will be given at Tolloddl Place, near Seasidebury, Epping, the picturesque seat of Sir GYPES TOLLODDLE, Bart. The Members of the Anti-Bill-of-Rights Association, the Return-to-Rotten-Boroughs League, and the Society for the Total Suppression of the Habens Corpus, will be present in force; and it is expected that resolutions scathingly condemnatory of the Home and Foreign policy of a pseudo-Liberal Govern-

ment, will be moved and seconded by the distinguished Statesmen who have promised to attend. The pyrotechnic arrangements have been entrusted to the well-known firm of BLAZES AND BLOWMUP, Lower Explosion Road, S.E.
—*Morning Bedpost.*

SIR GYPES TOLLODDLE, all an Autumn day,
Gave his broad, breezy lands, till set of sun,
Up to the Tories. Thither flocked at noon
His helots, wife and child; and thither half
The neighb'ring pocket-borough, "pubs" and all,
Of which he was the Patron. I was there,
From Fleet Street visiting, the son of PUNCH;
And Toby too, with others of our set,
Together six, met at Tolloddl Place.

And me that morn the Bart. did show the house,
Rum, very rum, and full of rum old things,
All Tory. All the flowers were True Blue,
The proper colour of Conservatives;
Carv'd stones of Grampound's ruins in the park,
Old Sarum's wall, and Gatton's franchise lost;
And on the tables musty vestiges
Of Tory rule were jumbled all together—
Gags, handcuffs, gyves, and busts of CASTLEREACH,
Dark lanterns, *ex officio* informations,
Stocks, whipping-posts, and ancient cats-o'-nine-tails,
Th' accursed ballot-box and voting ticket,
The last Pot Walloper's revered skull,
The bones of voters who paid scot and lot,
And the halfcrowns which they were paid for voting.

I went
(Nursing a Blue-Book on Election Bribes)
Down through the park: glad was the sight to see,
For all the sloping pasture murmur'd full
Of happy faces very red with beer.
There moved the multitude, a thousand heads.
The artful leaders of their Institute
Taught them with flams. One mix'd a bowl with soap-
And-water, and from 'bacco-pipe did blow
The lying Tory bubble of the moment,
"Unprofitably Gay"; and, lower down,
A man with knobs and wires sent
A bogus message. Echo, in her sleep,
Cried "Telegraph!" And here were telescopes
That plainly showed green cheese within the moon.
A clock-work steamer, mann'd by Radicals,
Paddled along, and all at once blew up.
A dozen Tory spouters jettied steam;
A petty railway ran—and off the rails
Ran half the train, through a Fourth Party's means.
A puppet GRABVILLE, in a parachute,
Soar'd high, collapsed, and tumbled on his nose.
How the mob roared! An image made like DILKE,
But which, in truth, was but a Chelsea Bun,
Was sacrificed with solemn ritual to
The Eleusinian Mysteries, and then
The children ate him.

WOLFE, GORST, and WANTON, with their faces black'd
With smut of much incinerated cork,
With Welsh wigs dyed in ink like Ethiops' wool,
And collars looming large like schooners' sails,
Sang a Conservative and comic lay—
Its burden, "We're a Merry Family,
We are! we are!" And then an antic man,
Straw in his hair, and fury in his eye,
Full tilt at windmills with a goosequill ran,
And mopp'd and mow'd, and said he was St. James,
That yonder was the War Traill from Pall Mall;
And, if these things were done in Greenwood, what
Should next be done in dry? Blest raver! Then
A brave Aunt-Sally image was set up,
To represent the "People's WILLIAM's" phiz;
And then, with yells of "Yah!" from myriad throats,
They made a cockshy of the Grand Old Man.
An ox, that had a mask like HARCOVER's mug,
Was roasted whole, and NORTHCOTE basted it,
And revelled in the gravy; so that grub
Went hand in hand with sport, and beer with both.
Elsewhere there was pure sport—Peers raced in sacks;
While through horse-collars M.P.'s gaily grinned
For phantom Lordships of the Treasury,
The while a bearded Marquis grimly shinn'd
A parlous passage up a greasy pole,
But soon slipped down again, and could not clutch
The much-loved leg of mutton fat, called "Place."
And then they talked. Good gracious, how they talked!
And how ten thousand Tory urchins shrieked



OUR VISIBLE PRINCE TAKES A WELL-EARNED HOLIDAY.

BUT THE WELSH MAIDEN, MISS EISTEDDFOD, CANNOT CONSOLE HERSELF FOR THE DEPARTURE OF H.R.H.

That GRANVILLE was a "pump," and DILKE a "bloke,"
The while their mothers shook their heads, and sigh'd
They always thought that GLADSTONE was a willin',
A baby-farmer, and a sharp at cards,
A ruthless sweller of the Income-tax,
And one who could not say his Catechism.
So said they all; and he was thrice impeach'd,
And thrice they gave him to th' Infernal gods,
And alie'd his head on fancied Tower Hills.
Then there were fireworks; and overhead
Sir GYPES TOLLODDLE's aisles of lofty limes
Made noise with beer and bunkum, and with squibs.

THE EYES HAVE IT.—For the British Army in Egypt—blue goggles. For the Special Correspondents—rose-coloured Spectacles!

DEFINITION OF "A GREASY POLE."—A Butcher Boy's head.

THE EX-THEATRICAL CRITIC of the *Times*, Mr. MOWERAY MORRIS, has recently published some Essays, in which he endeavours to show that Theatrical Critics in general are mere mortals, whose judgment is clouded by the "chicken and champagne" lavished upon them by crafty and interested Managers, and who are "got at" and bought over by the charms of fascinating Actresses. Well, if this is the case—and we are not prepared to deny it—[only our middle-aged but susceptible Critic, whom we will briefly describe as a *Jos. Sedley*, and refer anybody interested in this to THACKERAY's *Vanity Fair*, had better not let us hear of his going in for this sort of thing without sending us an invitation several days in advance],—if, we say, such be the case, and Mr. MORRIS's allegation is correct, then, to adapt a popular song to the occasion—and to make it a "Song for the *Times*,"—"Things isn't now as they used to was in our late Critic's time"—and he was a late Critic with a vengeance! How fond he was of the small hours! The smaller the hours, the more he loved them. The motto to the *Times*' ex-Critic's book should be, "*O Tempora! O Morris!*"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

THEATRE-ROYAL, ST. STEPHEN'S, WILL RE-OPEN FOR SHORT AUTUMNAL SEASON OCTOBER 24TH, WHEN THE NEW PIERCE, "CLÔTURE," UNAVOIDABLY POSTPONED SINCE FEBRUARY, WILL BE PUT INTO ACTIVE PREPARATION.

Monday night, August 14.—One of those evenings which make the Aquarium of no account, and utterly falsify the proverb from the ancient Sagas about Roshevillie being the place to spend a happy day in.

"For my part, Toby," says GREGORY, "I am a little fastidious about my enjoyments. Have made a study of pleasure for some years, whence, perhaps, I acquire my jovial appearance. You may take your operas, your theatres, your garden-parties, your shooting, your fishing, or even your goings-up in a balloon. Give me the House of Commons, meeting in August when the Indian Budget is on, and Lord HARTINGTON is making the statement."

Mr. GREGORY rushed into the House so as not to miss a minute of the fun. Noticed that HINDE PALMER was also early in his place just behind the Treasury Bench. Quite agree with GREGORY. Really is enough to raise one's spirits at the end of a hard Session to see GREGORY to the left of the SPEAKER, HINDE PALMER to the right, and in the middle distance HARTINGTON on his feet entering into minute details of Indian Finance.

Exhilaration completed by what followed. The Members who discuss Indian affairs do not stand absolutely in the front ranks of Parliamentary attractiveness. Still, one may spend a pleasant evening, especially if it's hot, with Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, Sir GEORGE BALFOUR, Mr. Alderman FOWLER, Sir WALTER HARTLEY, Mr. O'DONNELL, and Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD.

A little disturbing to the repose that steeps mind and body on these occasions is the marvel at the range of talent of latter personage. Some men of long standing in the House are content to be authorities on one subject, or even two. Some are well up on the Land question, others on India, others on Ireland; some think Foreign Politics wide enough for their range; others lend their powerful minds to discussion in Committee of Supply; whilst others, like Mr. TREVELYAN for example before he joined the Ministry, take a single subject like the assimilation of the Borough and County Franchise, make it their own, and hammer away at it till it is in shape for legislation. One of ARTHUR's earliest Parliamentary feats was, without saying by your leave, to appropriate TREVELYAN's Motion, regardless of the circumstance that the Government had already adopted it as their own. In addition, he is at home on all subjects named above, and many more.

"Wonderful man, ARNOLD," I said to GLADSTONE, as we went down in a 'bus together to the East End, where, in preparation for his cruise, WEO was going to get a nautical suit at a shop in White-chapel, which he'd heard highly spoken of. "Quite the Admirable CRICHTON of the House of Commons. Knows everything."

"All things but one," said WEO, looking down at me over the edge of his collar, as one might gaze at a remote object over the verge of a precipice. "He doesn't know the House of Commons."

Business done.—Indian Budget brought in.

Tuesday Night.—Irishmen gone over to Dublin to revel in the splendid eloquence of Lord Mayor DAWSON at unveiling of O'CONNELL's monument. Mr. CALLAN left behind to represent the gentleness and the genius of Ireland. Rose to the height of occa-

sion. Began by moving Adjournment of House at question-time, whilst he charged some of his countrymen, holding official positions in Ireland, with heinous crimes. ATTORNEY-GENERAL showed there was not slightest foundation for allegations. Nevertheless, some hours later, Mr. CALLAN turned up again. What with heat of the weather, and weight of responsibility, as sole representative of Ireland, seemed to have forgotten what had taken place earlier in the evening. Made his speech over again, and then promised to deliver it again the next day. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, out of sympathy with patriotic sentiments perhaps a little incoherently expressed, came down heavy on the Member for Louth, who politely retorted by giving him the lie direct. LYON PLAYFAIR lingered long round the representative for Ireland, offering him repeated opportunities to withdraw. CALLAN firm. Not going to waste an opportunity, or lose a leaf of his laurels. In the end suspended, after an interruption of public business which, from first to last, covered an hour and a half. Mr. CALLAN highly gratified. Will go back to Ireland covered with glory.

"Them fellows thought they were doin' a foine thing in goin' to Dublin, and showing themselves beside O'CONNELL. Thought they'd left PHILIP CALLAN in the lurch, bad cess to 'em! But I've bated 'em now, and no harm done till I get suspended the third time, and begorra I'll lave that over till the last day but two of the Autumn Session, when I'll ask the SPEAKER to oblige me agin. They think they're a foine clever lot here. But PHIL CALLAN twists them round his finger as aisy as if they was a bit of soap, and," he added, reflectively calling to mind the advantage of more constant practice, "aisier." There's a good deal in what Mr. CALLAN says.

ASHMEAD ARABI BARTLETT BEY had a fine field night. Delivered luminous address on Foreign Policy, in hearing of six Members. STAFFORD NORTHCOTE may shirk his duty, DRUMMOND WOLFF may cut away before the end of the Session, and Lord ELCHO may steal a march by moving Adjournment of the House, so that he can get off his speech, and then get off himself. "If other boroughs fail at the crisis, Eye won't," says ASHMEAD, who hath a gentle wit.

Business done.—Mr. CALLAN expelled from another Club.

Wednesday.—Great disappointment in sixty noble breasts. Generally understood that everybody's gone out of town. House does not adjourn till Friday; but after Session of the kind we've had, natural disposition on the part of Members to clear out. Occurred to sixty Members that here was a chance of immortality. A brilliant picture rises before heated imagination. Everybody away except him. Enters House; takes his seat. Only Sergeant-at-Arms and Clerk at table at present. Sergeant-at-Arms stands at entrance, looking across deserted Lobby. Nobody else comes. Presently walks up-stairs. Patrols Committee-Room with drawn sword. Pokes with brand under tables, chairs, and in cupboards where Members not desiring to make a House are accustomed to lurk. Comes down, and finds the one Member in his place, waiting to say his prayers. No House, no prayers. No SPEAKER, no Motion of Adjournment at question time. No calling names, and then,

having said what you wanted, offering to withdraw. No fun, no nothing. Only this one Member, faithful among the faithless found.

Sir CHARLES FORSTER was one of the sixty, and as he put his hat on at home preparatory to losing it at the House, he pictured himself sitting lonely and in full possession of the House. "Like Cassa What's-his-name," he said to himself; "the boy who stood on the quarter-deck where all but he were burned."

Perfectly disgusted on arriving at House to find that same idea had occurred to fifty-nine others. Evidently no use to stop. So one by one disgusted Members retired, and House dwindled down till at half-past four Counted Out.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill sent up to Upper House.

Thursday.—Ireland broken out in fresh place. Mr. GRAY has been breaking the law, and been punished for it. Extraordinary excitement and indignation at this remarkable concurrence of events. Six Land-



"Dash my wig, but I'll have no more Gray airs!" exclaimed Justice Lawson, and the Deputy-Coroner, or Half-Crownier, took off the M.P. bodily to gaol.

Leaguers told off to hurry back to Westminster and protest against the unheard-of procedure. All very well for law-breakers in England to be punished; but in Ireland not used to it and won't have it.

Considering the shock received by public mind in Ireland, proceedings went off with unexpected quietude, or would have done only for Mr. CALLAN. PHILIP's feelings overcame him again, and, to his great surprise, was always running up against the SPEAKER or some other authority. Whatever he does is wrong. He cheers his friend SEXTON, and SEXTON angrily rebukes him. He bellows at the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and the SPEAKER threatens direful consequences. So PHILIP goes to sleep. But even here liberty of subject interfered with. When he sleeps he snores. Not an ordinary snore, but an effort such as a full-sized over-fed porker might make on discovering that when he thought he'd been going the wrong way, he'd been artfully led on a right path. SPEAKER looked threatening. Sergeant-at-Arms sat at attention! Another snore, and all would be lost. The O'KELLY equal to the occasion. Executing a forced march, he came up to the bench over which PHILIP's head gracefully hung, and, by dexterously pulling his hair, kept him just awake enough not to snore, and not so wide awake as to contradict.



Toby, M.P. for Berkshire, off for his Holiday.

Did very well up to last moment, when, SPEAKER about to put Resolution, a too vigorous tug at his back hair, brought PHILIP to his feet; in which position he contrived to stand till he'd compelled adjournment of debate by lapse of time. Strangers in Gallery much edified. Opinion of House of Commons greatly raised. *Business done.*—Adjournment settled.

Friday.—All safe at last, and both Houses happily adjourned. JOSEPH GILLIS, with deathless energy, wanted to begin again as soon as the SPEAKER came back from the Lords. But would not have it, and whilst JOSEPH B. was thinking how it would be if he moved the adjournment, the House was adjourned till 24th of October. Till then, as far as this Diary is concerned, the great question started by SHAKESPEARE, "TOBY, or not to be?" is gently but firmly settled in the negative.

FABLES REVERSED.

No. IV.—THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.



IN days of yore, by which I mean A thousand things since then have been, The Tortoise started on a race, But moved at such a tedious pace That his competitor, the Hare, Running here, there, and everywhere, Would often tarry by the way, Sure, when he pleased, to win the day; But not disposed to miss the chance Of seeing points of interest. So here he took his winter rest, And there in summer made pleassance. The Tortoise still, with heart and soul, Thought only of the distant goal.

Footsore and sad this sort of Toad Crept wearily along the road. The Hare could always catch him up But every eve To dine took leave And halted every night to sup.

CONCLUSION AND MORAL.

The Tortoise won the race—by half a head! But what a miserable life he'd led!

THE SPENDTHRIFT'S GUIDE.—No. V.

INEXIGUITY in spending or wasting money will grow by what it feeds on, and the Spendthrift will feel a lofty contempt for the poor plodders in outlay who keep yachts, breed race-horses, and fatten prize cattle. He will aim at a higher mark, and as long as he shoots with golden bullets, will find no difficulty in hitting it.

If there is one thing more than another that can be bought at a certain price in the open market, it is a seat in Parliament. When a seat is bought, it by no means follows that the buyer is obliged to sit in it. He can appoint a deputy. If he can buy one seat, he can buy ten; and if he can buy ten, he can buy twenty, with the usual trading reduction on taking a quantity. If he can appoint one deputy, he can appoint twenty, and can thus become the sole lessee and manager of a compact Parliamentary party. There is nothing to prevent him calling it the Sixth Party. The Fourth Party is a copyright term, and the right of translation is reserved; and the term Fifth Party is more or less claimed by Messrs. COWEN, GOSCHEN, and Co.—the champion jibbers of St. Stephen's.

In arranging his plans he may calculate his expenses to a shilling. An average seat in Parliament costs between four and five thousand pounds sterling, and the cost of keeping it up may vary from three hundred to a thousand a year. Five thousand pounds is a fair sum to pay for each Member for one year's lease, or one hundred thousand pounds for twenty Members. This will include all charges—even the fees for twenty elections at the Reform Club. The annual allowance to the twenty Members—as in the case of the Irish Party—is a matter of arrangement.

In selecting his Members, the Spendthrift need consult no Party, and no prejudice. He may keep up appearances by giving every "interest" an apparent chance, on the distinct understanding that all voting is to be under his sole direction. He can have a "godless" Member, with a good digestion for Mumbo-Jumbo tests, and he can balance this representative with a serious Member—one of the pets of the Reform Club—whose notion of liberty is the liberty of thinking exactly as the serious Member thinks. He can have a Cabman to represent the Cab interest, and an ex-Prize-fighter to uphold the principles of peace on earth and good-will amongst men. He can have an unconvicted Member of the criminal classes to watch the legislation which is supposed to restrict and punish the spread of crime; and he can have a Publican to keep an eye on licensing restrictions. He can have an Acrobat to watch all Acts of Parliament limiting the freedom of athletic sports; and he can balance this with a milkop Member who is inclined to place every dangerous crossing under the parental care of Government.

He can have a waspish Member with a head for figures, who will fill the place so long left vacant by the late JOSEPH HUME, and he can have several vestrymen well trained to expose the waste and incompetency of Bumbledom. A sonorous speaker against time, who is never at a loss for words, and never hampered with ideas, an impetuous Lord to take the Chair at Public Meetings, and a well-to-do Actor to give a conservative tone and an appearance of respectability to the whole combination, will make the Sixth Party one of the most complete things in Parliament. The Spendthrift, in exchange for his money, will become a power in the State, and will rank with Gin, Beer, and Railways in the Councils of the Nation.



TANTALISING—VERY!

"WHEN 'CETE' GOES MARCHING HOME!"

It is generally understood that the ex-King of Zululand will be restored to his Sovereignty on the following conditions:—

1. CETEWAYO undertakes to do his best to secure, as *compagnons du voyage*, Sir WILFRED LAWSON, Mr. BLUNT, Mr. ASHMEAD BARTLETT, Lord ELCHO, and the Council of the Church and State Guild.
2. He also promises to make Collections for the Royal College of Music, and to hold a Fancy Bazaar in its behalf.
3. He agrees to find space in his own land for the re-erection (after they have been taken down in London) of the Byron Memorial, the Temple Bar Dragon, and, although last, certainly not the least, the Hyde Park Wellington Statue.
4. He will open a Zulu branch of a London Industrial School, and guarantees that the children shall be as well treated in the one as in the other, this in spite of South African customs and prejudices.
5. He will give an account of his journey to England to all his people (in a long country tour), with the assistance of dissolving views and a piano.
6. He will learn to play the National Anthem upon the *Makarow-Bangbang*; or, Native African penny-whistle.

7. He will pay his subscription punctually to the Royal United Service Institution.

8. He will be careful not to quarrel with the Boers, and will avoid eating Missionaries as much as possible.

9. He will order Bishop COLenso to attend to his own business.

10. He will square JOHN DUNN, the Colonial Legislature, and everyone else inclined to be nasty.

11. He will wear a shirt-collar (with his native costume—blanket and feather) on the Lord Mayor's Day, and other state occasions.

12. And before all, and above all, he "will never come back no more."

YOU 'LL RESUME!

AIR (more or less)—"Ulalume."

Premier sings—

I HAD passed through a Session Satanic,
And Irish, with "Pussy," sleek Peer.
Those were the days of explosion volcanic,
The nights of delirium drear,
Long speeches, and labours Titanic,
PAT outrage, Egyptian panic,
Rude ruction, Obstruction, and fear,
French shirking, and shyness Germanic—
A most unforgettable year!

The Session, in fact, was a twister,
Had filled us with doubt and with gloom;
But we'd got to the end of its vista,
For starry-eyed Hope there seemed room.
We could flee from Big Ben's heavy boom.
Yet Forecast, Hope's heavy-browed sister,
Kept whispering words of dark doom
In my ear, "You'll resume! You'll
resume!"

In two months from to-day, you'll
resume!"

"We are off!" Pussy cried. "This is
pleasant!"

How jolly! From Westminster far!"

"Ah, precisely," said I, "for the present!"
Cried he, "What a croaker you are!"

What a—well Grand old Croaker you are!
Let us think of the grouse and the pheasant,
And not of St. Stephen's war.

Of popping at partridge and pheasant,
Not worry, and WARTON, and war."

Then I said, "My dear Pussy, be sober!"

Remember we're bound to be here

By the end of the month of October,

Of this unforgettable year—

By the twenty-fourth day of October.

This very identical year.

Ha! doesn't that make you feel queer?"

"We shall yet have to work, Puss, like
winking.

Tourists? *Closure*-ists also I trust.

Obstruction to fight without shrinking

Will call us all back—come we must,

To St. Stephens's shindy and dust."

"Oh, hang it!" cried Puss, his face sinking;

"That bothering *Closure* be—bust!"

Then I pacified Pussy, and chid him

For giving vulgarity room.

And he promised to do as I bid him,

But there passed o'er his features a
gloom—

A settled and sable-hued gloom—

As black as the pall o'er a tomb.

And I said—of it hoping to rid him—

"Dear Puss, what's the cause of this
gloom?"

He replied, "You'll resume! You'll
resume!"

'Tis the thought of those words, You'll
resume!"

* Cockney rhyme for which the Premier-Poet's
present model EDGAR POE, is responsible.



THE CLÔ-TOURISTS. (111)

W. E. G. "GOOD-BYE, DEAR BOYS! MEET AGAIN TWENTY-FOURTH OCTOBER. MIND OUR TICKETS ARE ONLY GOOD FOR TWO MONTHS!"

THE COLONNAD



PUNCH'S PRIZE MEDALS.



Medal struck in commemoration of the Third Reading of the Married Woman's Property Act, on Tuesday, Aug. 16th, henceforth to be known as "Independence Day."



To celebrate the promised Restoration of King Cotewayo, now almost a fait accompli, or "as good as Dunn."

THE CENSOR OF THE PRESS IN EGYPT.

(A Sketch from Two Points of View.)

THE HEROIC IDEA—MORE OR LESS IDEAL.

SCENE—A Battle-field. The Censor is discovered charging the enemy, rallying a British square, and superintending the erection of fortifications.

Censor. So far, so good. I have a moment's rest. Nay, a British regiment advances. I must address them. (Enter Battalion—he declaims for a quarter-of-an-hour. Battalion cheer, and exeunt.) Ah, who comes here?

Special Correspondent (entering on foam-covered horse). 'Tis I! Ha, ha! it has been a hard ride! I have cut down a dozen artillerymen, made short work of a regiment of cavalry, and here I am! [Rests on drum.]

Censor. And welcome! Look out, a shell approaches!

[They both bob their heads. The projectile passes over them.]

Special Correspondent. And now the news?

Censor. The same as ever. Our troops are as brave as lions; our foes, though sturdy, cannot stand the rush of British lead and steel. Tell the Public that England may be proud of her Army, her Navy, and her Volunteers.

Special Correspondent (rather impatiently). Yes, yes, I know! That is what you said yesterday! But surely you have got something more definite. Think—is there no scrap of news I can send to my employers with safety?

Censor (emphatically). None. I regret it, but the orders of the Commander-in-Chief are imperative! See, Sir—the enemy!

[Enter an Egyptian Army. Scene closes in as they fall to.]

THE MATTER-OF-FACT IDEA—LESS OR MORE REAL.

SCENE—An Office. The Censor is discovered arranging his papers, putting his books in order, and hanging up his maps.

Censor. Come, that's all right. Strange no one's looked me up. Ah, I thought so! Here's BILLY DAWDLER. Must have a chat. (Enter Aide-de-camp. Pleasant conversation for half-an-hour. The Aide-de-camp nods, and exits.) Some one else?

Special Correspondent (entering leisurely). Here I am. Beastly hot, getting here. Been challenged by a dozen sentries, but I've come. [Sinks on sofa.]

Censor. Precious glad to see you. Look out! Here comes a musquito!

[They both bob their heads. The insect passes over them.]

Special Correspondent. Well! Got any news?

Censor. The same old story. All right at the front. Fellows as per usual.

Everybody in it—Army, Navy, and Volunteers. Give them that kind of thing in your paper.

Special Correspondent (rather impatiently). Yes, yes. But that's what I've been doing for the last fortnight! What's the good of wiring leading articles? 'Course I don't want to help Mr. ARAB, but haven't you a scrap that will do for a Second Edition?

Censor (emphatically). None! Awfully sorry, old chap, but must obey orders. You know what Sir GARNET's like. See, old man—the luncheon!

[Enter a British Meal. Scene closes in as they fall to.]

THE SALVATION NAVY.

THE Salvation Army was sure not to exist long without an imitator, and we are, therefore, not surprised to hear of a Salvation Navy, under the direction of a person calling himself Admiral Two. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY has sent a Post-Office Order for ten shillings, and a letter of sympathy to the Admiral. Admiral Two has learnt the trick from General BOOTH of treating the most sacred things with almost blasphemous familiarity, and he has summoned his supporters with the following imitation of the *Arethusa* sea-song:—

"ON BOARD OF THE 'ALLELUJAH!'"

Come all you sinners, young and old,
With 'earis once cast in 'Eaven's mould,
And join our Ker-istian Navy bold—

On board of the 'Allelujah!

We're bound to floor the forts of Sin,
And the Devil himself will soon ease in,
Then join the side that is sure to win—

On board of the 'Allelujah!

THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH (Letter not admitted by the Editor of the P.M.G.)—SIR.—Look 'ere, I'm a loyal subject, I am—by Jingo if I'm not—and when a pal reads out to me letters in your paper from people that come and putemself forward as crutty-scissors of the Queen's English, it makes my blood bile again, so to speak, as if Her MAJESTY didn't speak as good English as me or you. Then some one notices, as was also read out to me, that a weekly crickital paper, when cricke-sizing others, makes "eight its in five lines." Well, ain't eight "its" good enough? Nothin' I like more than avin a good it at anybody or anythin' as deserves ittin, and "eight its in five lines" is very fair allowance, and precious sharp ittin two. Yours,

'ARRY THE HEIGHTH.

LATEST FROM THE HOUSE.—Dr. PLATFAIR, the Chairman, has been suspended by Mrs. BROWN, the Charwoman.

SEA-SIDE-SPLITTERS.

By Dumb-Crambo Junior.



Heavy Swell on the Bar.



Indianman going into Port.



Taking a Bow.



A Cutter rounding the Buoy.

"CHAIRY NOTHINGS."

TABLE-TURNING has long ceased to amuse or interest the British Public. But, if we may judge from the following advertisement which appears in the *Reading Mercury*, there may be considerable sport to be had out of chair-turning.

CHAIR TURNERS.—WANTED,
two good Workmen, without character, either good or bad. No total abstainer or poacher need apply.—Address, &c.

As the advertiser requires neither good nor bad character, possibly indifferent characters will be at a premium. Thus there will be a fine opening for decayed table-turners and spirit-rappers out of employment. "No total abstainer or poacher need apply." We are glad to find that the advertiser knows where to draw the line. But why, we want to know, should chairs be turned at all? We know the use of a turnkey, a turncock, a turnspit, a turnpike, a turncoat, a turnstile, and a turnover; but what is the use of a turnchair? Mr. Punch, who is capable of turning his own chair when requisite, confesses himself quite puzzled with this advertisement.

"I AM aware, my dear," said Mrs. RAMSDOTHAM, bridling up, "that the Poet Laureate is a State Appointment. But what I want to know is the meaning of what Mr. MUM, M.P. for Dumbshire, told me that some one had accepted an 'office of Prophet under the Crown.' How can anyone tell what's going to happen? and if he does know, as an official he oughtn't to tell."

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 98.



SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

"BENEDICTUS! WHY BENEDICTUS! . . . HE CAN WOO IN FESTIVAL TERMS."—From *Shakespeare's Much Ado*. (Birmingham Edition.)

TRILLS OF TO-DAY.

I.—WALBERSWICK PIER.

(The Nautico-Artistic Song.)

THE sun has gone down 'neath the blue-purple billow,
And shyly a saffron star shines in the sky;
The maiden is lissom and lithe as a willow,
And deep are the depths of her cyanine eye.
And it's oh! for the gleam of the diamond tear
Which the bold Pilot drops upon Walberswick Pier!
The sun has come up on the opaline ocean,
The star is tired out and gone silently home;
The maiden, methinks, at the dawn has a notion
That Pilots are fickle and false as the foam.
And it's oh! for the sound of the cold-hearted jeer
While the gay Pilot winks upon Walberswick Pier!

ABOUT ten days ago, the Rev. E. R. CURRIE was inducted to the Deanery of Battle. If ever there were an excuse for a dignitary of the Establishment joining the Salvation Army, it would naturally be found for the Dean of BATTLE. The Dean's name, too, is suggestive of a peppery and fiery temperament. "CURRIE," which sounds "about as hot as they make 'em!" The Bishop of CHICHESTER took a leading part on this occasion; his Lordship went to Battle, and charged from the pulpit.

VERY IRISH.—The Proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal* in prison.

THE LONDONER'S DIARY.

(For the Week ending August 26.)

Monday.—Called upon friends and relations for the last time.
Tuesday.—Final visit to my hatter, gun-maker, and tailor.
Wednesday.—Concluding stroll into the office of my stockbroker.
Thursday.—Farewell dinner at the Club, with stall to follow.
Friday.—Closing of my season-wardrobe, and packing-up of my travelling-portmanteau.
Saturday.—Valedictory glance at the *Times*, finishing-up, hansom, and off!

LAST night, when tucked up in his little bed by the calm moonlit sea, poor BOODELS (of Boodels) wished to be at peace with all the world, and for a while at least to hug the soft illusion (pretty metaphor this!) that, as Mr. GLADSTONE pleasantly says, "We are at war with no one," two young Ladies in the next house struck up the overture to the *Crown Diamonds*. Then they went in for selections from *Fra Diavolo*. Seldom did they play a right note; rarely were they either in unison or harmony. "They're as bad as those diabolical Pecq people," cried BOODELS in his agony, "and I'd string 'em up, without extenuating circumstances, for murdering AUBERT!"

THE Play at one time so largely advertised all over London, ought to be represented at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, during the O'Connell Celebration—*The Danites*.

MRS. RAMSDOTHAM is delighted to hear the Artists have protested against the destruction of Cairo, as, she understands, it is the only place where *cairoscure* can be properly studied.

Kumparasuns are Odyrus.

THE LORD MARE says as HER MAJESTY'S virtue and wisdom is such as to make her almost superhuman.

I says, as the man who can eat five pounds of Roast Beef, and then quietly polish off two pounds of rum stakes, like His Grayshus Majesty King CATCHYWHY Oh! is quite superhuman and almost sublime!

P.S.—King Catchemalive-O and Roastemhole-O I should call him.

POTATOES.—Correspondence still going on in the *Times* about the mysterious origin of this vegetable. There's one writer, at all events, who ought to know something about Potatoes, and that is the PEEL—who writes from Garden-head, Ventnor—henceforth to be known as Potato PEEL.

SHAKSPEARIAN MOTTO, SLIGHTLY ADAPTED, FOR MINISTERS DURING THE RECESS.—"Tis my Vacation, HAL! 'Tis no sin for a man to labour in his Vacation!"

SHORT TITLE FOR THE MARRIED WOMEN'S PROPERTY BILL (by a Fortune-hunting Bachelor).—The Prevention of Marriage Act.

GOVERNMENT WAR SONG (à propos of the Militia).—"We mean to do without them!"

STREET NOMENCLATURE.—Change of Name.—Melbury Road to be in future "Blackberry Road."

WAR CORRESPONDENTS' INVENTIVENESS.—The "Gay" Science.



"ONE TOUCH OF HUMOUR," &c.

Dignified School-Board Visitor. "Now, my boy, suppose you were to give me a PENNY, and I were to give you back a HALFPENNY, HOW MUCH SHOULD I OWE YOU?"

[At this Question a grin of delight lit up the little faces—the Gentleman was at last beginning to "make fun."]

Lowest Boy (quite ready for him). "WHAT YER'D JOLLY WELL STICK TO, IF YER GOT 'OLD OF IT!"

[A peal of Laughter all round, and Examination breaks up!]

"A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT!"

"Mr. C. VILLIERS STANFORD has written to a contemporary to say that having been asked to compose an Inaugural March for the opening of the Dublin Exhibition, and having taken an old Irish air as his theme, and worked it up to a finish, 'introducing "God Save the Queen" fortissimo on the brass instruments,' he was informed by the Committee that they must in consequence decline to accept his composition."—*Daily Paper.*

SCENE—The Interior of a Glass-House. Enter the Shade of DANIEL O'CONNELL. He pauses before an Effigy of himself crowned with laurel, and surmounted by a treasonable Flag. A Cosmopolitan Patriot approaches him obsequiously.

Daniel O'Connell. Ah! shure—and what's this?

Cosmopolitan Patriot (with strong Yankee accent). Wal,—I calculate that's done to do honour to your memory. Smartly fixed up, ain't it?

Daniel O'Connell. I don't understand you, my friend. A harp, without the Crown? If that symbolises anything, it means rank treason; and if you've read the history of your country, and recognise the lifelong struggle in which I was engaged for its true enfranchisement, you must know better than to associate my memory with such stuff as this. *(He tears it down.)* It's a disgrace and degradation to the cause.

Cosmopolitan Patriot. Hold on there, Stranger! You're just wastin' the League's money there:—that you are! Guess you'll have a two-inch chalk-mark against your name in New York if you don't take care.

Daniel O'Connell. New York? Then you're not an Irishman?

Cosmopolitan Patriot. Thar—you're out, Stranger; I'm Irish—from the other side of the Water;—and that is real grit, that is. Shall I swear you in?

Daniel O'Connell. Stay, my friend. It looks as if I hadn't made myself plain. Or perhaps others, for their own vile and miserable purposes, have traded on the magic of my name. Now, listen!

What I did for Ireland, I did as a true and as a loyal politician, and the men of that day who followed me upon the path to which I led them, were of a different mould and spirit to the wretched crew of cowards and traitors who, in these later times, have usurped their heritage and discredited their labour. There are some brave and honest men still working for Ireland. But, at a time when the Imperial Government has, for a notable effort of just legislation, merited the gratitude of your fellow-countrymen, you are compassing the disruption of the Empire; and with a brazen effrontery you inaugurate a national enterprise by an avowed insult to your QUEEN. Such things were not of my day. On the fifth of December, 1839, when addressing at Bandon an enthusiastic assemblage of my fellow-countrymen, I spoke as follows:—"Let every man," I said, "in the vast and multitudinous assembly stretched out before me, who is loyal to the QUEEN, and would defend her to the last, hold up his right hand!" And to that appeal, as the papers of the time will tell you, the entire assembly responded with prolonged and tumultuous cheering. That was the spirit of those days, and to it was due the dignity, the durability, and the depth of the mighty agitation of which I was then the centre, and have since remained the sign.

Cosmopolitan Patriot. Wal—that may be; but beside BIGGAR I call you artichoke peelins.

[Exit, to have a "liquor up" with the I. R. S. C.]

Mrs. RAMSBOOTHAM thinks the recent opposition to Benefits a reflection on the Church of England. "Wasn't there," she indignantly asks, "Benefit of Clergy? And weren't even the poor Insolvents allowed to take the Benefit of the Act?"

PROPOSED SCHOOL FOR SMOKERS.—Cavendish College, Cambridge. Undergraduates' rooms to let in Bird's-eye Buildings.

"ROBERT" AT THE MINISTERIAL BANQUET.



WELL, I think as all the world, that is, all the world as is anybody, will agree that we have gone and polished off our long season in a way as must be gratifying to the friends of the noble old Copperashun, and be gaul and wormwood and bitters to the Bran New Municipality as is to be, some day, perhaps.

If the Bankwet to Her Majesty's Ministers, and setterer, wasn't a staggerer, I should jest like to hear from sum emmentent orthority what they would consider to constitoot a staggerer. Praps the thortless may sneer at the fact as there wasn't no Dooks present, but Dooks is difficult to catch, specially in August, wen they're as wild and as shy as the Growse, and as we managed to muster about a score of Nobblemen of lesser degree, and about fifty Members of Parliament, and a large majority of the Court of Aldermen, and regular heaps of Common Councilmen, and last, but not least, in the love and affecshun of the LORD MARE, as it seems, nearly the whole of Her Majesty's Cabinet Ministers, the absence of a Dook or two wasn't of much account. No one was much surprised at the absence of Sir WILLIAM ARCOVERT, after the threats as he has held out to us, and the langwidge as he has used about us, even his howdacious imperance wasn't equal to beardin the Lion in his Den, specially about feeding time.

I have seldom ofishyated at a better dinner, and didn't all the small fry of the Government thorowly enjoy it.

Praps the Evening Noose that the Lords had thrown up the sponge, and didn't mean to turn 'em all out, gave an adishunal relish to it.

I am sorry for the poor Markis of SALESBURY. He was allus a good friend of the Copperashun 'till they wouldn't take his Nevvy from out of the Brompton Simmetry and make him Rimembransir, and so, nat'rally feeling this to be rather fishy conduct, he threw them over at Shadwell and left them floundering about like so many souls and heels. I shouldn't ha much liked to have had to wait on the noble Markis when he partook of his umbel reparat on that next Thursday evening.

But let us return to our Wittles, as the French say.

I at once, and without any hezzitashun, pernownce the speeches to be 1st rate. The LORD MARE surpast hisself, and that ain't a easy task for any Lord Mare in August, and for such a Lord Mare as we are got now, almost imposibel. Nothink but gratitood could a' done it.

Why, when I heard him say that HER MAJESTY'S wisdom and wirtue was almost superhuman, and bordered on the divine, tho I didn't know a bit what he ment, I felt quite overcome, and so did a good many other people, to judge by their looks.

And then the kind way as he spoke of that Mr. GLADSTONE, and how he seemed to quite forgive him for fritening them all out of their wits last Jannewary. Gratitood again, not only for favours past, but praps for favours to come, says that imperent BROWN.

I suppose the rule holds good with Prime Ministers the same as with people who are not so prime, "In Wino Werrytas," so it's consolin to learn from him that he has a great respect for this partiklar old custom of the City of London. I should rather think he has, judging by the way in which he enjoyed hisself, a-chatting and a-larfing, and a-goin on with his fun with even the LADY MAREES herself, who with her true good nature didn't seem at all annoyed.

It was werry kind of him to say that tho a man could manage to do the work of a mere Prime Minister for a serious of years, no man could stand being a Lord Mare for more than one.

Of course he eluded to Branes, but that imperent BROWN says he meant Stummick.

Who'd have thort, to look at him a-sipping his Champain so daintily, that he had got about 5 millions of discontented Irish a-setting on one shoulder, so to speak, and ARRY B. PASHAW and swarms of half-naked Eijeshuns on the other. BROWN says it's the effex of having a clear conscience, but I says it's the effex of having

a fine dijeshun, and if I had my chice, and could only have one, I knows which I'd chewa.

He said a good many sivvul things when he drunk the LORD MARE'S elth. I was a-lissenin, tho' praps he didn't know it. I didn't care, of cource, about all his long parlarver about Ejipt. I was a-waiting ankshually to hear him apollygise for what he put in the Queen's Speech last Janiwerri, and to promise not to do it again, but, strange to say, he seemed quite to forgit to do so. However, the LORD MARE gava it him rayther hot in his reply, and then they all broke up and went away.

And so ends about the 747th Chapter of the strange and ewentfool history of the grand old Copperation of the City of London, the nursing Grand-mother of many other Copperations, some Bigger, like the sillybrated Irish M.P., and some Littler, like the elustrious Q.C., but all performing, to the best of their abilities, the two great duties of Public Life, Work and Wittles. Should any Frothy M.P. think of laying his owdacious hands, upon its sacred rites—let him Paws!

ROBERT.

THE YARN OF THE YACHTSMAN.

"We are at present wobbling about on a short 'lop' off Ryde Pier."—*Loy of the "Eva."*



I SMILE at the tempest, I laugh at the roar
Of the breakers that thunder in foam
on the shore;
I'm calm, when receiving perpetual shocks
Of ocean, we dance like the gay top-sail blocks:
But one thing I wish Father Neptune would stop,
I cannot stand wobbling about on a "lop."

I sail with the squadron as gay as can be,
I frolic about with the R. T. Y. C.;
I crowd on all sail till the *Eva* behaves
Like a bibulous dolphin that waltzes in waves:
That suits me, but, oh, for some corner to prop
My poor head, when wobbling about on a "lop."

I'm quite the gay yachtsman, and know, Sir, I fegs,
I've a real seaman's suit, if I've not my sea-legs;
Though I feel that I'm best down below in a race,
I'm all there at eight bells when we "splice the main-brace;"
We anchor, and then I'm all over the shop,
But preserve me from wobbling about on a "lop."

HOLIDAY HAUNTS.

By Jingle Junior on the Jaunt.

RAMSGATE.

REAL old-fashioned sea-side—rare sniff of the briny—no nonsense about it—old-fashioned houses—comfortable green balconies—pleasant gardens—tamarisk hedges—don't hide behind 'em—it am a risky thing to do—white cliffs—corn-fields! Hearty enjoyment—dress as you please—wear buff slippers—quite the buffoon—tremendous appetite—ready for anything—walk on the Pier—fancy yourself Elder Brother of Trinity House—think you know all about buoys and beacons—lighthouses, ballastage, tolls—criticise cutters—smile on smacks—leer at luggers—loll on capstans—gravely return salute of sailors—quite the Port Admiral! On the sands—bonny girls—sand-witches—ha! ha!—German band—sand-pipers—ho! ho!—journals sold by itinerant vendors—sand-papers—he! he! Nurses and novel-readers—papas and perambulators—spades and sea-weed—diggers and darlings—bathers and boaters—pets and paddlers—pink-legged children with furled frocks—like flamingoes in frills! Nice day for a sail—Goodwin Sands—Broadstairs—Margate—drive round Thanet—pleasanter drive than it can't be imagined—St. Peter's—Minster—Monkton—Sarre—Birchington—East Cliff Lodge—residence of Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE—West Cliff Lodge—formerly abode of Princess VICTORIA! Here we are!—Pegwell Bay—who was PEGWELL?—no matter!—two quarts of shrimps—peg well into 'em—heaps o' bread-and-butter—pint of stout—very hungry—lots more to say—told as a child—mustn't speak with mouth full—early reminiscences—very affecting—excuse manly tears—no more at present!





EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

"AND SO YOU HAVE BECOME NATURALISED IN ENGLAND, MONSIEUR BILBOQUET!"

"MON DIEU, OUI, MON AMI! BUT IT DO NOT MAKE MUCH OF DIFFERENCE. I 'AD LOST SE BATTLE OF WATERLOO, AND NOW I 'AVE WON IT! VOILÀ TOUT!"

FLIGHTS AND SIGHTS;

OR, A SOME STEPS IN THE WRONG DIRECTION.

THE recent controversy with the Dean as to the safety and feasibility of letting batches of five hundred adventurous sightseers at a time loose among the intricate ladders and dark and dangerous galleries that lead to the dome of St. Paul's, having spurred the "Working-Men's Committee" to the consideration of further gymnastic opportunities of a similar description, the following hitherto unattempted feats will shortly be added to any complete list of things to be done by intending visitors to the Metropolis:—

Ascent of Iron Flag-staff on the top of Victoria Tower, Westminster.—May be made daily by parties of not less than twelve, at any hour from 3 A.M. to 9 P.M. Tickets at Lord Chamberlain's office, the Lunacy Commissioners, Charing Cross Hospital, and all respectable licensed victuallers.

Cleopatra's Needle, and Albert Memorial, Hyde Park.—Same conditions, excepting that for the latter a guide with ice-batchet and ropes must be hired at the base. N.B. For the convenience of inexperienced climbers, a solicitor, with Forms of Wills ready for signature, will be generally found in attendance on foggy or wet afternoons between 12 and 4. Witnesses, if required, can always be secured on the spot by payment of a small fee.

The Outside Parapet of Waterloo Bridge.—Free. Intending visitors over eighty should, in windy weather, get a policeman to accompany them along the ledge on all-fours and hold them securely by the hair when turning corners.

Main Drainage System.—Can be inspected at all points, and descent made immediately on application to any of the local officials. This should, however, not be attempted after dusk without a map and lucifers. N.B. There is no cab-stand at Barking.

The Interior of the Chandelier at Drury Lane Theatre.—Through the roof at any hour. As the above is seen to its best advantage when lighted, a free admission for two to the Upper Boxes, giving

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

THE First of September, remember
The day of supremest delight.
Get ready the cartridge, the partridge
Must fall in the stubble ere night.

The breechloader's ready, and steady
The dog that we taught in old days;
He's firm to his duty, a beauty
That cares for but one person's praise.

He's careful in stubble, no trouble
In turnips, he's keen as a man;
But looks on acutely, and mutely
Seems saying, "Shoot well, if you can!"

They flash from the cover—what lover
Of sport does not thrill as they rise,
In feathered apparel? Each barrel
Kills one, as the swift covey flies.

So on through the morning, still scornful
All rest until midday has past,
When lunch should be present, and pleasant
That *à fresco* breaking of fast.

One pipe, then be doing, pursuing
The sport that no sport can eclipse:
So homeward to dinner, a winner
Of praise from the fairest of lips.

MARRY! COME UP!—In consequence of the passing of the Married Woman's Property Act, it will probably be found necessary to alter, considerably, some of the express conditions mentioned in the Marriage Service. "For richer, for poorer" must be now struck out, and, perhaps, "for better, for worse" will go with it. "With all my worldly goods I thee endow"—*cela va sans dire*. Henceforward, the wife has her own property to herself, and the husband his to himself. Self-preservation is the first law of Nature. But, as we are coming back to the "first law of Nature," how far beyond it will the next step take us?

SEVERAL "blue hares" have been shot on the moors. What a lot Baron AROMÉLIQUE, surnamed *Blue Beard*, must have had of 'em in his time.

access to a prohibited back staircase, will be found most convenient. Care should be taken not to drop heavy walking-sticks, rolls of half-pence, or front-door keys on to the heads of the occupants of the stalls beneath. Moreover, the chandelier not being capable of supporting the weight of more than two visitors at a time, it is as well to arrange with the policeman in pursuit, and offer him a small consideration to wait in the neck.

The Tigers' Den at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park.—Free daily. The best hour for entering the above is about twenty minutes before feeding-time, when the animals are generally pretty fresh and always lively and amusing; strangers who are paying their first visit, however, would do well to provide themselves with a complete diver's dress, a pickaxe, fog-signal, and a side of raw beef. There are no fees.

The Dome of the Albert Hall.—At all hours by fire-escape in felt slippers. Care should be taken to avoid, if possible, going through the glass roof into the larger organ-pipes.

The Weathercock on the New Law Courts.—In company with the Lord Chancellor, at any hour after dark, &c., &c.

But will Mr. DICKENS kindly look at his capital Dictionary, and revise still further in the same direction?

The River-Drift Girl.

(Written at Skindle's, and dedicated to Professor Boyd Dawkins.)

O RIVER-DRIFT Girl,
With the tangled curl,
Afloat in your light canoe!
Who's happier than
The River-drift Man,
So happy to drift with you!

Oh, 'tis sweet to note,
In the drifting boat—
As clouds drift o'er the blue—
The drifters gay,
As they drift away,
Away in their light canoe.

APPROPRIATE CRICKET-GROUND.—Batters-y Park.



THE REWARD OF GENIUS.

Brown (to his Schoolfellow, Jones, the distinguished Man of Letters, successful Novelist, Dramatist, &c., &c.). "NOT SEEN YOU FOR TEN YEARS! AND YOU ARE WRITING STILL! SO AM I. CAPITAL BERTH, MY DEAR BOY—SUB-EDITOR TO THE BASKET-MAKER'S TRADE ANNUAL. AH! OUR WORK IS USEFUL ENOUGH, BUT IT DOESN'T BRING EITHER OF US MUCH BEFORE THE PUBLIC—NOW DOES IT!"

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In 1860 I sent you a joke, which, without any acknowledgment, and dashed up in an almost unrecognisable form, you published years afterwards. Now, Sir, I see you are at your old game. That picture of yours last week appeared—or rather the original appeared—in the *Dordrecht Boompje*, the low Dutch comic paper, in 1850. Take care, Sir. I remain,

THE MAN WITH HIS EYE ON YOU.

SIR,—I inclose the following. It really happened. My little girl was coming in from a walk, and her mother asked her where she had been. To which my little girl (only seven, and as like MILLAIS' picture of "*Cherry Ripe*" as two peas) replied quickly, "Out, Mamma. It is early for me to be out, as you said that only girls of eighteen could be out." It would make a charming sketch for one of your talented artists.

Address, Sir Richard Doddlemus,
Stuccupo House, Hampstead.

Yours sincerely,
R. DODDLEMUS.

DEAR SIR,—I had the pleasure of meeting you at a garden-party some seven years ago, though, as we were not introduced, you may possibly have forgotten me. Still, on the strength of this intimacy, which, I am bound to confess is slight, I beg to enclose you some drawings done by a niece of mine, which I think display undoubted talent. They are of course crude; but you know, my dear Sir, that only practice makes perfect, and the Artist is only eleven years of age. Still, she is very ready to learn, and would gladly take any hints or advice from Mr. SAMBOURNE, whose works, he may be pleased to know, she greatly admires. It would be a real act of charity to put her pictures in *Punch*, as she is one of eleven children, the two eldest boys of whom, you will be sorry to hear, have lately taken to frequenting public-houses, and betting on horse-races with the potmen.

Excuse my obtruding these family matters on your notice, but I know that you are always ready to listen to those in distress.

South Belgravia, S.W.

Yours sincerely,
MARIA GUSHER.

SIR,—Your tone is low, scurrilous, libellous and ungentlemanly. That article of yours on Butchers is disgraceful, and I hope the trade as one man will rise and never read your wretched journal again. Of course I am not in the trade myself. Yours disgustedly,

A FORMER BUTCHER.

P.S.—If you want to pick out real abuses, go in for the Bakers and Fishmongers. I think I might help you *there*.

GLADSTONIUS AMIDST THE RUINS OF THE SESSION.

"A Session of utter ruin and discomfort."—MR. GLADSTONE.

DELENDA est! Sounds dreary, does it not, My phrase of lamentation? Nor, indeed, Less dreary looks the wasted Session's wreck Lying around me, lingering last and lone. I'll take a seat here on this fallen bulk Of a lost Bill, of many such so fallen Most melancholy type. Here, there, all prone, Scattered and shattered like the column-shards Of Sardis or Persepolis they lie, That should have reared so rare an edifice Of Liberal glory and magnificence. They never did, wrecked ere well reared by shock Brute shock of Vandal WARTON, or that Hun, Rude, unrelenting HEALY, toppled o'er By the bull-rush of huge ICONOCLAST Of the torn coat-tails; capized in collision With sour-faced SALISBURY's phalanx men-at-arms, Eaten and worn by dull Delay's time-tooth That gnaws and gnaws with the persistent spite Of a curst woman's nagging, lo! they lie In chaos and collapse, the merest mock Of my sublime foreshadowed large design Set forth in far Midlothian. Miserable, Most lame, and impotent conclusion! How Wonder if smug-faced STAFFORD sily sneer, Or black-browed CECIL chortle? Hum! Ha! Yes! Bad, very bad. And yet, 'tis passing strange I don't feel half so wretched as I should, "My bosom's lord sits lightly on its throne," And—had I minor vices—I could puff The mild Manilla 'midst these ruins, nay, Tinkle the well-mixed cup, much, very much, As Cockneys pic-nic-ing amidst the wreck Of Melrose or of Medmenham puff the pipe Or swig the penny-pop. Aha! tart CECIL, "For this relief much thanks." These columns prone Shall rear again firm-based as Egypt's piles, Or my Egyptian policy,—*there's* the building To set against these ruins. Ruins? Nay! These be not ruins, but a builder's yard A little out of order. When, anon, In chill October, I resume, reshape, Rule, line-and-plummet, gang my men and gag— So malice calls it—rude recalcitrance, Then shall the promise and the potency Of what Midlothian pictured loom out large In bulk and beauty matching my large hopes And visions vivid, darkening the despair Of sour self-shadowed SALISBURY, cheering up My something fate-chilled followers, leaving me A better than tree-feller's passing fame, That of the Liberal Balbus, who can build As well as batter down. So mote it be! And now, for further cheer, I'll take a peep At the *St. James's*, see how GREENWOOD's gall Like Pennsylvanian oil-well flows and flows. Political petroleum 'whelming all, In indiscriminate blasting, sober sense, Sagacity, good temper, once his own, As well as all my workings, proved success Of the All-Hated stirring it, as stones Stir the hot Geyser to redoubled rage Of wild up-spouting. It will be *such* fun!

"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE."

THE Amalgamated Tailors, with their Benevolent Fund, and other provident provisions, have been making some little stir of late. Probably these are the traditional Nine Tailors who make a man?



THE SIRENS OF THE SEA-SIDE.



TROUBLE AMONG THE STUBBLE.

BIRDS ARE SO WILD THIS SEASON, THAT IT IS FOUND NECESSARY TO TAME THEM.

A HANDBOOK OF KNOWLEDGE.

No. IX.—RAILWAYS.

PART I.—*The Company, the Station, the Ticket-Office.*

Q. What is a Railway?

A. An ingenious and complex contrivance for extracting as much money as possible from the travelling public, and giving it the least possible amount of convenience and comfort in return.

Q. How is this managed?

A. By means of that Cuttlefish of Commerce, a Company.

Q. What is a Company?

A. A composite partnership for the annihilation of conscience and the minimising of responsibility.

Q. How is this achieved?

A. By the devices of division and distribution.

Q. Can you explain the processes?

A. It is an admitted maxim that what is everybody's business is nobody's business. The principle applies with peculiar force to "business" involving questions of conscience or of responsibility. Some organisms are only multiplied by division, each section forming a complete and independent creature. It is precisely the reverse with conscience and responsibility. A divided responsibility has no appreciable weight, and a distributed conscience does not work. There is nothing so conscienceless as corporate responsibility, nor so irresponsible as corporate conscience.

Q. You spoke of a Company as a cuttle-fish. Would you liken a Railway Company to that creature?

A. It is more like it than any other Company.

Q. How so?

A. Because it reaches its victims through so many arms and suckers while it is so difficult for its victims to get at its head.

Q. Illustrate this.

A. In one way among myriads. In pursuance of some autocratic, irrational and unannounced bye-law from head-quarters a hundred ticket-collectors at a hundred stations may be ready at any moment to mulct you in excess fare. It will take weeks of correspondence to bring the surcharge home to the "Corporate Conscience" in its hidden lair.

Q. What is a Railway Station?

A. It may best and most briefly be described as a place of public torture.

Q. What are the kinds of torture therein inflicted upon the Public?

A. They are so many and subtly varied as almost to defy exhaustive classification. They may, however, for purposes of illustration, be ranged under various heads, as, for example:—

1. The torture of Difficult Access.
2. The tortures of Labyrinthine Complexity and Maze-like Muddle.
3. The torture of Hurry-scurry.
4. The torture of Noise.

5. The torture of Imperative Stupidity.

6. The torture of Clownish Incivility.

7. The tortures of Dirt, Deprivation, and Physical Discomfort generally.

Q. How is difficulty of access secured?

A. By many ingenious devices, such as the multiplication of steep slopes and precipitous staircases, the careful laying out of intricate passages and complicated corridors, the artful adjustment of numerous narrow wickets and the sedulously maintained mystery of many and capriciously used platforms. Perhaps, however, the most successfully tormenting of these devices of delay is the great Ticket trick.

Q. What is the special purpose of this device?

A. To make the procuring of the necessary pasteboard-pass as difficult as possible to the would-be passenger.

Q. For what reason?

A. Reason has nothing whatever to do with Railway regulations.

Q. How is it managed?

A. First, by refusing to issue the ticket for a particular train until that train is about to start, and a long, close-packed, and agitated queue of passengers is in waiting; secondly, by making the species of port-hole through which the tickets are issued so small that only one passenger at a time can obtain a ticket, and that slowly and with exceeding difficulty.

Q. What are the results of these singular arrangements?

A. Uncomfortable hurry, great confusion, needless waiting, and frequent missing of trains. A traveller arriving in good time, must watchfully linger in a dreary and draughty corridor until it pleases the haughty young gentlemen within the rabbit-hutch to raise the hatch thereof. A traveller arriving rather late, must take his place at the end of a long "tail" of eager and angry applicants, with much probability of getting his ticket just in time to lose his train. In any case, he has to stoop and about his instructions through a little square hole into the reluctant ears of an austere being, who is the victim of constitutional superciliousness and chronic disgust. This Diogenes in a box is generally hard of hearing, slow of understanding, and much readier with rude questions than with civil answers. When he deigns—after the delay due to his dignity—to understand you aright, he "chucks" your ticket at you in a manner suggestive of lofty contempt or deep resentment. If you require change, he "dabs" it down in a scattered heap, leaving you, if you are nervous or considerate, to claw it up hastily; or, if you are dogged or selfishly indifferent, to count it carefully. In the former case you may possibly be cheated. In the latter case you will certainly be hated—by the impatient crowd waiting behind you for their turn at the port-hole. In this dilemma, the printed notification, that you are requested to count your change before leaving, as no correction can subsequently be made, will probably strike you as sardonic, if not impertinent.

Q. But has this painful process always to be gone through before you can obtain a Railway ticket?

A. Not in its entirety. At slack times, or in little-frequented Stations, you may escape certain of the worst passages in the ordeal.

You will wait, of course; you will probably rap repeatedly and vainly at the wicket; you will certainly have to bow your head to the awkwardly-placed hole, and your spirit to the awkwardly-tempered ticket-clerk. But the hurried crush, the angry and sometimes militant crowd, the lost change, and the missed train—these, as the cream of the great Ticket Distributing Joke, are commonly reserved for the Stations you are most likely to have to attend, and the seasons when you will most probably be compelled to attend them.

"ENGLISH SPOKEN"—IN FRANCE!

"A piece called *Rotten Row*, of which the scene is laid in England, will be performed at the Odéon in October. It will no doubt deal with British fashionable and political life with the customary Gallic accuracy."—*Weekly Paper*.

SPECIMEN SCENE—Hyde Park in the height of the Season. View of the Tower, the Mansion House, and Hampton Court. The spectacle is lively. The "High Life" are enjoying themselves. In one corner there is cock-fighting, in another cricket, in another the "boze." The Ladies are sitting round the various distractions, applauding and partaking of buns and gin. The Statue of Duk-Wellingtons is in the centre. Enter Sir GLADSTONE driving a four-in-hand. He is dressed as a hunter, in a scarlet coat and top-boots. He comes down, and the four-in-hand is driven off.

Sir Gladstone. I hate the High Life! Yes, it is I who say so! They enjoy the shadow of the trees. I will not permit it! (*Produces large axe.*) They shall go! (*Calling.*) Ladies and Gentlemen of the High Life, begone!

Mysterious Figure (*in a disguise cloak*). Tyrant!

Sir Gladstone. Ah! You do not obey me! You still play at the cricket, the cock-fighting, the boze—I know not what! Well, then, I will call the Terrible Volunteers. (*Whistles.*) It is now your time to tremble!

Enter the Terrible Volunteers. They brutally hustle the High Life, who retire dismayed, in great confusion.

Mysterious Figure. A time will come!

[*Exit hurriedly, pursued by Volunteers.*]

Sir Gladstone. Ah! They are all gone! And now to cut down the trees. (*Sets to work.*) Enter HENDERSON-ESQUIRE, Chief of the Police. Ah! you here? Then you have something to report?



TABLEAU I.—Sir Gladstone sets to Work.

HENDERSON-ESQUIRE. Alas! no. I have failed to destroy the House of Lords. When GUY FAUX was about to fire the train, it was discovered that all the Peers had gone to sell their wives at Smithfield!

Sir Gladstone (*with a burst of anger*). By Jove! HENDERSON-ESQUIRE, this GUY FAUX must die! (*Giving death-warrant.*) See, it is dated the Fifth of November!

HENDERSON-ESQUIRE. It shall be done! You shall know that GUY FAUX is no more by a brilliant display of fireworks!

Sir Gladstone. Good! Am I not a Liberal? (*With enthusiasm.*) Must I not suppress the Opposition? The gunpowder has failed! There is but one remedy. We must destroy the House of Lords by applying the Habeas Corpus!

HENDERSON-ESQUIRE (*shuddering*). No, no! It is too horrible! No, no!

Sir Gladstone. But I say Yes! And now, as I have cut down all the trees, we will remove this Statue!

Mysterious Figure (*coming from behind effigy of the Duk-Wellingtons*). Hold! You shall not touch it!

Sir Gladstone. Not touch it!

Mysterious Figure. No; because this figure commemorates the glory of France! (*Distant applause.*) Because it commemorates

the French victory of Waterloo! (*Renewed distant applause.*) It is useless to protest. See, the Tower of London has been taken by the Fenians—they are already attacking the Terrible Volunteers. (*Puffs of smoke are seen to emerge from the side of the Tower, followed by loud reports.*)—Tyrant, you are too late!

Sir Gladstone. Thwarted! The Fenians! I thought they had gone to the Expedition Egyptian! But—you who speak—who are you?

Mysterious Figure (*throwing off his cloak, and appearing in a brilliant uniform*). Behold!

Sir Gladstone (*with a little cry*). MIS-TER-PARNELL! (*Sinking on his knees.*) Oh, Monseigneur!

Mysterious Figure (*to HENDERSON-ESQUIRE*). Arrest him! (*He is arrested.*) Good! And now, HENDERSON-ESQUIRE, to the Police-



TABLEAU II.—Sir Gladstone is Arrested.

Station, Vauxhall Bridge Road! (*Sir GLADSTONE is removed in chains, HENDERSON-ESQUIRE suppressing his cries for mercy with a little gag.*) Ah! the High Life are returning!

[*The High Life re-enter, and resume their sports. A brilliant flourish of trumpets. The doors of the Mansion House are thrown open, and a grand cavalcade is introduced, escorting the LORD MAYOR of London. Servants pass round wine in enormous goblets. The bands of the Horse Grenadier Guards, at Hampton Court, play the National Anthem.*]

The Lord Mayor (*bowing*). Ladies and Gentlemen of the High Life, I pledge you in the loving cup, and give you a toast. "The Roast Beef of Old England!" (*The High Life cheer enthusiastically, and show that they have drunk all their wine by turning their enormous goblets upside down. The servants refill them.*) And now I invite you to a Turtle-Dinner-Lunch at the Mansion House!

Mysterious Figure. Live the LORD MAYOR!

All the High Life. Live the LORD MAYOR!

The Lord Mayor. Ah, the good hour! To table!

[*The Trumpets sound, the flags wave, and amidst a scene of indescribable enthusiasm the Curtain falls upon the Tableau.*]

Civilisation in a Nutshell.

(*Reflection at the Meeting of the British Association, after hearing Dr. Siemens on the marvels of Mild Steel, and Professor W. Boyd Dawkins on the Flint Instruments of the River-drift hunters.*)

AFTER reading ten columns of learned small print,
From our DAWKINS and SIEMENS, more scientists feel
That Civilisation, beginning with Flint,
Seems likely to finish with Steel.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM hopes our troops in Egypt have been well provided with filters, especially now that they are obliged to drink the waters of the Moremuddy Canal.

FROM GLÜCK'S *Orfeo*—for the benefit of managerial *bénéficiaires*—

"Che farò senza Euridice;
Dove andrò senza ti mio 'ben'?"

TERRESTRIAL SHELL-FISH.—In the window of a Refreshment Shop is posted a notification of "Prairie Oysters." Companions, probably, these molluscs, to Land-Crabs.

INTERESTING NARRATION.—MR. DU CHAIR's experiences of the Fleshpots of Egypt.



WHITBOROUGH. LOW TIDE. ARRIVAL OF THE SCARBY STEAMER.

SAINT WILLIAM.

A Lay of Egypt. A little à la Ingoldsby.

SAINT WILLIAM he was a holy man,
A peace-loving person, I ween, was he;
His worshippers' ranks, And himself, returned thanks
That he was no firebrand, like BENJAMIN D.

He loved Peace and Liberty, East or West;
Of the queerest cut and the seediest brown
Were his Saintship's clothes, And his shirt-collar rose
Till it seemed on a level almost with his crown.

Saint WILLIAM mused on the banks of the Nile,
A Grand Old Saint, going on for fourscore.
His motto was *Pax*, And war and its whacks
He regarded as bad, and no end of a bore.

Little he dreamed—that holy man!—
Of aping of bellicose BEN's bad tricks.
When he was aware Of a rumpus there,
Which put our good Saint in a bit of a fix.

For there was a party, one ARABI hight—
A person well known to the local police—
Making tyrannous claim, In fair Liberty's name,
And stirring up War in the mask of Peace.

He was breeding of strife between East and West,
And says he to our Saint, "Will you please stand by?
You've no business here, So pray don't interfere!
And my work must appeal to your sympathy."

Saint WILLIAM he paused—'twas an artful stroke—
But a Saint, if not always too icily prudent,
May have keener nose, Than some people suppose,
And as good as a sinner's at "sniffing a rodent."

So he turned to a Quaker who walked at his side—
A Brummagem blade who him company bore—
And he says, says he, "This is fiddle-de-dee,
I am game for a shine on the Old Nile shore."

Away went that Quaker, away like a shot,
The thought of belligerence made him feel faint.
Says he, "There's some flaw In your Moral Law.
What, double your fists? You're a nice sort of Saint!"

Away went Sir WILFRID, away likewise,
As swift as an Echo, went PASSMORE EDWARDS,
Sour Scribe, washy Wag; And both given to "nag,"
Like good Mrs. Caudle when journeying bedwards.

But our peaceful Saint WILLIAM he stood to his guns,
And ARABI found him unable to frighten
The Militant Saint, He had loved to paint
As "that long-winded, white-livered old Son of Sheitan!"

So straight at our Saint he hurled the weight
Of his very whoppingest, weightiest shot,
But that shot bounded back, To its sender—*whack!*
And—well, ARABI caught it,—remarkably hot!

MORAL.

Quakers and Jokers, Tories and Turks,
And bilious scribes, whosoever ye be,
A Saint may be able To see through a fable,
And know Freedom's voice from pure fiddle-de-dee.

Don't trust overmuch to a sanctified mug,
Nor deem folded hands as from fighting debarred.
Such hands may give stingo,
As hot as a Jingo,
And Saints, when they hit, hit remarkably hard.

A Venetian Ratepayer.

A SHAKSPEARIAN Critic infers, from a passage in the *Merchant of Venice*, that the Venetian Jews were subject to a peculiar and probably excessive parochial impost:—

"Shylock. Signor ANTONIO, many a time and oft
On the Rialto have you rated me."

At this rate the assessment of Rates in Venice was not vested in the *Vestry*, but decreed by a delegate, and Antonio seems to have been the Rating Officer.



“SAFE!”

JOHN BULL, A.B. “LOR’ BLESS YOU, MY DEARS, YOU NEEDN’T WORRIT YOURSELVES. I’LL LOOK AFTER ‘IM AS IF HE WAS MY OWN CHILD!”



FIGURE 1

THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.
1914



THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND.

(According to the Lights of Dr. Siemens, President of the British Association.)

OUT OF TOWN.

Out of Town, say on the River,
You can spend a pleasant time,
Where the usual aspens quiver,
As they always do in rhyme.
Then with Bass's amber gleam let
Some fair maid the beaker crown.
Oh! 'tis pleasant by a streamlet,
Out of Town!

Out of Town, say on the Dee-side,
Where the air is fresh and clear,
You can wander, while the sea-side
Tempt its thousands every year.
There 's a charm about the ocean,
But your smile becomes a frown
At the Vesper's lively motion—
Out of Town!

Out of Town, in Alpine valleys,
Now be-praised and now derided,
Where the silver streamlet sallies
Down the mighty mountain side.
You can try a little sketching,
But the shadows come too brown,
When a lady looks so "fetching,"
Out of Town!

Out of Town, by dismal Calais,
To Parisian joys once more,
And the dinners in the Palais
Royal are not as of yore.
Yet, though you may be in clover,
And all thoughts of work may drown,
You'll be glad when days are over—
Out of Town!

ADVICE TO THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE LEAGUE
(offered by Cetewayo).—"Don't rob a poor King of
his beer."

A TOUR DE FORCE.—The compulsory Annual Outing of
the British Tourist.

PUNCH'S ADIEU TO CETEWAYO.

"CETEWAYO desired it to be known that, after seeing the representatives
of the National Temperance League, he could receive no more deputations."
"I can only say," said he, "that, as a nation, my people are, so to speak,
abstainers."—*Daily Papers.*

ADIEU, Great CETEWAYO! Oh, my heart is very sad!
The pleasant road of Melbury is anything but glad:
The Nubian is ready—the mission now is o'er—
A thousand deputations stand in sorrow on the shore!
And as I shed a manly tear, and grasp that swarthy hand,
I'll tell you what you shouldn't do when back in Zululand!

Don't ride about on bicycles, nor toddle in the Zoo,
And never play at *languenet*, at euchre, or at loo;
Don't flutter on the Stock Exchange, nor "crackers" stand on
"cracks,"

Nor play at Nap till 5 A.M., nor foot it at Almack's!
Nor smoke Parascho cigarettes, nor weeds of choicest brand,
And drink not deeply of the "Boy," when you're in Zululand!

Don't hold a toothpick in your mouth, nor sport a *solitaire*,
Don't spend your nights at music-halls and "rally round the
chair!"

Don't condescend to countenance the beauties of Burlesque,
Nor rave about the ankles of each dancer picturesque!
Don't long for little dinners at the "Bristol" or the "Grand,"
And at stage-doors ne'er lurk about, when you're in Zululand!

You mustn't snip off broiled bones, and never must confess
A hankering for bitter beer, a longing for Guinness!
You mustn't think of sherry, or wish for claret-cup,
And never hint at breakfast that you want a "pick-me-up!"
But give each rash retainer a wholesome reprimand,
Who dares to hint at B.-and-S. when back in Zululand!

Good-bye, Great CETEWAYO! I think you'll understand
That what is right in London may be wrong in Zululand!

PHYSICKING THE PRESS.

A SHORT time ago, the Council of the society presided over by Sir
WILLIAM JENNER passed a resolution to the effect "That the system
of extensively advertising medical works, and the custom of giving,
whether for publication or not, laudatory certificates of medicinal
and other preparations, and of medical and surgical appliances, is
misleading to the Public, derogatory to the dignity of the profession,
and contrary to the traditions and resolutions of the Royal College
of Physicians." With all due respect to Sir WILLIAM and his (no
doubt) extremely distinguished colleagues, this reads very much like
nonsense. Surely a "laudatory certificate" of a "medicinal and
other preparation," if honestly given, can scarcely be "misleading
to the Public." If it is *not* honestly given, then the sooner the
certificate-writer is deprived of his diploma the better.

Again, what is there more "derogatory to the dignity of the pro-
fession" in "extensively advertising medical works," than in writing
or printing them? The very fact that a book is offered for circula-
tion presupposes that the proper means will be taken for securing as
many readers as possible. Advertising is publicity, and without
publicity Authorship becomes an absurdity. But, no doubt, the very
distinguished Council of the Royal College may say, with truth,
that they never write books themselves. Quite so; but that is no
reason why they should wrong Authors who do!

As to "certificate giving" and "medical work advertising" being
"contrary to the traditions and resolutions of the Royal College of
Physicians," that is a matter for argument. A search in the pages
of medical journals of years gone by, will certainly show that many
a distinguished member of the Society has availed himself "exten-
sively" of the advantages afforded by the Press of giving publicity
to the fact that he has written useful and scientific medical works.
Under all the circumstances of the case, consequently the President,
on behalf of the Council (which he adorns, but, it is to be hoped,
sincerely represents), may fairly be called upon for an explanation.

THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR.—Discretion. How so? It dis-
tances Valour in the long run.

GRAY'S ELEGY.

(In an Irish Prison.)

THEY think to toll the knell
of prisoned GRAY,
The servile herd who bend
to law the knee!
Pooh, pooh! the slaves will
soon be "out of play,"
And leave the game to
DAVITT and to me!

Vile Saxon scum! A Sheriff
held in thrall!
(It moves my soul of flame
to noble fury)
Because he uttered what they
choose to call
Injurious remarks about a
jury!

Thanks, JOHN MAC EVILLY!
A hater sound
Of Saxon law and LAWSON
I—like you—am.
Right placed am I that on this
point is found
No difference betwixt meum
and Tuam!

Let them beware! I stand for
Ireland's right.
The slaves will have to let
me out some day.
Then shall they see who'll
conquer in the fight
'Twixt the Black Saxon and
the Irish GRAY.

Black and White.

CHEWATO is behaving with
unexpected dignity. He ob-
jects to be made a show of.
He would not go to the Crystal
Palace, and help to earn a
dividend for the Company.
This was wrong. We expect
these things from Royalty,
and get them. The Black
King should take a lesson
from the White King. The Prince
of WALES's position is not a
steak-eating sinecure.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 99.



THE RIGHT HON. JAMES LOWTHER (ARCADIAN).

EX OFFICIO—OR A "JEM" OUT OF THE EMERALD ISLE.

TEMPERANCE AND
CELIBACY.

THE *Morning Post*, in an
article on the attempt of a
deputation from the National
Temperance League to inter-
view CHEWATO, incidentally
observes that:—

"A statistician with a turn for
curious calculations once com-
puted that at least forty per cent.
of the annual sum of matrimonial
proposals were the direct product
of the champagne consumed at the
suppers which form so agreeable
an interlude at dances."

Doesn't this information
look rather too likely to deter
PATERFAMILIAS, with a family
of spinsters, from countenanc-
ing the Temperance League?

Gas and Gastronomy.

THE truth if Dr. SIEMENS tell,
For cooking, on the whole,
Gas will be found to serve as
well,
At any rate, as coal.

To roast, bake, boil, or fry, or
stew;

But ah! there won't it stop?
Oh no! for it will even do
To broil a steak or chop!

The Dog-Days.

A NEWFOUNDLAND Dog,
thanks to the presence of mind
of a maid-servant, has lately
saved two little boys from
drowning in the New River.
Probably some good Samaritan
will reward the servant with
sixpence, and the police, acting
under the popular superstition
about the Dog-Days, will pre-
sent the Dog with a muzzle.

A NEW BROOM.—The Brush
Light.

THE ADVANTAGES OF A GAS-STOVE.

(Benevolently dedicated to Those who contemplate giving up Coal.)

"You see all you have to do," said our friend, "is to turn on
this; light that; and there you are. It gives out a splendid heat,
and saves a lot in coals."

However, our friend did not actually "turn on this, and light
that." He excused himself on the score that it was an unusually
warm day, and that his wife would be in presently. I observed that
the fire-place was filled with some unnaturally red pieces of brick,
sprinkled freely with dust, and had a generally dismal and deserted
appearance.

"Ah, you should see it lighted," he continued, in answer to my
look. "It simply glows, and," this he said very confidentially, and
as if he were letting me into a secret worth millions of money, "if
you keep it burning all night, you can boil a kettle on the top of it in
the morning!"

This inducement settled the matter, and finding that the man
"who had put it up for a mere trifle" lived in the neighbourhood,
we went in search of him.

The man lived in a small shop, amongst an assortment of tiles.
He was seated on an unfinished mantelpiece, with his feet on the
hobs of a gas stove. Round about him were specimens of stained
glass windows. He looked like a "model," who had been found
"not quite the thing" for a mediæval saint, and had consequently
been kept on the strength of the establishment in some other
capacity. Apparently, from the atmosphere of the place, he had
been employed for several months in the exclusive manufacture of

glue. He sprang up from his tiles and stained glass, and was all
attention.

I was careful to impress upon him that I wanted him to do nothing.
That I had seen a gas-stove in a friend's house, and, although
scoffingly rejecting the notion that I possibly could care to have one
in my own, would yet like an estimate.

At the word "estimate," the man jumped into the air. Would I
have gas-stoves in the kitchen, the nurseries, the drawing-rooms, the
conservatories? Yes, he could put one in the garden if necessary.
Before I could say "Jack Robinson," he had sprung up a ladder,
dived down into a cellar, and covered me with "Plans" and
"Diagrams." I was very much annoyed. I told him roughly, nay
brutally, that under no circumstances whatever would he be
employed. Instead of being disheartened, this assertion seemed to
give him unlimited satisfaction. He assured me that he hadn't the
smallest notion that he would be engaged to do anything for me, but
that for all that he would be only too delighted to call at my house
(several miles off) and give me any information I required. Upon
these conditions, I made an appointment to see him on the following
morning. He conveyed by his manner at parting, that his life was
devoted, out of pure benevolence, to the furnishing of superfluous
estimates to the idly curious. At the appointed hour he called,
bearing with him a huge carpet bag. His manner had changed. He
was now a little sorrowful, but very firm. His demeanour suggested
that he feared he must have been mistaken in me. His tone broadly
hinted that if I sent him away without an order, (as I might do
with my black heart) I was a lost householder for ever more. This
made him sorrowful. His firmness was shown by his evident deter-
mination to save me in spite of myself.



DIAGNOSIS.

Keeper. "THERE!—I THOUGHT HE WOON'T A GENTLEMAN! 'SHOOTS 'ITH BROWN CARTRIDGES, AND ON'Y GI' ME 'ALF-A-CROWN!"

"I have seen the downstairs rooms, Sir," he said, "and can easily light them with the gas to-morrow. I have wired down to the men at Essex, and they can be here by seven o'clock in the morning. But one thing, Sir, your mantelpiece in the dining-room *must* have a marble fender!"

He said this with the determination of a Judge sentencing a convict to five years' penal servitude. He implied that there was no appeal, and that the only way of expiating my past crimes was through an order for the article he had specified.

My blood was up. Iron will met iron will. We fought over the gas-works for twenty minutes. I would have nothing. I withered the marble fender with suggestions of objections from the ground landlord, and waxed eloquent—I was nearly moved to tears by my subject—upon the superior merits of oil over vapour. The man was an able tactician. He saw that a compromise was necessary. He gave way by degrees. The fender was first abandoned, then the chandeliers in the drawing-room, then the brackets in the conservatory. But he made so fierce and determined a stand in the front bed-room, that I was forced to surrender. He consequently retired with the spoils of victory—an order for a gas-stove. I may here say that subsequently, on presenting his bill, I found that my persevering friend wanted to charge me nearly double what I had proposed to pay him, on the score that "he had only given me an estimate approximately." After a deadly quarrel, in which he threatened me with the County Court, and I him with a letter to the *Times*, we compromised the matter, apparently to our mutual dissatisfaction. My last words to him were, "I'll go to some one else another time!" His to me (with a grin), "If you do, Sir, make him put it on paper!"

To resume—the next morning a general hammering all over the place ushered in the autumn sun. The mess had come upon us. Carpets pulled up here, dirty footmarks there, and confusion everywhere. I looked into the drawing-room, and found a person in fustian with his head up the chimney. He leisurely stopped what he was doing, brought down his head, put on his hat, and prepared to enjoy a conversation. He seemed disinclined to discuss his work, but when sharply questioned upon the point, hazarded an opinion that "perhaps arter all he might make a good job of it." What did he think of gas-stoves? He carefully undid all he had been

doing for the last half-hour, to get into a proper frame of mind to answer me. Then he rubbed his chin, and scratched his head. Then he looked at me, grinned, and replied, "Well, some likes 'em, and some don't." I mentioned the patent we were about to use.

"Oh, you've got *that*!" he exclaimed, in anything rather than an encouraging tone, and once more disappeared up the chimney.

For four days we lived in a small colony of gas-men. We met them going up-stairs, we found them in cupboard, we came upon them in all sorts of nooks and corners. They banged doors, thumped ceilings, and must have left an impression upon our neighbours, that we had suddenly let our house for the months preceding Christmas to a clown rehearsing the rallies in a forthcoming Covent Garden pantomime. Every time I met the person in fustian, he assured me—but not in too confident a tone—"that, arter all, he might make a good job of it."

At length we were free. The workmen had disappeared, and I was face to face with the stove. It looked cold and uncomfortable. It was painfully red, and seemed to be a receptacle for a number of old bricks. I had received my instructions. I was "to turn on this, and light that." I armed myself with a candle, and twisted round a screw.

There was a hissing noise resembling a number of serpents impatient for their dinner. I waved the flaring candle wildly about under the bars. The hissing continued, growing louder and louder. Then came a blaze and a bang, which knocked me backwards, and put out the taper. Then a feeble flickering blue flame, resembling a corpse-light on a churchyard in a haunted village, crept up the bricks, and hovered above them. Then a perfume resembling an essence of glue and treacle, pervaded the room impartially. I then felt called upon for a defence.

"You see," I observed, "that the stove can be lighted, comparatively speaking, without danger, and that, although the heat it gives out, if not exactly that of coal, is distinctly noticeable. Moreover, the hissing sound is certainly not louder than that which would be unquestionably caused by a boiling kitchen kettle. And if there is any smell, at any rate—"

"That stove," said a firm but soft voice at my elbow, "must be removed."

And it has been!

BY THE SEA-SIDE.

(A Gasp and a Groan from Paterfamilias Fogey.)

Is for it here,
Six weeks or more,
Once every year,
(Yah, what a bore!)



Daughters and Wife
Force me to bide;
Mad to "see life"
By the Sea-Side!

Go out of Town
What if we do?
Hither comes down
All the world too;
Vanity Fair,
Fashion and Pride,
Seeking fresh air
By the Sea-Side.

Drest up all hands—
Raiment how dear!—
Down on the sands,
Out on the Pier,
Pace to and fro,
See, as at Rye,

Off how they show
By the Sea-Side!

Fops and fine girls,
Swarm, brisk as bees;
Ribbons and curls
Float on the breeze;
Females and Males
Eye and are eyed;
Ogling prevails
By the Sea-Side!

Daughters may see
Some fun in that,
Wife, how can she,
Grown old and fat?
Scene I survey
But to deride,
Idle display
By the Sea-Side.

Views within reach,
Picturesque scenes,
Rocks on the beach,
Bathing machines,
Shingle and pools,
Left by the tide,
Youth, far from schools,
By the Sea-Side.
Artists may sketch,
Draw and design,
Pencil, or etch;
Not in my line!
Money, no end,
Whilst I am tied
Here, I must spend,
By the Sea-Side!

FUN IN THE FIELD;

OR, THE GENERAL'S LITTLE JOKE.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

Monday.—Alexandria. Been dodging about for days trying to find where on earth Sir GARNET's got to. Longing to be at the imminent deadly breach—but can't, for life of me, find where the imminent deadly breach is. Anyhow, Sir GARNET not here, that's certain. Wonder why Sir G. W. considers Special Correspondents "those modern curses of armies." But he must be found at all hazards. So off, to-morrow, to the Soudan. "Oh, 'tis Soudan!" as SHAKESPEARE remarks somewhere.



Tuesday.—Here I am in the Soudan. Curious, no troops anywhere about. But have just heard from Sir GARNET's own Aide-de-camp that Sir G. and the 245th Highlanders are to be at Suez to-morrow, without fail. So I at once order out my special camel, and start for Suez.

Wednesday.—Suez. Provoking! Sir GARNET not here, and telegram awaiting me from Aide-de-camp, saying "he's very sorry, but Sir G. changed his mind at last moment, and is now to be found at Ismailia, not Suez."

Thursday.—Ismailia. Hurrah! Have found Sir GARNET at last. All the troops as well. Ironclads, artillery, hundreds of transports—this is really war! I am transported. General order issued—troops to be ready to start to-morrow for Mecca, as ARABI has escaped to Arabian Desert, and gone there. Order my camel again, also my Bedouins, and by midnight am well on way towards Mecca. Escort want to know "if I'm really going to Mecca." I say, "Yes, of course." They reply that it'll take "three months to get there;" consequently, they all desert me to a man. How provoking! Nothing for it but to return to Ismailia.

Friday.—Back in Ismailia. Find Sir GARNET still here; also troops. Nobody gone to Mecca! Why? I at once interview Brigadier-General on the deceptive nature of the news and general orders furnished to Special Correspondents. Brigadier-General very polite. Says unexpected intelligence just been received, that ARABI has left Mecca and gone to Tripoli. Says he wouldn't tell this to everybody. Kind of Brigadier-General, as, usually, these military

men are a little stiff to Correspondents. Says, if he were me, he'd start for Tripoli at once; Sir GARNET's sure to follow immediately. I embark at once for Tripoli, without a moment's hesitation. Camel no good now. Sell him to a lunatic Sheikh, and hire coasting-vessel to take me to Tripoli. Captain says, "as a friend of Brigadier-General, he'll do it for \$50." I consider this cheap.

A Fortnight Later.—Tripoli. Here I am! Captain of coasting-vessel turned out a regular brute—quite a "fellah"—took me right out into Mediterranean, and stopped there fishing! Have been dreadfully sick. Here I am at last, however. But where's Sir GARNET? Where are the troops? I make inquiries as to latest news. "Oh, haven't I heard? Capture of Cairo by Sir GARNET, and end of Egyptian War." And here I am at Tripoli!

HOLIDAY HAUNTS.

By Jingle Junior on the Jaunt.

SCARBOROUGH.

LONG way from London—no matter—fast train—soon here—once here don't wish to leave—palatial hotels—every luxury—good tables d'hôte—pleasant balls—lively society! Exhilarating air—good as champagne without "morning after"—up early—go to bed late—authorities provide something better than a broken-down pier, a circulating library, and a rickety bathing-machine—authorities disburse large sums for benefit of visitors—visitors spend lots of money in town—mutual satisfaction—place crowded—capital bands—excellent theatricals—varied entertainments—right way to do it! The Spa—first discovered 1620—people been discovering it ever since—some drink it—more walk on it—lounge on it—smoke on it—flirt on it—wonderful costumes in the morning—more wonderful in the afternoon—most wonderful in the evening! North Sands.—South Sands—fine old Castle well placed—picturesque old town—well-built modern terraces, squares and streets—pony-chaises—riding-horses—Lift for lazy ones! Capital excursions—Oliver's Mount—Carnelian Bay—Scalby Mill—Hackness—Wykeham—Filey! Delightful gardens—secluded seats—hidden nooks—shady bowers—well-screened corners—Northern Belles—bright eyes—soft nothings—eloquent sighs—squezen hands—before you know where you are—ask papa—all up—dangerous very! Overcome by feelings—can't write any more—friend asks me to drink waters—query North Chalybeate or South Salt Well—wonder which—if in doubt try soda qualified with brandy—good people scarce—better run no risk!



SOME NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

"New Arabian Nights. By R. LOUIS STEVENSON." New Arabian Nights, and new Arabian lights. New lamps for old ones. Electric lights, perhaps, of a sort—but will they supersede the old gas?

"Bimbi. By OUIDA." Bimbi, how pronounced? Bimby? Or Bimebye, as the swains in the south-west say, meaning by-and-by? If so, Bimbi might be otherwise entitled Hereafter: a Tale of Other Times. Perhaps it is a prophecy. At any rate, let us hope that Bimbi will prove a success, and do credit to OUIDA both by-and-by and now.

"Flip, &c. By BRET HARTE." Flip was a spirituous compound, much celebrated once in bacchanalian sea-songs, along with rum, as a beverage ordinarily on draught amongst able-bodied seamen. By "Flip, &c." are probably meant other intoxicating liquors whose consumption is customary on board of men-of-war. Be that as it may, has the work above-named been rightly imputed to BRET HARTE? Is it not the composition of another more likely joker? Should it not, with due regard to reality, have been announced as "Flip, &c. By Sir WILFRED LAWSON"? What other humorist would be so likely to have a flap at Flip and a fling at &c.?

Lines picked up on a Fashionable Tennis Lawn.

FAR, far from the Town and its turmoil and riot,
Would I list to the song-birds and hear the leaves rustle—
But how can I hope for a moment of quiet
When the girls on the Lawn are all *raquet* and *bustle*?

PROVERBIAL PARADOX.—*Poeta nascitur non fit.* How so, if SHAKESPEARE is a Survival of the Fittest?



Volatile Friend. "HULLO! WHAT'S THE MATTER, OLD MAN! TOOTHACHE!
TUT-T-T-T! HAVE IT OUT! IF IT WAS MINE, I'D HAVE—"
Sufferer. "IF IT WAS YOURS! YES, SO WOULD I!" [Exit, groaning.]

THE COMPLETE DESPATCH-WRITER.

SCENE—A Room at Headquarters. Sir GARNET discovered dictating to his Aide-de-camp.

Sir Garnet. Have you put down that last sentence about myself?

Aide-de-camp. Yes, Sir GARNET.

Sir Garnet. Well, let's see. The troops didn't retreat the other evening, in the face of overwhelming odds, as they ought to have done. The German Critics will be down upon me for that. What shall I say?

Aide-de-camp. Something about luck, Sir GARNET?

Sir Garnet (severely). No, Sir! I'm ashamed of you, Sir! No levity! Let me see—where were we?

Aide-de-camp. In the place where you were going to excuse yourself for keeping a force only sufficient for a reconnaissance, to fight against overwhelming odds a pitched battle.

Sir Garnet. Ah, to be sure! Well—let me see. How would this do? "It being contrary to the traditions of the Queen's Service to retreat in the face of any number of Egyptian troops, I determined to maintain my position." How does that read?

Aide-de-camp. Capitally! I should think it will surprise the German Critics very much indeed, when they learn that Her Majesty's Army have so quaint a regulation!

Sir Garnet (suspiciously). Hum! (Considers.) Let me see. The Infantry did not arrive in time to do much?

Aide-de-camp. Not much, Sir GARNET.

Sir Garnet. Well, you can put, "The Infantry were handled magnificently by their courageous commander, who never forgets his personal courtesy even in the moment of direst danger."

Aide-de-camp. Yes, Sir GARNET.

Sir Garnet. Go on—"They gained my approbation and deserved my applause. I was well satisfied, I am pleased to say, with their conduct, and I took an early opportunity of saying how I had seen them, how I had watched them, how I had approved of them." There, be careful how you write that, as my rivals always declare I make too frequent use of the personal pronoun. Have you got it down?

Aide-de-camp. Yes, Sir GARNET.

Sir Garnet. Well, let me see. Ought to say something about the

THE LESSON OF THE LICKING.

WELL done, "Cornstalks"! Whipt us,
Fair and square!
Was it luck that tript us?
Was it "scare"?
Kangaroo Land's "Demon," or our own
Want of "devil," coolness, nerve, backbone?

Anyhow, stow nagging!

Whipt we are.

Boggling's bad as bragging:

England's star

Seems, to some at least, here to have sunk
Through that worst of Captains, Captain Funk.

But the lesson's ready,

Dash and skill

Fail without cool, steady

Nerve and will.

That's the best team that calmly pulls together,
Uphill or downhill, fine or dirty weather.

There they had us, HORNEY.

Let the tip

Not be put, with scorn, by.

They who'd whip

MURDOCH's lot must ne'er be dashed or stuck.
Steady does it, Sirs, and Pluck is Luck!

Abolition of Coffee.

"FULL of Beans"—a vulgar expression, which used to mean full of meat and drink—will now mean full of so-called Coffee. Any rubbish may now be legally sold as a "Mixture," as long as it is done up in nominal quarter-pound packets, each paying a penny to the revenue. "Rule, BRITANNIA" has a great love for pennies. The Temperance party in Parliament, who wish to abolish Beer, have allowed the Government to abolish Coffee.

CETEWAYS was much pleased with WHITELEY's. He intends setting up similar Stores in South Africa, and calling them BLACKLEY's.

Cavalry. "Although impeded by the sand, which prevented them from advancing at a greater speed than a slow trot, the Household Cavalry charged with a dash and a brilliancy worthy of the birth and breeding of those who commanded them." How's that?

Aide-de-camp (deferentially). Well, Sir GARNET, excellent—but has birth and breeding much to do with cavalry charges?

Sir Garnet. Everything, Sir—everything! But I will tone it down afterwards. Let me see, I must say something about the Cavalry General. Ah, to be sure! "He displayed, on this occasion, that coolness and courage for which he has been long renowned." How do you like that?

Aide-de-camp. Isn't it a little too patronising, Sir GARNET?

Sir Garnet (severely). No, Sir, it isn't! I am surprised at you, Sir! Mind I—I—I am awarding praise! Put this down as a conclusion:—"The whole Army behaved with that gallantry, that nerve, that chivalrous earnestness, so peculiarly the attributes of Her Majesty's troops. In fact, once more the British Soldier, by his magnificent dash and glorious stubbornness, earned the wonder of the world and the applause of an admiring universe!" How's that?

Aide-de-camp. First-rate—(aside)—for Astley's! However, he is a magnificent fellow, and we can forgive him his little foibles. After all, he hasn't many of them! And if he can't do without them, we can't do without him!

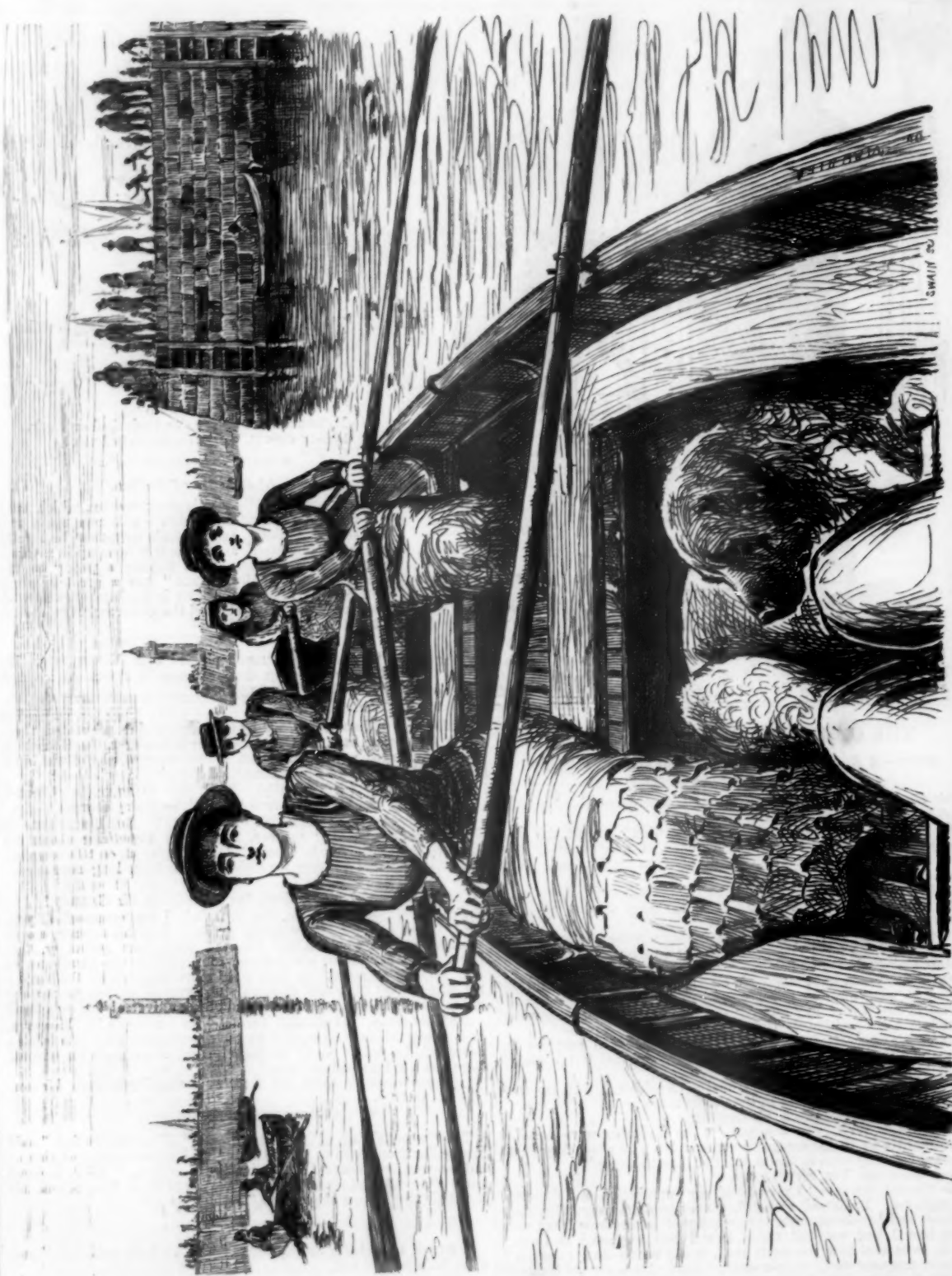
[Scene closes in upon Sir GARNET preparing to gain his next victory.]

THEY were talking of Æsop's fables. "Æsop was no fool," said Young JOE from Eton to LAVINIA. Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, entering at the moment, overheard this, and at once replied, "Well, I don't know that. At all events, it was very wicked of him to sell his birthright for a mess of porridge."

WHEN is a Cricketer doubly brave?—When he's bold "in," and when he's bowled out.

SIEMENS's Song.—"Still so mildly o'er me Stealing."

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—SEPTEMBER 9, 1882.



“NOT FOND OF STEERING? JUST AIN’T WE THOUGH!”

To the Memory

OF
CETEWAYO,

RENOVATED MONARCH OF THE ZULU.

HE WAS
BLACK, BRILLIANT, AND BANKRUPT;
OWING HIS ORIGIN,

AT A GRAVELY INCONVENIENT CRISIS IN PUBLIC AFFAIRS,
LESS TO THE GRACEFUL PATRIOTISM OF SIR MICHAEL BEACH,
THAN TO THE BOUNDLESS SENSE OF HUMOUR

OF
SIR BARTLE FRERE.

HE WAS,
AT A COST OF FIVE MILLIONS STERLING,
TO THE TEMPORARY GRATIFICATION OF MADAME TURNAUD,
AND THE PERMANENT AMAZEMENT OF LORD CHILMSFORD,
SURROUNDED AND CAPTURED
BY A BRITISH ARMY IN THE FIELD.

DEVOTING HEREOFORTH
THE LIGHTER MOMENTS OF COLONIAL CAPTIVITY
TO OBTAINING SUCCESSIVELY
A MASTERY OVER THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE ACCORDION,
AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE PECULIARITIES OF WHISKEY,
AND A RESPECT FOR THE EPISTOLARY TALENTS OF LORD KIMBERLEY.
HE APPEARED SUDDENLY, ONE AFTERNOON,
IN A BACK STREET IN KENSINGTON,
TO TAKE DOWN AN IRON BEDSTEAD,
EAT ONE POUND AND THREE-QUARTERS OF BEEF-STEAK AT A SITTING,
AND CLAIM THE THRONE OF HIS ANCESTORS.
DISCOVERED TO BE THE FIRST AND ONLY FOREIGN POTENTATE
WHO HAD EVER SUCCESSFULLY BAFFLED
AND COMPLETELY WORSTED
A TOTAL ABSTINENCE DEPUTATION,
AND THEREBY

REVEALING RARE AND HITHERTO UNSUSPECTED QUALITIES
OF GENUINE STATESMANSHIP,
HE ADMITTED THAT HE WAS PROBABLY BY NO MEANS THE LAST
WHOM

A VISIT TO THE REGENT'S PARK ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS,
AN INSPECTION OF MR. WHITELEY'S ESTABLISHMENT,
AND A RIDE IN THE CABIN OF A WOOLWICH STEAMBOAT,
WOULD FAVOURABLY IMPRESS
WITH A CONVICTION OF THE PERMANENT STABILITY AND EXTENT
OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

THUS, AFTER SHOWING,
BY REFERENCE TO HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY AS "HIS
MOTHER,"

AND SLIDING DOWN THE BALUSTERS TO DINNER,
THAT HE WAS MORE SOLICITOUS
OF MANIFESTING KINDLY DEVOTION TO THE CROWN
THAN OF CULTIVATING

THE NICKER USAGES OF SOCIETY,
HE WAS RESTORED TO HIS RIGHTS,
WITH AN IMPERIAL AND ADVENTUROUS MAGNANIMITY,
THAT LEFT HIM NO ALTERNATIVE BUT TO EXPRESS

HIS GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS,
AFTER THE CUSTOM OF HIS FATHERS,
BY INDULGING, WITH THE WHOLE OF HIS RETINUE,
INSTANTLY, BUT DIPLOMATICALLY,

IN A NINE HOURS' BREAKDOWN.
FINALLY DISPOSED OF AS A SALOON PASSENGER,

ON THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER,
AFTER BEING MORDED BY FEW,

ENVIED BY NONE,
BUT HIGHLY RESPECTED BY ALL,

HE LEFT THESE SHORES,
TO LAND WHEREVER HE CONVENIENTLY CAN

IN HIS OWN DOMINIONS,
WHERE,

WHETHER HE BE WELCOME OR NOT,
IT IS PROBABLE

THAT HE WILL THERE AND THERE
WITHOUT A MOMENT'S HESITATION

GO FOR JOHN DURN,

TAKE OFF HIS BOOTS,

AND DISAPPEAR WITH A WAR-WHOOP
INTO THE WILDS OF THAT NATIVE BUSH
FROM WHICH IT IS TO BE REASONABLY AND DEVOTELY HOPED
HE WILL NEVER AGAIN EMBODY



DESIGN, BY OUR CHURCH-AND-STAGE-GUILDED YOUTH, FOR
A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW, TO BE PUT UP IN THE CHURCH
OF SS. MARIA, BANCROFTIUS, ET CECILIUS, AT POSTRESSINA. THE
DESIGN WAS NOT, WE REGRET TO SAY, EXHIBITED UNTIL AFTER
MRS. BANCROFT HAD ALREADY GIVEN A WINDOW, MR. BANCROFT
A BELL, AND MR. ARTHUR CECIL THE BOOKS. "BELL, BOOK,"—
BUT WHERE WAS THE "KENDAL"? "NOT IN IT."

A CANTERBURY TALE.

[A Cockney, who had been caught inscribing his name on a pillar in Canter-
bury Cathedral, was prosecuted by the Seneschal, and fined.]

SHAKES! Twenty-eight bob and a tanner for chippin' my name on
a post!

I guess that's a little too good enough,—cleaned out Yours Truly
a'most.

Blamed shame!—done it 'unders a times; but, since mucked in
this 'ere pretty penny, shall

Think 'fore I houts with my knife, of that blessed old chiser the
Seneschal.

Spiles 'arf the fun of a outing, no use knife or pencil to carry!
But a quid and a 'arf for a cut, is a trifle too lofty for 'ARRY.

"CAPTURED COLOURS" (as exhibited at Dublin and in Lancaster
Gaol).—GRAY and GREEN.

TROPES FOR TRIPPERS.

By David Cramb Junior.



A Frowning Precipice.



A Stiff Ascent.



A Shady Bank.



Cook and Gaze.

A LITTLE HOLIDAY.

A few Happy-Thought Notes among the Hills in Wales. Invitation—Visit—The Bard—An Interview.

INVITATION from my friend DAVID WYNEVAN of Gwanffai Castle. Gwanffai is a word which at first sight presents some difficulty,—not so much in writing as in pronunciation.

[Happy Thought.—In speaking to WYNEVAN, say familiarly, and in an off-hand manner, "The Castle," without particularising. I notice, subsequently, that most people adopt this plan, even the Welsh native visitors; from which I conclude that they are a little afraid of their own language. Still it is a dangerous thing to presume on their apparent ignorance, and to select some absurd-looking word as a subject for a jest, because you are sure to find that these higgledy-piggledy-looking syllables, which present the appearance of one of those remarkably senseless combinations formed by a fortuitous concurrence of ivory letters when you are trying to find out "what word has been given you," compose a word expressive of all that is most sacred and venerable in that particular language.

[Happy Thought.—When inclined to make a joke about a foreign word, restrain yourself until you've clearly and beyond all doubt ascertained its exact and correct meaning. You may lose your excellent joke, but you save your character for reverence and good taste, you hurt no one's susceptibilities, and if you discover the word is harmless, the opportunity for your witticism may crop up again in the course of years. Only, if it does occur again years hence, by that time you will probably have forgotten the witticism. Lost opportunities for repartees and witticisms never return.

[Subject for Essay.—"The Lost Witticism," a poem for music like "The Lost Chord,"—a title, by the way, suggested to my mind whenever there's a parcel I want to do up, and when "there must be a piece of string somewhere"—and there isn't.]

DAVID WYNEVAN, of Gwanffai, says, "Come to the Eisteddfod. If you've never heard one, you'll be interested." I reply, "Never heard one. Will certainly come. Much interested."

I tell my friends in London that I am going to be present for the first time at an Eisteddfod. They ask me what it is like. This is a foolish question on their part, as I have already explained to them that I have never yet seen one. However, I describe to them what I think it will be like, judging from a vague recollection of pictures of some Great Eisteddfod gathering in the illustrated papers years ago. (On subsequently testing the accuracy of my memory on this subject, I am not at all certain that the pictures were not of something totally different, in quite another quarter of the globe,—indeed I rather fancy they were copies of some great originals depicting scenes in sacred history.) I give them my idea of the sort of Eisteddfod I am going to witness. I say: "You view the magnificent country, wild hills, cloud-capped mountains stretching away in the distance, here and there the remains of an old feudal ruin: on one of the hills a Druidical pile."

"What's the good of a carpet on a hill?" asks JOHNNIE PROSSER, interrupting me.

I don't know much of PROSSER, except that he is called familiarly "JOHNNIE"—[there seem to be a number of "JOHNNIES," "HUGHIES," and "FREDDIES," about just now, all much the

same age, as if some twenty-five years ago there had been a Christening Conspiracy]—and that he has generally been described to me, by hearty people, as, "Oh, he's the cheeriest chap in the world"—which might be the title of a song to the tune and metre of KINGSEY's "Broken Doll." Chorus: "The cheeriest, cheeriest, cheeriest, cheeriest, che-er-test chap in the world!"

"I didn't say there was a carpet on the hill," I explain, pleasantly. "Oh, didn't you?" returns the cheeriest chap. "I thought you said 'on a hill there was a Druidical pile.'"

Whereat they all laugh.

If there is a thing I detest when you're really talking seriously, and when everybody is serious while you're talking, it is a stupid pun. I smile, deprecatingly, on the punmaker, and continue my glowing description of the coming Eisteddfod:—

"A grand old Druidical pile,—the ancient Bards—they're still called 'Bards,'" I explain, "and the dress is kept up,—at least," I say, anticipating some stupid remark on the idea of "the dress being kept up," from JOHNNIE the Punmaker, "so I believe; and then the people from all parts of the Principality"—(N.B.—A great point, in speaking of Wales to Welshmen, is to style it "the Principality")—"gathering together in a variety of national costumes."

"I know," exclaims a Lady of the party, "I know. The women in tall hats and caps, and the men—I forget how the men were dressed,"—she finishes, and turns to me for information.

Someone suggests, "Oh, it's something like the Bretons!"

"I fancy it is," I say, not liking to commit myself irrevocably on this point. Then I go on. "The Bards have harps, and there are about twenty-five of them playing at once some wild and beautiful Welsh air"—(I pause—as it suddenly occurs to me that I am merely repeating an impressive description once given me by a friend of a grand Jewish function at a synagogue in Paris). Taking advantage of this break, somebody asks, "Rather difficult to hear the harps among the mountains, eh?"

There are a variety of opinions expressed on the subject. I get in the words "acoustic properties," and propound some theory of echoes, which seems to explain the matter satisfactorily to everybody. Afterwards, on thinking it over, I try to recollect what it was I said about Echoes which seemed to give such a thoroughly satisfactory explanation to everybody.

[Note for Psychological work.—Isn't it the nearest thing to inspiration, to be explaining clearly to your listeners something utterly unintelligible to yourself, and then to be unable to recall your own perfectly convincing explanation? *New Night Thoughts. After-dinner Series.*]

However, everyone says it must be a very grand sight, and all envy my being present on such an occasion. JOHNNIE tells me he is going down to see the show (this is how he puts it) himself. On comparing notes I find he is also a guest at the Castle. He adds, "We shall have a real cheery time of it." I am delighted to hear it. I ask him if he's ever been there before, to which he replies, "Often; awfully cheery lot"—but, as this somehow doesn't convey to my mind exactly what I had anticipated of a solemn national Bardic sort of Gathering of the Clans, I ask him rather anxiously, "I suppose you've not been there on an occasion like this, eh?" he replies, carelessly, "No; I've never been down there for one of their local sing-songs. Don't believe it's up to much, myself. And if they're going to have all this fussing about the hills that you say, it'll play the deuce with the grouse."

He is evidently not sympathetic on the subject. However, he doesn't contradict my description of what I think an Eisteddfod ought to be. We shall meet anon. We do meet anon at The Castle.

WYNEVAN, my host, is full of the coming Eisteddfod. He has some nervous fear that I am going to laugh at it. I protest that nothing is farther from my thoughts. I earnestly assure him that I am deeply interested in the keeping-up of any distinctly national custom. At this answer he gains confidence, and then expatiates on the subject, giving me the history of Eisteddfods. He pauses from time to time, as we sit on the parapet of the terrace overlooking the moat, and looks at me, inquiringly, to see what effect the various bits of antiquarian information have on me. I am impressed; I listen attentively: he is pleased. I listen with respectful attention, and he is more pleased. Somehow it occurs to me that I am listening to a speech. Occasionally I nod my head, not sleepily, but intelligently; and sometimes I say, "Certainly!" "Exactly!" or "Quite so!" or "Indeed!" which correspond to "Hear! hear!" "Hear!" and "Breathless attention," and are clearly exactly what he wants, as, when I subsequently hear him speaking from the Presidential Chair of the Eisteddfod assembly, the fact breaks upon me, with conviction, that he has been trying all the leading points of his address on me, to see how they would go.

He tells me there is a Bard in the Castle at that moment. The Bard has a title in his own language, which, translated, means "The Soaring Eagle." He tells me all the Bards have descriptive titles, such as The Roaring Lion, the Howling Deer, and so forth. It reminds me of the names in FENIMORE COOPER's novels about the Redskins.

[*Happy Thought.*—*New Titles.* The Whistling Wind, The Howling Stag, The Singing Mouse, The Whistling Oyster, and a lovely one, The Thundering Lyre.]

Remembering that pipers are attached to noble Scotch Houses, I remark that the presence of the Bard at the Castle is quite in keeping with the feudal character of the place. My host, I fancy, doesn't quite seem to understand the observation, but smiles, and says Yes.

[*Happy Thought.*—Leave it at this, and don't explain.]

After a few seconds' silence, during which my host has evidently decided in his own mind that my last observation contained some subtle sarcastic allusion to the national musical festival, he says to me, in a tone of confidentially mild remonstrance, "Don't say anything before the Bard that could let him think you're laughing at the Eisteddfod."

Once more I hasten to assure him, more earnestly than ever, that, either before or behind the Bard, nothing is further from my ideas. "Well, that's all right," returned my host, evidently considerably relieved. "I only mentioned it, you know."

He seems to think that I have accepted his hospitality for the express purpose of ridiculing national manners and customs, for which I have really and constitutionally the most profound respect.

I should like to see the Bard, probably a blind one, with his harp. I don't like to ask anything about him, lest my question should re-awaken the suspicion as to my motive for inquiring, so I hold my tongue. Wonder if the Bard is in the kitchen before the fire? or in a keeper's lodge? or up in a watch-tower? or wandering about the mountains, ready to come in—very ready to come in—at supper-time? Wonder if he has fits of inspiration, and suddenly bursts in upon you, harp and all, with a chorus when you least expect it?

[*Happy Thought.*—Look my door while toileting for dinner.]

Coming down about five minutes before anybody else, I am alone in the drawing-room. While wondering who is here, besides JOHNNIE PROSSER, who has, I hear, already arrived, door opens, and a Gentleman enters, whose face is somehow familiar to me, and who, from his dress, complexion, and general bearing, I settle in my own mind, is a foreigner,—probably an Italian. He is associated in my memory with either music or conjuring—I can't tell which exactly; but were he to produce a short black wand tipped with brass, and tap the lid of one of the table ornaments sharply, to convince me there was nothing in it, or if he suddenly shook out a handkerchief, flourished it over his arm, and brought out a bowl of fish, I should not be in the least astonished, but should applaud, and try to get him to teach me how it was done. On the other hand, were he suddenly to sing a snatch from a tenor air, with great fervour, I fancy his name would come back to me. As, however, he does neither of these things, but simply and gracefully—an Italian is always graceful—bows, I salute him, and open the conversation with a few original remarks on the weather, and thence, by an easy process, to what is the uppermost topic just now; *i.e.*, Welsh National Customs, the Eisteddfod, and the Family Bard.

The stranger is a foreigner decidedly, but of what nationality I can't make out. Austrian, perhaps, or Russian. When in doubt, it is generally safe to say Russian. He might be Swiss, or a Greek. Give him a black, picturesque cloak and hat, from underneath which his raven locks fall on his shoulders, and the point of a dagger gleaming out from somewhere, and he'd be a Brigand of the Abruzzi down to the ground. [*Happy Thought.*—Good name for Opera, *The Brigand of the Abruzzi.* Opening chorus of the Abruzzi masked. On second thoughts, are they people or mountains?]

I take it for granted that this is his first visit to Wales, and therefore I am inclined to converse with him from the ignorant-foreigner point of view. I have never before been in Wales myself, but a foreigner has been less in Wales than I have. I give him my impressions about Wales, as I imagine it is; I give him my notions on feudal customs as kept up in Brittany (he doesn't know Brittany); and, by way of drawing him out, I put him an artfully leading question when I say, "I suppose these customs are much the same in Italy?"

"Yes," he says, with an accent which is difficult to associate with any spoken language I am the least acquainted with—[Stop! can he be a Spaniard?—he uses energetic action, but has a soft insinuating manner, and pronounces each syllable distinctly, while speaking deliberately, and clearly choosing most excellent English.]—"Yes; there is al-so the same cus-tom in Ger-ma-my. The Welsh, in-deed, are a ve-ry mu-si-cal people," and his voice rises on the last syllable but one, and then finishes on a semitone. [*Note.*—Perhaps he is talking "in an uncompleted seventh." Think I've heard of this in music. *Mem.*—Ask about it.]

The effect is musically pleasant, but whether he is a Spaniard, an Austrian, a Swiss, or a Russian, I cannot make out. [*Happy Thought.*—Perhaps he is a Gregorian. Or an Uncompleted Seventh of the Gregorian Family.]

"But," I say, continuing the subject on my own lines, "in this age of newspapers and railway literature, the idea of keeping a Family Bard seems rather odd, doesn't it?"

The mysterious foreigner doesn't comprehend me. I explain to

him that our host has a Bard attached to the house, a real old Welsh Bard, who is now, I believe, out on the hills with the Welsh mutton.

"Re-al-ly?" murmurs the intelligent foreigner, evidently much astonished by my information. This is clearly his first visit here.

"Yes," I go on, "WYNEVAN calls him 'The Bard,' and I suppose he'll come in after dinner, and give us a tune—a real Welsh air—on his harp."

"Well, that is stir-range," observes my foreign friend, to whom I am a perfect gold-mine of information. "I ne-ver have heard of this Bard. Are you su-er?" He means "sure."

"Oh, dear, yes," I reply, confidently; "WYNEVAN told me so himself just now. He said that the Bard's name in Welsh—of course I can no more pronounce it than you can the *patet* of your own country"—intelligent foreigner nods and smiles blandly—and once more I wonder what countryman he is?—but I rather think the translation of it in English is 'Howling Stag,' or something of that sort"—and then I go on with my humorous suggestions for new names for the Bards, such as "The Thundering Lyre" and so forth: and being in full confidential swing of talk, always from the instruct-the-ignorant-foreigner point of view, I repeat WYNEVAN's warning to me—[*Happy Thought.*—Good title for Welsh novel—"*WYNEVAN's Warning*, in three Vols. Second Edition now ready"]—and caution the foreigner not on any account to say anything disparaging of the Eisteddfod, or, in fact, of anything nationally Welsh, in the Bard's presence.

"I should of course"—why of course?—"be the last person to do such a thing. But I con-fess you as-to-nish me. Mr. WYNEVAN has ne-ver told me."

"Ah!" exclaims WYNEVAN, entering suddenly, and referring to his watch, as if he had been doing a distance against time, and were just finishing it. "Capital! You know each other, eh?"

"No, we haven't that, &c., &c.," we both murmur, indistinctly, and then commence bowing and smiling at one another, like clock-work figures just wound up, in a vague but sociable way, as if we were so delighted with each other's society that names were really of no sort of consequence.

"Oh, you don't, eh?" repeats our host. "Then allow me—Mr. EDWARDS."

Bless my soul! That's why I knew his face! Seen and heard him at concerts. Of course he is a musician, and the finest harpist in the world! I am delighted. But . . . stop! I take WYNEVAN aside, and say, "Then he's a Welshman!"

"Rather!" replies WYNEVAN. "EDWARD EDWARDS! Welshman of Welshmen. I told you about him before dinner."

"About him?" I exclaim, under my breath, and a light suddenly dawning upon me. "But you only mentioned about the Bard—the man with the difficult name—the 'Boaring Eagle.'"

"Well," says WYNEVAN apart to me, and indicating, by a glance over his shoulder, that he is speaking of my supposed Intelligent Foreigner, though we both pretend to be examining a work of Art on the walls, "he is 'The Boaring Eagle.' He's the head swell of all the Bards at the Eisteddfod."

Good gracious! Then I've been talking all this time to the Bard himself! Instructing him in Welsh customs and . . . But it's his fault. Why does he look like a distinguished foreigner?

"Rather sorry you spoke, eh?" says JOHNNIE PROSSER, coming in at the moment, and grasping the entire situation. "You didn't think that gay Sportsman was the Bard, eh?" And off he goes into a series of chuckles. Dinner.

MRS. RAMSDOTHAM was asked if she liked yachting, and she replied that she preferred *terra-cotta*. She probably meant *terra-firma*.

NEWS FROM THE PALESTINE EXPLORERS.



DISCOVERY OF A GROUP OF RUDE STONE MONUMENTS.



A POSER.

"TO-MORROW'S SUNDAY, ISN'T IT, MAMMA?"—"YES, DEAR." "MAYN'T I PLAY WITH THE CARDS AND BUILD CASTLES WITH THEM?"—"CERTAINLY NOT, DEAR!" "BUT, MAMMA, MIGHTN'T I PLAY WITH THE PRAYER-BOOKS, YOU KNOW, IF I BUILT A CHURCH WITH THEM?"

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR PUNCH,

I AND a lot of other fellows don't think your Cartoons represent what people really mean. If you could draw JOHN BULL hitting the Egyptian chap on the nose, and a lot of people standing round, saying, "Bravo, hit him again!" it would have a stunning effect.

St. Barnabas Grammar School.

Yours truly,
THOMAS CREEKY.

DEAR SIR,

I AM desirous of goin on the stag. i can sing most anny songs and can wolts and have often danced to a orgin for harf the hour together without feelin fatigued. and mi figer is good. I think the Hamarket Thetre would soot me if i had only a few words to sa fust of aul. Please tri and help me

Uper Street Islington.

Yrs verry trull
AMELIA BIGGS.

SIR,

I TAKE the liberty of enclosing you a few short satirical sketches on persons who live in this neighbourhood—Lower Tooting. I read them aloud last night to my family circle, and one and all recognised the originals. I feel assured that their publication in your journal would do much to increase the sale of *Punch* in Lower Tooting, where, indeed, it is already pretty generally known, and thought highly of.

The Bungalow, Lower Tooting.

Yours, sincerely,
SEPTIMUS SQUASH.

SIR,

THAT joke of yours last week my brother made quite a year ago. You must have heard it, and unjustifiably used it. Send remittance at once, or shall place matter in my solicitor's hands forthwith. Address,

T. M. SMITH.

DEAR PUNCH,

You are in the theatrical world, and know all the theatrical fellows. I wish you would tell me the right names, ages, and

addresses of all the Girls at the Gaiety Theatre. Also, where is a good place to buy jewels like they wear on the stage, which look real by gaslight.

Junior Toothpick Club.

Yours, ever,
HUGH CRUTCH.

SIR,

You are too fiddle-faddle. The country is being ruined by the Whigs. A Cartoon representing Mr. CHAMBERLAIN pointing to "Irish Atrocities," and saying to GRANVILLE, "Remember!" would be vastly popular. Yours truly,

Birmingham.

A LOVER OF HIS COUNTRY.

SIR,

WHEN you pitch into Fishmongers you ought to know something about them. That you evidently don't, or, if you do, won't or can't speak truth, is clear from your article on Fishmongers. I hope they will denounce and ruin you. I am not in the trade myself.

Yours,

A HATER OF LIES.

P.S.—Why not attack Bakers? You might do some good there. And I think I could help you.

MISS CRUMBLETON encloses a sketch to the Editor of *Punch*, hoping it may meet with his approval. The joke is a real incident. Please return sketch if not accepted.

(* Any number of these, without stamped and addressed wrappers.)

MY DEAR SIR,

MANY years ago I had the pleasure of travelling in the same carriage with your father, from Waterloo to Clapham Junction. Since then, I am sorry to say, the world has not gone well with me, and, struggle as I may, I cannot keep my head above water. Would you, for the sake of old times, lend me five pounds till the end of the month, when I am certain to obtain some lucrative appointment. I am sure your father would have granted this request, and I feel confident that his generous heart has descended to his son.

Yours, truly,
JOHN PROSER.

Hard-Up Street, Bloomsbury.



THE MODERN CÆSAR.

SIR GARNET (dog.) "VENI, VIDI"—

[Enter Prince Twon with the post-bag.]



PUNCH'S PATENT PARAPLUIE POPGUN.

A SWEET BOON TO ELDERLY SPORTSMEN.

TO MOMUS.

*(Written at the request of the Universe, for the Eighty-third Volume of his Immortal Work.)*BY THE P^UT L^{ORD}.

BRITISH MOMUS, thou that singest
 underneath St. Bride's sky-pointing spire,
 Parties falling, Parties rising,
 wars, and GLADSTONE'S faith and SALISBURY'S ire;
 Fair-play lover, lord of language
 more than apes of the Swinburnian craze,
 All the wealth of fun and fancy
 flashing forth in many a pungent phrase;
 Thou that chaffest Whig and Tory,
 Ins and Outs, for all they do absurd;
 Whose discretion ne'er abuses
 Wit's free play in picture or in word;
 Poet of our happy Girlhood,
 reading thee in bondoirs or in bowers;
 Poet of the stinging satire,
 at whose lash the Humbug writhes and cowers;
 Flouter of all Folly, glorying
 in the better years e'en yet to be,
 Summers of the unstained meadow,
 unbelligerent earth, and bloodless sea;
 Thou that seest Universal
 Humour moved by Universal Mind;
 Thou sagacious in Mirth-madness
 lessening the gloom of humankind;
 Bright among more bilious sages,
 Star that banisheth the owl-eyed bore;
 Golden gleam amid the shadows,
 leaden lumps that sink to rise no more;
 Now thy Fleet Street roars, and stronger
 booms Great Paul from WREN'S colossal dome,
 While the ocean-roll of London
 sounds for ever round thine urban home;
 Now the Wit of clowns hath perish'd,
 and the Wit of gentlemen holds its place;
 I, who though stern-browed, can smile, and
 sunder never strength from manly grace;
 I salute thee, Modern Momus,
 I that read thee since thy work began;
 Wielder of the fairest fadon
 ever shaken by the hand of man.

EXTRACTS FROM MY REMINISCENCES.

(A.D. 1830.)

(By Thomas Carlyle Mosley Scarabous.)

It was in 1832 that I met for the first, and, I am happy to say, the last time, HENRY IRVING, a squat, fattish, vulgar man with a jerky manner of repeating "doatohyerknow." He attempted cordiality and politeness, but the effort on his part to disguise his feelings of hatred towards all those who did not appreciate his acting was disgustingly transparent. I asked him for a box in his theatre, which he gave me. I had chosen it for a night on which I was engaged; so, as far as I was concerned, that box remained empty the entire evening. But very likely he had given it to three or four friends the same night, besides letting it twice over.

Sat next to a tall, lithe man called LANGLEY SAMBOURNE at a very bad dinner, given by some man whose name I have now forgotten, but whom I remember to have been an egregious ass. I conversed with the man SAMBOURNE on the subject of *Punch*, not that I took any interest in that remarkably dismal publication, but that I wished to gain some insight into the manner in which so much folly and bad drawing were weekly given to the Public. But the man SAMBOURNE, who had a somewhat pleasing exterior, could talk of nothing but hunting. Silly affectation on the part of a person who earns his living by making marks on a bit of wood! I advised him to talk of omnibuses or four-wheelers at the outside.

EDMUND YATES, a spare, slight, closely-bearded man with an irritating drawl, and a huge appetite, a sure sign of depravity of mind. He invited me down to his place on the river for a few days, and I went. He professed to allow me to do as I liked, and I did as I liked, for which I was glad, as I could see by his exuberant hospitality that he didn't like it. I find jotted down in my note-book, "Secondrate hired Venetian Bravo or an inferior pettifogging attorney spoilt." Not sorry I went, as my description of his *message* in the *Chicago Roarer*, under the title of "The Rook in his Rookery," brought me in a considerable sum of money when it was needed.

LAST week the clever Russian Police arrested an English Missionary Clergyman, having "mistaken his Bibles for Nihilist literature." A little knowledge is a dangerous thing; and the Russian Detective, who had a smattering of our language, thought he had got hold of a real plot when he made out the word "Revolutions."

WHY THEY ARE CALLED THE POTTERIES.—Because at Hanley—rendered immortal by the Man and Dog Fight—there are 342 licensed pot-houses, or one to every 141 of the population. They ought to be called the Quart Potteries, or perhaps the Go-to-Potteries.

"WHEN DOCTORS DIS- AGREE."

THE *Morning Post* on Sept. 1st announced that it was "in a position to state, on the best authority, the real facts as to the Duke of ALBANY's health. His Royal Highness has been confined to his apartments for the last three weeks by one of those common ailments to which all are liable." We were delighted beyond measure at hearing this statement "on the best authority," which reduces His Royal Highness's illness to a level with that mysterious complaint somewhat vaguely described by the Clown in a Circus as the "papsylah" and the "teazyweazies in his pandenoodles." But if it is, as we sincerely hope, only one of those common ailments to which even inferior flesh is heir, why, on the same date, does the *Times* give prominence to a learned medical article, from the *Lancet*, on Prince LEOPOLD's case, full of such terrific-looking technical expressions as are calculated to give the healthiest men fits after being told by the *Post* that these things are merely common ailments to which all are liable? Which is right—Doctor LANCET or Doctor POST? We turn from Blue Pillar to True Blue Post, and pause for a reply.

Press-Military Measure.

ONE alarm makes one shot. One thousand shots make one wounded man. Three wounded men make one desperate engagement. Two desperate engagements make one glorious victory. Three glorious victories make half a triumphant campaign. One triumphant campaign makes all the Evening Newspapers!

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 100.



THE DUNRAVEN.

A VERY EARLY BIRD, WHO GENERALLY GETS ON THE RIGHT SIDE IN A "GREAT DIVIDE."

WATER-BOBBIES.

To record the truly gallant act of Police Constable JOHN CHARLES JENKINS, E Division, No. 233, who leapt off Waterloo Bridge on the 14th July, last, to save the life of one, HENRY CHAPMAN, his brother Constables have presented him with a gold watch, with an inscription which, like himself, is always on the watch. Where is the Author to write a book called *The Water-Bobbies*? Perhaps Mr. V. HOWARD, the eminent police-lawyer, will answer this question,—if an absconding debtor plunges heavily into the Thames, is it the duty of a Water-Bailiff to dive in after him, show him the warrant under-water, and then bring him safe to shore?

NEW SONG FOR THE BURGLARIOUS SEASON, JUST COMMENCED.—"*The Burglar*," by the Author of "*The Bugler*." Also an inspiring chorus:—

Let's be Burglari-ous,
Jolly hilari-ous,
Sneaking down areas,
Never be seen!

THE MAHARAJAH DULEEP SINGH, as a Suffolk Squire, has announced his intention of contesting Whitby at the next Election, without, however, committing himself to any particular shade of politics, being apparently quite satisfied with his own colour. This uncertainty as to his future course suggests an addition to his title, and His Highness shall be known hereafter as THE MAHARAJAH DU-LKEEP-IN-THE-DARK SINGH. His Highness should do his best to secure the vote of that extensive branch of our family, "the Suffolk Punches." This is a Note to SINGH.

"TAKEN IN" AND DONE FOR.

TIME—Any Afternoon in the Dull Season. PLACE—London.

SCENE—The Smoking-Room of the Omnium Gatherum, which, through the kind thoughtfulness of its Committee, has become the temporary head-quarters of Clubland during the suspension of the various houses "closed for repairs." Ordinary and Honorary Members of the Omnium Gatherum discovered staring at each other in solemn silence.

Affable Ordinary Member (to Angry Old Gentleman). Ah, I'm delighted to see you here again! I'm sure that story I told you at dinner, about the British Army bolting, was not intended to offend you. You see, I thought that you, as a member of this Club—

Angry Old Gentleman. I am not a member, Sir! I've been taken in from the Senior United Service Club, Sir; and when you tell me, Sir, that the British Army bolted, I, as an old General, Sir,—I—

Affable Ordinary Member. Dear me, I'm very sorry. (Turning to Grave-Looking Gentleman in Spectacles.) By the way, Sir, what mad trash the new comedy seems to be! Have you seen it?

Gentleman in Spectacles (grimly). No, I haven't seen it, but I wrote it! [Exit home, as the Garrick is in the hands of the whitewashers.]

Affable Ordinary Member (aside). Dear me, I seem to be putting my foot into it everywhere! Try politics. (Aloud to Gentleman in Evening Dress.) GLADSTONE seems to be making a nice mess of it, Sir?

Gentleman in Evening Dress (deliberately). As a member of the Reform, Sir, I must contradict you!

Affable Ordinary Member. Dear me, how stupid I am! Of course when I said GLADSTONE, I meant that SALISBURY was making a nice mess of it.

Gentleman in Shooting Velveteens (holly). As a member of the Carlton, Sir, I am compelled to differ with you!

Affable Ordinary Member (confused). I am sure I must apologise. But you see just now we are a little mixed. (Turning to a pleasant specimen of the Jeunesse Doré.) I was told a very amusing story, to-day, Sir, about BISMARCK's dog and—

Specimen of the Jeunesse Doré (interrupting). Thanks, yes, I know; heard it six weeks ago at the Beef-Steak, of which I am a member. Good night!

Affable Ordinary Member (losing his temper). Well, he might have listened to it! But somebody shall hear it! (To Elderly Gentleman hidden behind a newspaper.) As a brother member of this Club, Sir, will you allow me to tell you an extremely good story I heard to-day.

Elderly Gentleman (emerging from his newspaper). I beg you will do nothing of the sort, Sir. I object to all stories—hem!—on principle. You are mistaken in concluding that I am a member of this Club. I have been taken in from the Athenæum, Sir, and am—hem!—a bishop! (unbending). But perhaps I spoke unguardedly when I said all stories. For instance, I have collected some very interesting statistics about our Missionary efforts in the South Pacific, which I have introduced into a sermon (producing large MS. Book). Perhaps you would like to hear a little of it?

Affable Ordinary Member. Only too delighted—another time.

[Exit hurriedly. Scene closes in as the solemn silence is resumed.]



THE MORNING PAPERS.

SKETCH FROM OUR WINDOW, TEN A.M., AT SLUDGEBOURGH NESS.

THE SONG OF THE COUNTRY SQUIRE.

[See Mr. CHARLES MILNES GASKELL's Article on "The Country Gentleman" in the *Nineteenth Century* for September 1.]

AIR—"The fine Old English Gentleman."

Now listen, all you Radicals, and a story I will tell
Of the fine Old Country Gentleman, who once lived wondrous well,
In the good old times when England's heart was stout,
True Blue, and Tory.



But now, what with Free Trade, Reform Bills,
Reduced Rents, Ground Game Bills, and other
revolutionary rubbish,

It's quite another story
With the fine Old Country Gentleman, one of the
modern time.

The fine Old Country Gentleman once held a fine
estate,

Of a few thousand acres of farm and forest land,
with polite and punctually-paying tenants, excel-

lent shooting, ancestral oaks, immemorial elms, and all that
sort of thing,

But it hasn't been so of late;
For the rents have gone down about twenty per cent., lots of acres
are laid down in grass,

And the person who imagines that the Squire of whom WASHINGTON
IRVING and Mounseer MONTALEMBERT wrote all sorts of pretty
things has a jolly good time of it in these d—stestable days,
Is a sentimental ass,

Says the fine Old Country Gentleman, one of the present time.

The fine Old Country Gentleman has an Elizabethan mansion,
But what the dickens is the good of that if his means continually
narrow in proportion to

His family's expansion?
If he gives up his deer, and sells his timber, dismisses his servants,
and thinks of advertising his house for a grammar school,
Or a lunatic asylum

(As he often has to do) what is there in his lot to excite the jealousy
of those darned Radicals, though the common comfort of that
poor *caput lupinum*, the Land Owner, on however little a scale
Seems invariably to rile 'em?

Asks the fine Old Country Gentleman, one of the modern time.

With an encumbered property, diminishing rent-roll, and expenses
beyond his income,

The question which confronts him at every corner is, whence will the
needful "tin" come?

And when they prate to us about our "improvidence," and advise
us to "cut down" and economise, why, where, in the name of
patience, I ask 'll

Be the pull of being a Country Gentleman at all, if one has to live
like a retired pork-butcher or prosperous publican, and perhaps
you will answer

That question Mr. CHARLES MILNES GASKELL!

Of the fine Old Country Gentleman, one of the modern time.

As to Sport, without which life is not worth an egg-shell, it's be-
coming a ruinous habit,

And soon, no doubt, the darned Radicals 'll rob us of the grouse and
the partridge, as they've already

Robbed us of the hare and the rabbit.
Peers and Stockbrokers are popping all over the place, but the
hatred of Game Laws is gaining,

And before very long I've no doubt that ratting will be the only
sport remaining

To the fine Old Country Gentleman, one of the modern time.

The results of what Radicals call Reform, and philandering with
foreign parts,

Are rapidly ruining us Country Squires, and breaking our loyal hearts.
And though they compare us Landlords to a one-eyed Polyphemus,

and we are robbed and duped and then derided by that con-
foundedly cunning and conscienceless creature

The Radical Ulysses,

I'm quite sure that England, which has been going steadily downhill
ever since '32, will descend with one final and fatal dash to the dogs,

As soon as she finally misses

The fine Old Country Gentleman, though of the modern time.

LIFE AT THE SEA-SIDE.

(By an Outsider.)

WITH that good fortune which, as we are told, always attends the brave, I have been invited by a kind Corporation friend to spend three or four days with him and his interesting family at this very paradise of a place. I am forbidden to mention its name, "Oh, no, we never mention it," at least in our correspondence, lest we should be invaded by the usual swarm of sea-side abominations. ADAM called his Paradise, Eden, so I should call mine Eden Bridge; but, unless memory no longer "keeps her place in this distracted globe," there is already a place so called. My friend discovered our Eden, last year, by perfect accident, and has kept his secret splendidly.



The Bend on the Pier.

We are, of course, on a somewhat small scale. We have a nice little Pier on long spider-legs, and two or three nice little Bathing Machines, though they are seldom required, for our nice little drop of sea runs out so playfully at low water, and we never have it high, that you can walk straight out for nearly a mile without wetting your shoulders, and at a distance of a quarter of a mile we can sit down in the sea and play at chess, as they do at the baths at Loosch, in Switzerland. One of our special luxuries is our blue sky. I have been here now for only three days, and seen more blue sky than I saw in London all last month. We are so fond of blue that one of our best houses is all blue, blue blinds, blue gates, blue everything—a fit residence for Neptune himself—and the charming young ladies of the establishment all wear blue ribbons. Our public roads run under overhanging trees, and rustic seats are placed for the comfort of the tired traveller. Here and there are to be seen elegant little tombs, raised to the memory of departed little dogs, with touching little epitaphs, such as, "In memory of TOWZER, a Bull Terrier, Fast and True!" No doubt about it, if he got a chance.

We are quiet; oh, so deliciously quiet. Even the thoughtful workman pauses in his labour as you pass, fearing the noise might annoy you. Our little railway never whistles above a whisper, and always waits ten or fifteen minutes after its time, rather than compel anybody to hurry.

We are celebrated all over the County for our exquisite flowers, which blossom in every garden, and bloom in every window. Our own buxom landlady, the model of what a real Land Lady should be, is so anxious not to offend any visitor on the ground of his nationality, that she cultivates, in her front garden, the Rose, the Shamrock, and the Thistle, and I have induced her to send to Wales for a Leek, having given her a distinct pledge that it flowers beautifully, which I sincerely trust it does.

Our garden is so celebrated, that I sometimes sit at the window for hours, pretending to read, just to have the pleasure of seeing all the pretty girls of the place, and I never saw so many elsewhere, stop as they pass (if that's a thing that can be done), and exclaim with rapture, "Oh, how beautiful! how handsome! how charming!" &c. till I am compelled to leave the window to hide my blushes.

We are strict Sabbatarians. Horses are allowed to be used at discretion. That is to say, if anybody drives out, he is expected to look as much like an invalid as possible, not a very easy task with the bronzed faces caused by the sun and the sea. I have heard of one very conscientious family who always take out an invalid from the neighbouring Asylum, to condone the offence as it were. Be that as it may, we strictly draw the line at Donkeys. Where these patient and useful animals are hidden on Sundays no one has ever discovered. We have fewer of them here than usual, but I observe they are of the true American breed, with the stars on their faces and the stripes on their backs.

We don't seem very large consumers of beef. The careful Butcher goes round the place on Monday—it does not take him long—to ascertain what quantity the inhabitants will pledge themselves to take before deciding to purchasing a whole ox. When he has accomplished this, he drives it in triumph down all the four streets, the same as Mr. SANGER drives his troupe, to give the inhabitants a foretaste of their coming joy.

I need hardly say there are no Poor in our Paradise. If you want anything done, you must make your request known with proper humility, and behave with becoming liberality. But we are all eminently loyal; in fact, our loyalty, like the LORD MAYOR'S, approaches the divine. So much so indeed, that a very small hostelry, devoted to the supply of fine ales and stout, is dedicated with becoming humility to H.R.H. the Prince of WALES.

Everything here is ludicrously cheap. You may buy beautiful household grapes, I think they call them, even in a shop, at the ridiculous price of three shillings a pound, or from a barrow opposite the door, at one-and-sixpence. Being rather lordly swells after our fashion, of course no one ever buys at the barrow.

There are no boot-makers in this Elysium, so, presumably, no corns; but there is one little cobbler's-stall, about ten feet square, but even here the reigning spirit of beauty finds a place, no less than a score of cages, each with its singing bird or birds, make the poor cobbler's-stall a very Babel of sweet sounds.

The good Samaritans of the place sell machines by which you can regulate the sunny beam and the whistling wind. With their aid a cloudless sky is not too hot, nor a gale of wind too strong.

Our streets are kept as neat as a pin and as clean as a whistle—which, I presume, is always clean. Our one ancient and aristocratic-looking scavenger, the very image of an illustrious statesman, wheels his little barrow gently along. We have no dust, as we lay what little there would otherwise be by a daily supply of sea-water, which of course seldom dries.

Would I might disclose the name of this earthly Paradise, but honour forbids, and its commands I obey.

COURAGE AND COMMISSARIAT.

As usual amongst British troops on active service in any part of the globe, the Egyptian campaign presents innumerable examples of incomparable valour and endurance. In particular, by telegram from the seat of war, we are told that—

"One proof mentioned by the Duke of Cornwall of the spirit of his men was that, for twenty-four hours after starting from Ismailia, they had nothing served out to them; yet, hungry, thirsty, worn-out as they were, dirty and unshaved, they were most anxious to be led forward against the enemy."



A Left-tenant.

This anxiety on the part of our gallant fellows of course simply and solely evidenced a combative inclination, coupled with a desire to do their duty, superior to depressing circumstances, and to get it over and feed as soon as possible. Quite right too. "Dirty and unwashed"—did the Duke, or the Correspondent who seems to be quoting H.R.H.'s words, expect the men to be as neat and trim as when on parade? Other soldiers, similarly situated, might also possibly evince a longing to be led against the enemy; but that would merely betray impatience, and show them simply tired of their lives. Though not always shorn and pipeclayed for duty in Pall Mall, our own heroes are never too untidy for action; and, alike whether hungry and thirsty or replete with rations, they uniformly exhibit an indomitable and unbounded stomach for the fight. More might be said, but that foreigners would perhaps pretend to mistake it for brag, apparently a little too like blowing our own trumpet. Besides, the question chiefly suggested by the statement that our men had to fight upon empty stomachs is, obviously,—who ought to be hanged?

HOLIDAY HAUNTS.

By Jingle Junior on the Jaunt.

GREAT YARMOUTH.

WHY Great?—where's Little Yarmouth?—or Mid-Sized Yarmouth?—give it up—don't know—hate people who ask conundrums—feel well cured directly you get here—good trade-mark for dried-fish sellers, "The Perfect Cure"—if you stay a fortnight, get quite kipperish—stay a month, talk kipperish! Principal attractions—Bloaters and Rows—first eat—second see—song, "Speak gently of the Herring"—"long shore" ones splendid—kippers delicious—song, "What's a' the steer, Kipper?"—song, "Nobody's roves like our Rows"—more they are—varied—picturesque—tumbledown—paradise for painters—very narrow—capital support for native BLOATER going home after dinner—odd names—Ramp, Kitty Witches—Gallon Can, Congo! Fancy oneself quite the honest toiler of the sea—ought to go about in dried haddock suit—feel inclined to emulate Mr. PEGGOTTY—run into quiet taverns—thump tables violently—say "gormed!" Whole neighbourhood recalls Ham and Little Em'ly—David, Steerforth, Mrs. Gummidge—recall ham myself—if well broiled—lunch—pleasant promenades on piers—plenty of amusement in watching the bloaterie commerce—fresh water fishing in adjacent Broad, if you like—if not, let it alone—broad as it's long! The Dunes—not sardines—nor rural deans—good places for exercise—plenty of antiquities—old customs—quaint traditions! Picturesque ancient taverns—capital modern hotels—stopping in one of the latter—polite waiter just appeared—dinner served—soup'll get cold—mustn't wait—never insult good cook by being unpunctual—rather let Editor go short than hurt cook's feelings!—so no more at present—from Yours Truly.

* Don't like this sentiment. Is J. J. a Cook's Tourist?—Kn.

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

A GIRL AND A BUOY.

Buys and Girls all out at play,
On a Summer's holiday:
Just a moment, list I pray,
To the Lazy Minstrel's Lay!



Look at the Lassie of supple
sixteen,
Who stands on the steps of
her bathing-machine,
So dimpled, bewitching,
and coy!
So graceful and gleesome—
a princess of pets,
In turquoise blue tunic and
trim trouserettes,
Who puts all her trust
in a Buoy!

She dives with a splash in
the malachite sea,
And makes the shore glad
with her laughter and
glee—
The cliffs all re-echo her
joy!
Her heart it is light and her
spirits are gay,
She floats and she paddles
and swims round the bay,
And comes back to rest
at her Buoy!

Ah! "coming events cast
their shadows before!"

(No doubt, pretty Maiden, you think me a bore,
A moral to tag on your toy.)
Perchance, when you're sick of Society's strife,
Some day we may find, in the Ocean of Life,
You'll cling heart and soul to a Boy!

"THE 'CRI' IS STILL"

THIS Rule for a Criterion Success, proved to demonstration by one
or, at most, two rare exceptions, is that Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM
must be "in it." Without him, *Miss Muffet*, we are afraid, will only
stagger. She may, for wonderful things in this way have been done

before now—though not, if we rightly re-
member, at this theatre. *Miss Muffet*—
such a bad title,
too, nearly as bad as
The Mulberry Bush,
which it originally
bore—is a most irri-
tating piece, because
you go so deter-
mined to laugh at
anything said or
done at the Criterion,
and so glad to get
the opportunity for
a laugh in the "dull
season," that, as
"Cri." 17 st. to Stalls. scene follows scene,
and actors, who



Getting it hot at the
"Cri." 17 st. to Stalls.



End of Heat the First.
16 st.

have been so amusing in other parts and other pieces, are visibly
playing their very best, and scarcely making any score to speak
of, even a favourably prejudiced audience is unable to repress
its disappointment. In Paris, the whole point of the piece, as we
remember being informed at the time, when advised, if we had any-
thing better to do, not to waste an evening on *La Femme à Papa*,
was JUDIC's impersonation of the *ingénue* who gets tipsy. This, of
course, sounds charmingly inviting, but having witnessed the exhibi-
tion that Mme. SCHNEIDER chose to make of herself in *La Périhole*,
and having once again sat out a weak imitation of that performance,
we very easily found something better to do than assist at *La
Femme à Papa*.

The idea of the old *roué* father, who is a disgrace to his strictly
moral and deeply studious son, is still fresh in the memory of all
who saw CHARLES MATHEWS, inimitable to the last, in *My Awful
Dad*; and on the working out of this idea, muddled up with the
other less funny and some not-funny-at-all ideas, depends the suc-
cess of the piece which the adapter of *Pink Dominoes* (*Les Dominos*

Roses) has, with Mr. WYNDHAM's assistance as reviser and Stage
Manager, brought out at the Criterion. Mr. WYNDHAM made a
mistake over *Foggarty's Fairy*, which ought to
have been the *libretto* for our true humorist in



End of Heat II.
13 st.



Finish. Reduction
on taking quantity.
10 st.!!

music, ARTHUR SULLIVAN,
and he has made another with
this. In the *Fairy* he played
himself, but the part didn't
suit him, the piece didn't suit
the audience, and nothing
could save it; but in *Miss
Muffet*, if he had played the
part which Mr. BREEDONNE
TREN works so hard to make
effective, and with which he
really does his utmost, though
it is not in the least in his
line—except just at the com-
mencement—Mr. WYNDHAM
might have achieved a Piece
with Honour, even though he had not obtained a triumph.

Nobody, except in a limited theatrical circle, as a rule, cares one
button who may be the Author of a piece at the Criterion or the
Gaiety, any more than, in old days, they cared who wrote for BUCK-
STONE at the Haymarket, or WRIGHT at the Adelphi, so long as those
irresistibly droll
their own peculiar
you "quite sore
long as NELLIE
ROYCE, & Co. are in
that's good enough
they'll put up with
NELLIE FARREN &
lines to say, telling
ing tunes, and some
habitudes won't stand
begin to consult
find out who is to
their favourites such
try and amuse them.
they flock in to see
cause you can al-



Mr. Wyndham off to Ame-
rica. Flying Visit.

Comedians were in
farces, and made
with laughing." As
FARREN, TERRY,
a Gaiety piece,
for the Stalls, and
a good deal; but if
Co. don't have sharp
words set to catch-
good dances, the
it, and they then
their playbills to
blame for giving
trash with which to
So at the Criterion
WYNDHAM—"be-
ways laugh at



While his Company strain might and main to pull a heavy load up-hill.

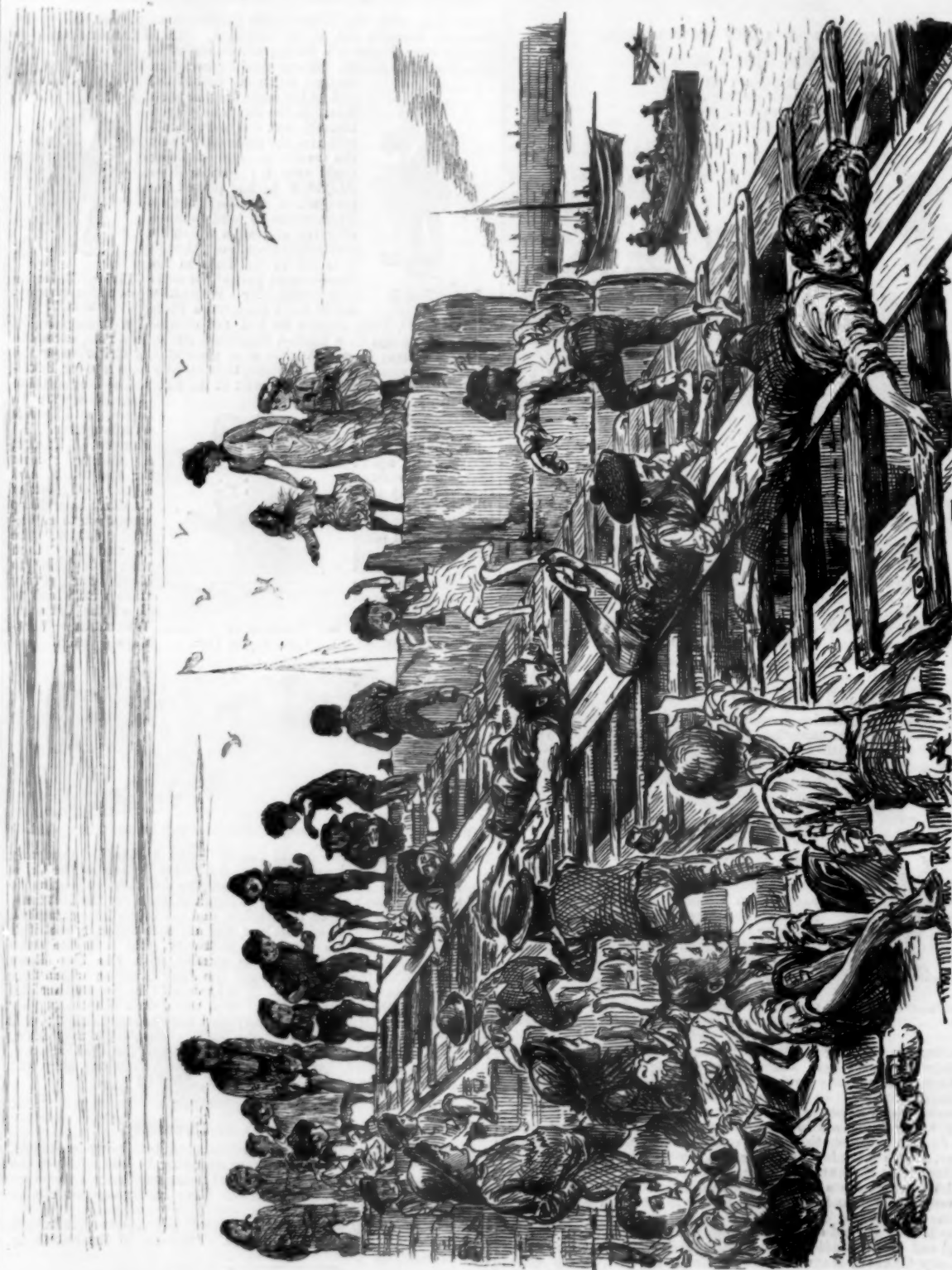
WYNDHAM, you know—doosid funny"—and at the Cri Company
—"capital lot, you know—go so well t'gether"—and so the Cri is
generally "the Full Cri." But when the *habitudes*, expecting to
laugh, go, and can't see anything to laugh at, then, for the first time,
they find out the name of the Author, and are immediately inspired
with a personal grudge against him, and are with difficulty mollified
by being informed, on competent authority, that it is the same
writer who amused a considerable number with *The Two Roses*
(which probably they never saw) and the *Pink Dominoes*, which they
witnessed about a dozen times. "Why doesn't he do another like
that, eh?" is then their question. "And why didn't WYNDHAM play
in this thing?" Miss ROXKE is very nice, but she is not JUDIC; and,
for ourselves, we are not sorry she isn't. *Miss Muffet* may draw,
after all—*soit!*—but if so, it will be a triumph for the Company.
But it is to be feared that, in spite of all their exertions, they will
only do what their Author has done; i.e., *Muff it*.

Race-y Sayings at Doncaster.

To an Owner's Friend.—"Of course, you two being such pals,
why, you ought to know, and your standing to lose £4000 on the
horse, speaks wonders for him. But it is curious that all the other
patrons of the stable are now in the Ring laying against him as
hard as they can."

To Nine-tenths of the Crowd to-day.—"What, you didn't back
the winner, well you must be an ass. I thought it the best thing
ever known."

"WHEN my Cousin was married," said Mrs. RAMSDOTHAM, "I
gave her a handsome Water Giraffe and two Goblins."



SEA-SIDE SPORTS.—TOBOGGANING AT WHITBY.

Miss Eva Esdell. "OH! DO LOOK AT WHAT A LOVELY GAME THOSE DEAR LITTLE BOYS ARE PLAYING AT, MISS SMART! MIGHTN'T MR AND MAUD PLAY AT IT TOO!"
The New Governor. "CERTAINLY NOT, EVA. I FEEL SURE SIR POMPEY WOULD CONSIDER SUCH A PROCEEDING MOST UNLADYLIKE!"

A GLORIOUS VICTORY.

It was a summer evening,
Old ROGER's work was done,
And he his fragrant honey-dew
Was smoking in the sun,
And by him sported, bright and fair,
His little grandchild, GOLDEN HAIR.

She saw her brother, CURLY HEAD,
Bring something hard and round
Which he, upon the mantel-shelf,
Beneath a shade, had found.
She came to ask what he had found
That was so hard, and smooth, and round.

Old ROGER took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by,
And then the old man told the tale—
(Fire kindled in his eye)—
"This is the Cricket-Ball," said he,
"That tells of a great Victory.

"I prize it more than all I have,
It's worth can ne'er be told;
'Tis true 'tis only leather, but
'Tis more to me than gold!
Go, place it back again," said he,—
"It was a famous Victory."

"Please tell us what it is you mean,"
Young CURLY HEAD he cries;
And little GOLDEN HAIR looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes:—
"Yes, tell us, for we long to know
The reason why you prize it so."

"It was the Colonists," he said,
"Of now undying fame,
Who met Eleven picked Englishmen
And put them all to shame:
For everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous Victory.

"The contest at the Oval was—
The noted ground hard by—
'Twas there that SPOFFORTH smashed the stumps,
And made the bails to fly;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous Victory.

"Not even GRACE, of matchless skill
(No worthier in the land),
The 'Demon's' onslaughts could resist,
His awful speed withstand;
By lightning smit, as falls the oak,
The wickets fell beneath his stroke!

"And more than twenty thousand men,
With bated breath, looked on—
The threatening rain deterred them not,
Nor did the scorching sun;
Their time and money gave to see
Who'd gain the famous Victory.

"And when at last the crisis came—
When one must quickly yield—
When PEATE, the famous Yorkshireman,
His wicket failed to shield,
All over was the splendid play—
The Englishmen had lost the day!

"They say it was a wondrous sight,
After the match was done,
To see so many thousand men
After the Victors run;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous Victory.

"Great praise the 'Demon' SPOFFORTH gained,
His bowling was so rare."
"I think he must have frightened them,"
Said little GOLDEN HAIR.
"Well, well, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous Victory!

"And everyone the 'Demon' cheered,
So many low he laid."
"But what could they be all about
To let him?" CURLY said:
"Why that—I cannot tell," said he;
"But 'twas a famous Victory!"



THE ANONYMOUS LETTER-WRITER.

A SERIOUS MUDDLE.

A "SERIOUS Young Man" is greatly exercised by the subjoined passages in a speech delivered, according to the *Hampshire Independent*, at the late Annual Meeting of the Southern Unitarian Association, held at Newport, I. W. —Subject, "The need of urging the claims of Christianity on the people." In the course of his remarks, as reported, the speaker, questioning the tactics of the Salvation Army, said:—

"If Christianity was to be really aggressive, it must not spend itself in mere excitement, or cramp itself within the limits of narrow dogmas. It must be wide and open, teaching such doctrines as the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and a strong belief in immortality." (Sic.)

The "Serious Young Man" had always understood that the Unitarians, however sadly in error as to their peculiar principles, were, in point of moral doctrine, at any rate, a respectable body. He had ever supposed them altogether the reverse of Antinomians; or, as he has heard an old lady say, Antinomials, and never dreamt that not only did they profess Antinomianism, or Antinomianism, but pushed it to the extent of actually inculcating immorality. He had lately had an idea of joining the Salvation Army; an inclination which was very much strengthened by finding the method of that Soldiery represented by an Unitarian as opposed to a belief in immortality.

Of course, the Serious Young Man is dumfounded simply by immortality without a T. (No paradise for a Teetotaller.) He fails to perceive that misprints will occur in the best edited newspapers.

NOTE FROM HOLLINGSHEAD'S CHRONICLES. — Good omen at Sandown last week. — *Gaiety*, an easy one-length winner. Reduce new piece to "one length." If I were asked (which I am not) to give an illustration of length without breadth, I should say, "EDWARD TERRY."

CHORUS OF THEATRICAL MANAGERS IN RE THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS. — "We're all bound to go the whole Hogg, or none!"



HOUSEHOLDER, IN FULL-ARMED EVENING DRESS, PREPARING TO RECEIVE BURGLARS. "NO PLACE LIKE HOME!"

A LITTLE HOLIDAY.

Happy-Thought Notes in Wales—Still at Gleanffai Castle—Preparing for the Eisteddfod—A Musical and Intellectual Evening.

I MAKE a point of attempting to remedy my previous mistake, by inducing the Bardic Professor, EDWARD EDWARDS, "the Soaring Eagle"—(cannot help recalling *Hiawatha* and *The Last of the Mohicans*)—to give me all the information possible about the coming Eisteddfod.

Were we alone with our host, WYNFAN, who, having to preside at one of the Festival meetings is, I feel sure, deeply interested in collecting the best materials possible for his speech, interesting and instructive conversation would flow easily enough. We two would put leading questions to the Welsh Harpist, and draw him out.

But this style of thing is quite impossible when Miss GRILLSTON, Christian name, MABEL, a decidedly handsome young lady of masculine character, sporting tone, and independent opinions, and JOHNNIE PROSSER are present. They haven't, between them, the slightest reverence for a Bard of any sort. Apart, they are reasonable beings, and can talk calmly, rationally, and sensibly on any topic; but once together, serious conversation in their presence is impracticable.

[*Happy Thought.*—Simile. They are like the two wire points of an electric light: separated—quiescent: united—bang! N.B.—I shall compile a small handbook on similes. Nothing so useful and ornamental in general conversation as good similes. The similes most in use are deficient either in applicability or perspicuity. For example, What is conveyed by "Like one o'clock?" e.g., "He bolted like one o'clock; he danced like one o'clock." Again: "He looked as melancholy as a bear with a sore head." How many of those who hear or use this simile have ever seen a bear under this affliction? Experience has taught us all the utter falsity of the supposed resemblance between a violent lunatic and a hatter. Perhaps one question on this point has never been put,—namely, when a hatter does go mad, is he invariably more dangerous than a lunatic of any other trade or profession? "Drunk as a Lord" is decidedly unfair.

Having thoroughly considered this subject, I have determined to write a handy-volume of similes for the waistcoat-pocket, diamond edition, alphabetically arranged, so that in the middle of a conversation any one can retire to the window, or pretend to look at the clock, and, instead, consult his Diamond Edition of Similes, extract something brilliant, pocket the little book, turn round, rejoin the conversation, startle them with a brilliant simile, and then take his hat and go. If conversation were always conducted on this plan,

with my forthcoming diamond edition in the pockets of the majority, life would be, as far as dialogue went, one long Sheridan-like Comedy, and Mr. MALLOCK's query as to its being "worth living" would be satisfactorily answered. Evidently, there is a demand for this sort of thing, only nobody knows exactly what is wanted. Once tell 'em, and they'll see it, and jump at it.]

[*Happy Thought.*—Supply a want. Will carefully write down similes. Have small side-pocket made in waistcoat for simile note-book. Call it *The New Similia Similibus Book*.]

During dinner I try to get all the information I can about national Welsh customs and Eisteddfods from the Bard. He is full of the subject, but directly he settles down to it, and becomes earnest and interesting, so that I am, as it were, "sitting at his feet" or "hanging on his lips."—[N.B.—*Similia Similibus Book*. Wanted, similes for both these expressions—the first has something to do with GAMALIEL or GALILEO, and the second is connected with bees and a philosopher . . . work these out!—JOHNNIE PROSSER cuts in with some idiotic question, or Miss MABEL makes some frivolous remark, which interferes with the flow of the Bard's eloquence, and he politely pauses to answer, quite seriously, first one, then the other, so that when I want him to resume his instruction it is very difficult to bring him back to the exact point where he left off. I am sure that Mr. ALFRED TENNYSON himself would fare no better with these two companions than does the Bard, as on my drawing JOHNNIE and Miss MABEL's attention to the well-known picture of the eminent Laureate, faithfully represented (by an equally eminent Artist), in a long cloak with a brigand-like kind of shapeless wideawake surmounting his long ragged locks, on the dining-room wall, I solemnly ask Miss MABEL what she would say to the Great Poet were he present now, her immediate reply is, "Say? I should ask him when he last had his hair cut."—which I think would rather startle ALFRED the Great. JOHNNIE PROSSER, with a horsey kind of bit-of-straw-in-the-mouth shake of the head, immediately remarks that, for his part, he should inquire "if he were a walking advertisement for the *Manteaux Noirs* at the Avenue Theatre?"—which question, unfortunately for the Laureate at this moment, being so evidently suggested by the picture, would be safe to raise a furtive titter at the great man's expense. "And, perhaps," says JOHNNIE, "unless the old boy"—so he irreverently terms the Laureate—"is a very obstinate cuss, he might at once go off to his tailor's—or somebody else's (somebody else's would be better)—and appear next day in a brand-new up-to-the-time-of-day suit, with top-hat to match; and if he insisted on still sticking to a cloak in the evening when swaggering into the Stalls at the Gaiety or the Comedy, he could start one of a new style, and call it the *Nineteenth Century Wrapper*."

After this I look towards the Bard, Professor EDWARD EDWARDS, "The Soaring Lion," compassionately, as much as to say, "There! If they'd say such things of the Laureate, you can see what you've got to expect!"

Seizing the first occasion when I think that the light-hearted pair are engaged on some other topic, I quietly ask the Bard if the Eisteddfod is confined entirely to Welshmen, having heard him mention the names of certain well-known musicians as taking part in the ceremony, who were decidedly not Welsh. He begins to explain—slowly—as if he were bringing up heavy artillery which would blow all objections to atoms when it arrived—[N.B.—*Similia Similibus Book*—note—Letter A—Arguments—Answers—Artillery . . . see under H . . . Heavy]—and while he is moving up his guns, the mounted sharpshooters rush out of their ambush, and don't give him a chance.

"All Welshmen singing!" exclaims JOHNNIE PROSSER. "Isn't LLOYD a Welsh name?"

"Yes," replies the Bard, clearly pleased at the interest thus unexpectedly shown. "And EDWARD LLOYD sings at the Concert."

"Oh!" says JOHNNIE, "I was thinking of ARTHUR LLOYD. Why don't you have him down?—Draw tremendously."

The Soaring Eagle, with that modesty which characterises true Genius, appears hurt that he is unacquainted with such a musical celebrity as Mr. ARTHUR LLOYD evidently is. "Is he," he wishes to know, "a tenor?"

"Tenor!" repeats JOHNNIE, of course wilfully misunderstanding, and choosing to treat the proposed engagement as a matter of business. "You wouldn't get him down all this way under a pony and exs. paid, for a couple of nights."

"They haven't anything so lively as that," says Miss MABEL. "I like 'We are a Merry Family,' and 'Tidings of Comfort and Joy'—that's very funny."

"Those are ARTHUR ROBERTS's," interposes JOHNNIE PROSSER, thoroughly resenting such ignorance on the part of Miss GRILLSTON, who accepts the correction, observing that "she knew it was ARTHUR some one or other," a contemptuous indifference which threatens to throw quite a gloom over JOHNNIE PROSSER. The Bard's face wears a puzzled expression as he puts his finger to his forehead, and tries to connect the titles of the songs, and the names of the singers he has just heard mentioned, with anything in his own artistic experiences.

I cannot help asking, "But, Miss GRILLSTON, when did you hear—"

"Oh, I suppose you think it's horridly improper?" she begins, laughing. I hasten to assure her that such a thought was far, &c., &c. "But," she continues, indicating PROSSER with her fan, "JOHNNIE knows. My brother HUGHIE sings them all, so does FREDDIE MICKHAM. Do you know FREDDIE MICKHAM?" No, I regret to say. "Oh, I thought everyone knew FREDDIE, and J. B. You know 'J. B.' of course." Not to be out of it this time, I say that I "don't know him personally, but know of him." Which is perfectly true, all my knowledge of him, having just come to me from Miss MABEL, in whose good opinion, my admission, accompanied on my part by a mysterious nod, and artful closing of my eyes, goes far to re-establish me. "Ah! of course you know of him. Well, J. B. plays the accompaniments."

"They're all coming this evening," adds JOHNNIE PROSSER, nodding pleasantly at the Bard, as if promising him a real intellectual and musical treat; "and you'll be able to hear 'em. They're A. 1."

All hopes of obtaining any information from the Eisteddfodian Professor now vanish. After dinner there is just one more chance as we light a cigarette, but there is a sudden noise in the hall, wild shouts of triumph, as though the Castle had been surprised and taken by victorious Kerns who are giving vent to their joy in hunting-whoops, blasts on the coach-horn, and the banging of savage gongs.

In another second the dining-room door is burst open, and, scarcely giving our host time to exclaim, "Hallo, HUGHIE!—hallo, FREDDIE!—hallo, J. B.!" three young men in evening dress, the last carrying a gong and a hunting-horn, rush into the room, and testify to the exuberance of their delight at seeing their "old pal," JOHNNIE PROSSER, once more (they haven't met for two days) by rushing at him with whoops, and howls, their immediate object, apparently, being a violent assault on his white tie, which JOHNNIE has to defend with the utmost vigour. "They always have what they call a bear-fight when they meet," my host explains to me, hopelessly. "But" he goes on, seeing that the Bard is gliding towards the door, and I am following him, "it's only among themselves." The Bard, not being entirely reassured, retires to the drawing-room. The Bears gradually subside, betaking themselves to separate mirrors to put themselves to-rights again. After this, becoming more composed, they are introduced as HUGHIE GRILLSTON, brother of Miss MABEL, FREDDIE MICKHAM, "his friend," as they used to describe "CHARLES" in the *dramatis persone* of plays, and Mr. JOS. BRANLY, commonly known among his intimates as "J. B.," great at the piano in the singing and comic-song-accompaniment line.

All have come over from somewhere—they none of them seem very clear as to where they have come from, and are all, apparently, staying with one another,—for the Eisteddfod, being, evidently, just the very men to be deeply and reverentially interested in Old National Customs, Bardic Ceremonies, and Eisteddfodian Music.

Our hostess and host have arranged for a recital on the harp by the Professor, and for a variety of high-class music furnished by the guests, who have arrived from all parts, as a prelude to to-morrow's Eisteddfod; but somehow, after the Bard has concluded his harp recital, which is listened to with rapt attention by everyone except the bear-fighters, who remain in the outer hall, and, under the vigilant eye of the host, carry on an intermittent warfare with noiseless sofa-cushions, and after a lady has sung a melancholy ditty, with a refrain about "O my Fond One! O my Lost One!" which sets one of the FREDDIES, or HUGHIES, or JOHNNIES off with a *sotto voce* imitation of a cat, immediately suppressed by the frown of the hostess (at the door), the warning shake of the host's head, and a couple of unnecessary reminders with flying bolsters launched vigorously but surreptitiously by "J. B." at the probable offender's head, we suddenly find ourselves bounding into the mazy dance, the hostess having yielded to Miss MABEL's representations about "everyone wanting it, but afraid to ask," and as "J. B." prefers playing the piano to dancing, the next thing I see is the Bard himself led out by Miss MABEL, who will take no denial, and who whirls him round to a tune which JOHNNIE tells me is "Whisht! whisht! whisht! You (something) always catch 'em with a Whisht! whisht! whisht!" and I there and then give up all hope of any information about to-morrow's Eisteddfod until I actually take part in it, which, by the way, the Bard himself has told me he has to do in some official character, at a very early hour, something like eight A.M.

To-night we forget all about the Eisteddfod. The heat is intense. We all saunter out into the moonlight. After this, as the papers say, "dancing was kept up with much spirit until a late hour." The guests depart . . . cheers, tears, and laughter . . . whoops, hoorayings, and hornblowings . . . our host retires . . . more bear-fightings in connection with the billiard-table and sofas, in which, I have a sort of indistinct idea, the Bard joins. Lemons—whiskey—pipes—cigars—*da capo*. Somebody observes, "the last Saraband has been danced in the hall"—when JOHNNIE asks what sort of a thing a Saraband is, whereupon HUGHIE, FREDDIE, and

J. B. insist on showing him. Spirited resistance on JOHNNIE's part, resulting in general collapse of everybody on sofas. More whiskeys (without lemons), pipes, &c. Somebody is left asleep in the hall, it being charitably considered by everyone a pity to wake him. Blacking his face is proposed, but no one feels inclined to fetch a cork, and the process of burning it at a candle would take, it is very generally felt, a considerable time. So we decide on going to bed. The floors being highly polished and slippery, renders holding on by the balustrade fixed to the wall, absolutely necessary.

"Hate polished floors!" says JOHNNIE PROSSER, who is gently allowing his wax-candle to melt all on one side, and dropping, like the gentle rain from Heaven, on FREDDIE's coat-tails, who is just before him on the staircase.

"Hang these rugs!" growls "J. B." as one slips away from under his foot, and he recovers his equilibrium with an effort that has given him, he is afraid, a sprain in his back for life.

Happy Thought.—Get clear of them: t'other side of staircase, which in this ancient Castle is licensed to carry at least ten abreast. Say nothing except "Good night!" quietly, and creep down passage to bed. On the landing, where they are on a comparatively safe footing, they cannot resist commencing a last short but decisive bear-fight demonstration, which, however, (I see from my dark retreat down the passage) is brought to an ignominious collapse by the appearance of the host in a dressing-gown, who, in a stage-whisper, says something—and evidently meaning it—about "Confounded noise—wake everybody—be off!"—whereupon the convicted Bears sink down different passages, and disappear to their dens, the doors of which are just heard mysteriously closing, one after another, in the distance.

And this is the prelude for the Great Eisteddfod to-morrow morning! Where's the Bard? Who was it asleep on the sofa? . . . Wonder who he was. . . . Wind watch. . . . What night lights they are—no, I mean what light nights these are—in Wales. . . . Dear me—just on four . . . Eisteddfod—simile book—Bard—J. B. . . . Catch 'em with a whisht! . . . No more notes for similes to-night . . . Out brief candle . . . Sleep.

BALLADE DE L'ANGLOPHOBIE.

(Contemporaneously with the Lesseps Banquet project, parties of Tourists were hired at the Louvre and at the Bourse.)



HERE is the one link the Grand Nation needs
To join its slightly varying views and aims;
Here's a fine focus for its fighting deeds,
A time to call others than Frenchmen names;
Perhaps *au fond* the pure logician blames
A new crusade, preached more with hook than crook;
But this revenge true patriotism acclaims—
Feedons LESSEPS, et hissons Messieurs Cook.

Not the coarse means by which Albion succeeds
Be ours, who hate war's wicked brands and flames;
Europe, you know 's exhausted when France bleeds;
Prudence and peace are sometimes paying games,
And *furia francese* Otto tames.
'Twas banners once, 'tis now a banker's book
A staid Republic's calm attention claims—
Feedons LESSEPS, et hissons Messieurs Cook.

And who tricked Tunis may try virtuous screeds
Before the Egyptian trickery of Saint James—
Find that the Seine's sly trickling farther leads
Than the broad current of old Father Thames.
Don't say our supine bragging somewhat shames
The race the First NAPOLEON bad look
Unto the Pyramids for fame; our fame's
To feed LESSEPS and hiss ces Messieurs Cook.

ENVOY.

For, Princes of Finance, who ever took
Egyptian bonds, the patriot soul exclaims:
"Let's jeer from some secure and cosy nook,
If chestnuts are to be pulled from the flames,
Feedons LESSEPS et hissons Messieurs Cook!"

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS AND LIGHT LITERATURE FOR OUR TROOPS IN THE EAST.—In answer to the Appeal recently made, MR. PUNCH's Packet, made up of his most recent Publications, Handy Volumes, Odd Volumes—the oddest he can pick out—will be forwarded to Cyprus, or elsewhere, with the utmost possible dispatch.



SYMPATHY.

Paterfamilias. "I SEE IT SAYS HERE, MY DEAR, THAT THE HOUSEHOLD TROOPS HAVEN'T BEEN ABROAD ON SERVICE SINCE THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO!"

Our Cook. "LAWK, MUM! WHAT A SHAME FOR GOV'MENT TO SEND THEM POOR OLD MEN OUT TO THE WARS AGAIN!"

THE SONG OF THE SULTAN.

(After Moore, more or less.)

FAREWELL—farewell to thee, ARABI darling!
(Thus murmured the SULTAN beneath his moustache.)
No help for it now: the curst Giaour is snarling;
Complete is the sell, and most utter the hash.

Oh! sweet as the whiff from my chibouque soft blowing,
Our joint little game till the Britisher came,
Like the wind from the desert rose-gardens o'erthrowing,
And blew it to bits. 'Tis a thundering shame!

But long upon ARABI'S Orient guile and
Astuteness shall ABDUL sit brooding in gloom.
To be bowled out at last by that crass Western Island!
Would, would it were swept by the blasting Simoom!

And now by Old Nilus Sir GARNET is burning,
And calls to his standard the young and the old.
E'en the Guards, such home pastime as Polo stern spurning,
In sunshine Egyptian can broil yet be bold.

I've played fast and loose, but the Giaour's successes
My dark schemes have dished in the dimmest way;
I must leave thee to fate, though my bosom still blesses
The nice little game I must trust thee to play.

Nor shall Islam, who hails thee as hero, forget thee—
Those tyrants of Infidel dogs are too smart,
But if thou shouldst lick them, by Allah, she'd set thee
Supreme in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell!—be it mine still to squat on this pillow,
And muse upon dodges exceedingly deep;
But those sons of burnt fathers who've come o'er the billow
Will crumple my rose-leaves and trouble my sleep.

I've ground my poor teeth till I've shivered the amber,
My bloated pipe-bearer I've kicked till he wept.
(He lies at this moment, and howls, in yon chamber,
Most sore-footed slave that on blisters e'er slept.)

I'll dive where Intrigue's deepest plots still lie darkling,
But this Proclamation must hurl at thy head.
Thy prospects on Egypt's hot sands scarce look sparkling.
They gather, the Giaours, the Nile's in his bed.

Farewell—farewell! 'Tis a pity—but counting
The chances, at present, by Nilus's wave,
Thy star, my dear ARABI, scarcely seems mounting.
And so—go to blazes, recalcitrant slave!

[Signs reluctantly.]

The Benefit of the Doubt.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THE custom of taking Benefits is an ancient one. More than two hundred and fifty years ago, a party of the name of HERBICK, who had a pretty talent for turning verses, sang

"My Ben,
O come again!"

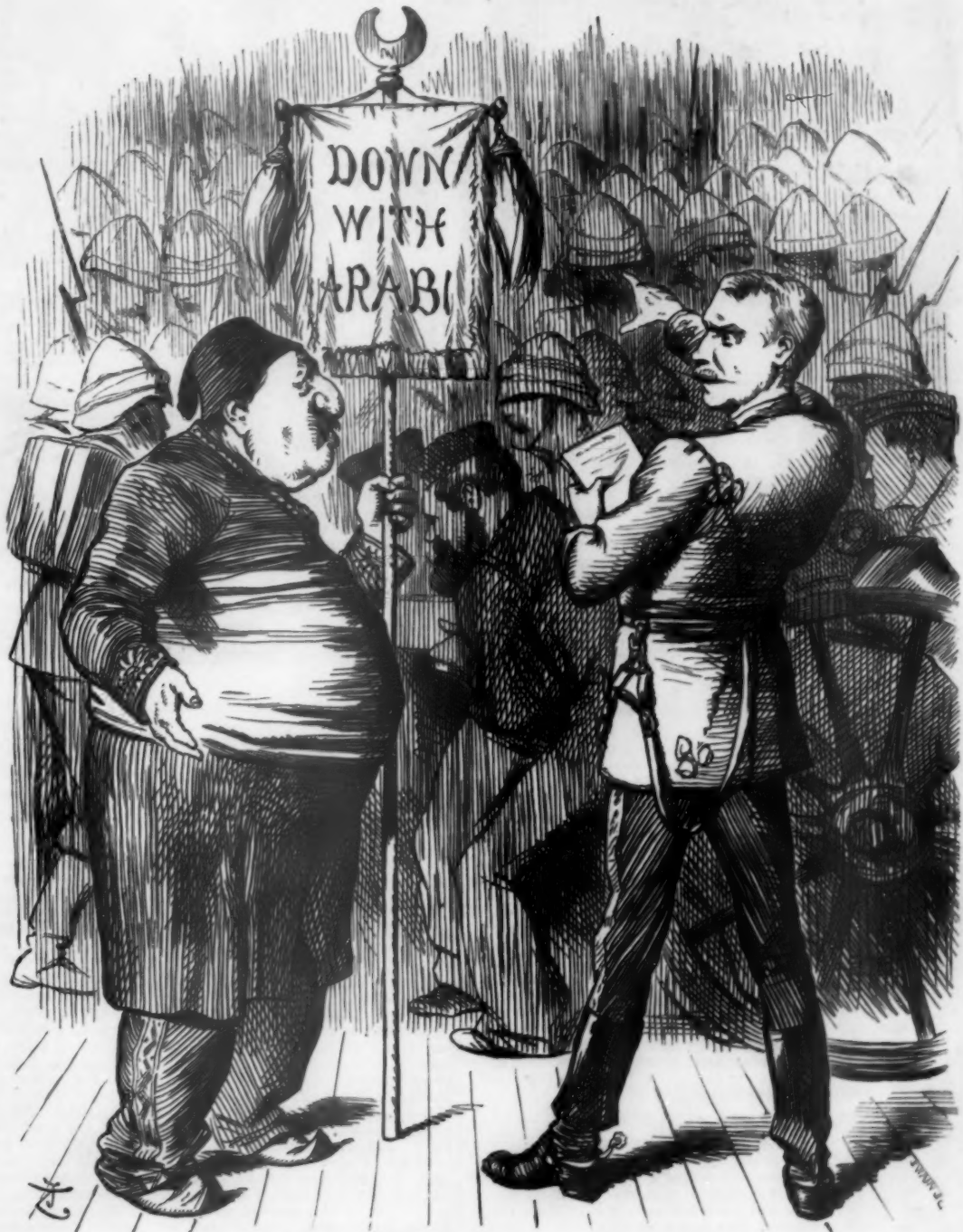
From this we may infer that his Benefit was so satisfactory that he was desirous of its repetition. We may also gather that Poets participated in a fine old institution now only reserved for actors. By all means let the good old custom be revived.

Yours ritocolorally,

THE LAZY MINSTREL.*

* Haven't seen him for some time. Let him call at our office, and we'll give him a Benefit.—ED.

ADVICE TO STATESMEN.—Never denounce any policy in Opposition, unless you are quite certain that you will not be obliged to adopt a course just like it when in power.



THE SUBLIME—"SUPER"!

(Rehearsal of Grand Military Drama.)

STAGE-MANAGER. "WHAT ARE YOU TO DO, SIR? WHY, GET WELL TO THE BACK, AND—WAVE YOUR BANNER!!!"



HIGH AND LOW LIFE.

THE SUEZ CANAILLE;

Or, a little more Contemporary History—according to Victor de Lesseps.

AND now arrived the supreme moment when the brigands were about to depart. We had heard the last fatal news. I had sent the invaders this message—"This is an act of butchers."

But my august father was not wanting to the occasion. He had round his neck a false collar of English make. He did not hesitate for a moment. He tore it off, and danced on it. This was his response to the insolence of the invader.

We were celebrating the birthday of one of our coal-porters as usual with an appropriate *fête*. Europe was splendidly represented.

But at this moment there arose a succession of piercing shrieks from the defenceless ones of our community. With perfect presence of mind, I prepared to face this new manifestation. I retired hurriedly to my official bureau, and, locking the door, instituted through the keyhole a searching inquiry. The truth was soon established. HOSKINS, under protection of his huge monsters on the Canal, had again invaded our sanctity. This time he had come with a horse-whip, two metres and a half in length,—"un vrai Epsom," as he insolently boasted,—and with this abominable instrument he had lashed the little defenceless innocents, who fled from his path, terrified by his long red whiskers and protruding foreteeth, with a ferocity of *élan* uniquely British. The mothers protested. They were instantly cut down in carnage, amid brutal jests, by his *bleu-jacquette* myrmidons. But, with a magnificent and dignified calm, my father again intervened. He met the barbaric act with a diplomacy that left no margin for further inquietudes.

"The admission," he said, "to these gardens is fourpence, which can be taken out in refreshments. You have no ticket. You have violated international law."

To this logic, clear and unanswerable, the brigand HOSKINS made an arrogant rejoinder. My father threatened the Company's ultimatum, but the next instant WOLSELEY was advancing with his victorious cut-throats on the other side. The personnel of the Canal had to be preserved at any cost. With indescribable sang froid my father, securing the books of the Company, took up his position in the Safe.

In a few minutes the invaders were thronging the streets, blowing up the gas-pipes with dynamite, and firing heavy pieces of ordnance into the drawing-room windows in mere wanton sport, as they marched along. All were loaded with loot of the costliest description. Even common soldiers had their boots stuffed with valuable articles of jewellery. I saw one Captain on horseback so loaded with household effects and furniture, that the legs of his poor beast, bent at a painful angle with the weight, refused at last to move. His rider was FITZROY, who annoyed me so much in the commencement of the campaign.

A final incident, and I have done. Staggering on their way towards the loading-stage, in an incessant stream, came endless thousands of porters, carrying on their backs huge blocks, done up in brown paper, and addressed to the "Lord Mayor." I asked an explanation. It was the entire Great Pyramid being taken away "to pave le Piccadilly." M. Le Duc Teck, who was to have a commission on the enterprise, had taken advantage of his official position as General-in-Chief of Field Correspondence, to send the whole of it to England, by the new Parcels Post, *free of charge*. Such are the outrages with which we are familiar. But we shall endeavour, as heretofore, to meet them with a sublime calm.

Stanza by a Sergeant-Major.

In Egypt there's an old stream
A long time known to fame;
But now beside the Coldstream,
The Nile must yield his name.
For of all the finest fellahs
There's none for to compare
(With a right-fol-de-riddle-iddle-lol)
To the British Grenadier!

"I LIKE to hear of men making themselves useful," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM; "and I do think that the Savage Club at a fire is worthy of the greatest praise." (After considerable consultation the excellent Lady's friends have arrived at the conclusion that Mrs. E. meant "the Salvage Corps.")

ANOTHER EGYPT!

THE Duke of BUCKLEUCH—once celebrated as a nobleman who tried to obstruct the progress of the Thames Embankment—is interested in a town called Askam. Askam is in Furness, not far from the Lake district. Askam has twelve streets. Only one is thoroughly made; four are incomplete, and seven have never been made at all. Eight are almost blocked with sand, and the inhabitants have to dig their way to their street-doors. In many of the streets passengers can walk along the sand mounds, and see into the bedrooms. Water is scarce; one tap supplies nineteen houses; and those who fetch their fluid in cans return home with a drink of sandy half-and-half. The sewerage, of course, is bad, and the Local Board—unlike any other Local Board in the world—have spent three thousand pounds on sewerage and streets without being able to get a half-penny from anybody. They have asked the Duke of BUCKLEUCH's agent to do something, and we wish they may get it. The Duke of BUCKLEUCH is a worthy brother of the Duke of MUDFORD.

THE GAME THAT IS NOT WORTH THE CANDLE.—The Hamper (carriage not paid) which has been waiting for three weeks outside the door of your Chambers, during your little tour on the Continent.

THE ARABIAN KNIGHTS.—The Arabs are generally total abstainers. And no wonder in a country where they believe in a variety of Jinns, which are all bad spirits.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 101.



H. S. ESTCOTT.

A MAN OF THE WORLD, RECENTLY YET FOR-MORLEY APPOINTED TO THE GENERALISSIMOSHIP OF THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW FORCES.

FINDING SOMETHING FOR HIM TO DO.

SCENE—Near the British Camp. Enter Special Correspondent of London Paper, taking Notes. Enter two Distinguished Military Foreigners, arm-in-arm.

Special (recognising in the first a Russian Military Attaché, whose acquaintance he has previously made at some Continental Autumn Manœuvres). Ah, Colonel, what are you doing here?

Russian Colonel (trying to disengage his arm from his companion, who sticks to him like a leech). Well—ah—I can't do much—(makes another attempt, and fails) . . . (resignedly) . . . nothing.

Special (a trifle puzzled, addressing second Distinguished Foreigner). And your Royal Highness . . . ?

H.R.H. Prince Teck (much pleased at having some definite duty). Oh, I'm told off to look after Colonel SOLOZOUL.

[Clings to Russian Colonel desperately and quite de-Teck-tively, and exerts both together. Special wires at once—"Colonel SOLOZOUL, Russian Military Attaché, arrived . . . placed under care of Prince TECK."

FULLER WENHAM is a very objectionable person. They were speaking in his presence of a Septuagenarian Millionaire. "The state of his health," said one of his nearest and dearest relations, "causes us all the gravest anxiety." "Probably," remarked Mr. FULLER WENHAM, "but the state of his illness wouldn't!"

THE SPENDTHRIFT'S GUIDE.—No. VI.

THE most favourite form of money-wasting in England—and probably in other countries—is the brick, stone, and mortar form. There are spendthrift Companies who insist upon building Aquariums in places that do not require Aquariums, with Directors who are more fishy than the fish, and dividends that are suggestive of low water. There are people who build gigantic hotels in places that have no local population, and no power of attracting visitors; and there are people who build mansions in places that have all the disadvantages of the country, and none of its advantages. There are people who build Muddle-lodging-houses that never have been, and never will be, occupied by the classes they were intended to benefit; and there are people who build Colleges and Hospitals for one purpose, that are persistently devoted to another. Capital has been lavishly wasted in many eccentric shapes, but not to any extent, in Museums. There is a great field for enterprise in Museums. The Spendthrift could hardly do much better with his time and money than invest them in a Museum of a perfectly novel type, which he might properly call the Museum of National Disgrace.

England is a great country. There is a tradition that the sun never sets within its dominions. It clings to "Rule, Britannia!" it glories in National Debt, and it has an infinite power of taxation. The centre of England is London, said to be the richest, as it certainly is the greatest city in the world. Its greatness is shown in a population of four millions; its riches are disgraced by a hundred cases of starvation a year. These cases are not all reported, or, if reported, are disguised under the headings of "privation," "exposure,"

"neglect," &c. The reporters are naturally ashamed to tell the truth, and probably the public are glad that they are not compelled to read it. With all our affected love of publicity, there is much that we agree to conceal from ourselves, and from each other.

The Spendthrift will take a tract of land as near the offices of Government as possible. On this he will raise a building regardless of expense, prepared to receive a countless number of statues. The moment any death from starvation occurs, he will obtain a cast of the body, and from this he will raise a life-like representation of the miserable dead, and place it on a pedestal, with the name, age, cause of death, and every other particular. The parish in which the death occurred, the amount of poor-rate levied in that parish, the name of the beadle who refused food at the workhouse gates, the name of the policeman who thought that the dead man or woman was drunk, and every disgraceful act of Bumbledom should be recorded, not in a register, but in large letters on the base of the statue, lighted by the electric light. The Spendthrift should be prepared for a thousand actions for libel a year. The more the merrier. Before the Museum of National Disgrace has been opened for three or four years, the annual cases of "exposure" will have sensibly diminished. The space at the Spendthrift's disposal can easily be utilised. A small hall for the statues of persons murdered by murderers never discovered will form a well-filled "Chamber of Horrors" in this much-needed Museum.

"THE HUNDRED OF HOO" RAILWAY was opened last week. Which Railway? No, not "Which;" Hoo. Who's Hoo? Don't know; anyhow Hoo would never have had a Railway but for WATT.



PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

SQUIRE BOBBINS, WITH A VIEW TO GROUSE DRIVING LATER IN THE SEASON, EMPLOYS THE COUNTRY BOYS TO SHY TURNIPS OVER THE WALL FOR HIM TO PRACTISE AT. SOMETIMES THE YOUNG RASCALS TAKE A BETTER AIM THAN THE OLD GENTLEMAN!

PITY THE SORROWS OF A POOR PRINCE!

(To the Editor of Punch.)

SIR,—As the era of doing justice and restoration appears to have dawned, judging from the recent truly liberal and noble act of the present Liberal Government, headed by the great GLADSTONE the Just, I am encouraged to lay before the British nation, through the medium of *Punch*, the injustice which I have suffered in the hope that, although generosity may not be lavished upon me to the same extent as has been bestowed upon King CETEWAYO, yet some magnanimity might be shown towards me by this great and grand old Empire.

I was known as "the child of destiny," and, as I was deserted at my birth, I have no reasonable doubt but what I was the true heir to the throne of the Cannibal Islands. I have been dispossessed of that throne, although I was little better than an infant at the time when my claims were ignored. I did not urge that I should be restored, because I have no wish to deprive HER MAJESTY of a subject to whom she has shown unbounded graciousness. On more than one occasion she, in her own glorious name, has personally requested me to pay certain sums of money to others of her subjects. Such signal condescension has filled me with gratitude and admiration.

My case is precisely similar to what the Khedive's is at this moment, ARABI being in his present position to his master what a gentleman, name unknown, was to me—viz., a rebel. At last, very tardily, the British Government have sent troops to quell ARABI. I don't ask for troops to be sent to the Cannibal Islands, because my affection to the British Throne is too great for words. Moreover, at the Cannibal Islands, even as its King, I should be treated as a "Nigger," and although shown much official respect, would be regarded of infinite less importance than the meanest European that ever swept a crossing. Under these circumstances, I would far sooner stay in England than travel beyond the seas.

I will not trouble you with the details of my case, or say a word in disparagement of the late Duke of WELLINGTON, the present Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and the other celebrities whose (till now) honoured names have got mixed up with my history. I will merely refer you

to the State Papers preserved in the National Museum of the Cannibal Islands for further information.

I would merely say:—

1. That I have been most unjustly deprived of my kingdom, yielding (I think) in 1850 some £500,000, and now, no doubt, far more valuable.

2. That the Crown Jewels of the Cannibal Islands have been sold without my consent, although, had I been consulted (such is my veneration for my Most Gracious Sovereign that I would not hurt a hair of her sacred head), I would willingly have disposed of them myself, as a temporary measure, yielding up to the proper Authorities the tickets serving as the documentary evidence of the pledge, and thus enabling them to be recovered and resold on most advantageous terms.

3. That all my personal property has been taken from me on the occasion of a State visit to one of Her Most Gracious Majesty's prisons, although those who had accompanied me, and who had a business relationship with me, were treated with a leniency utterly in disproportion to their de-merits.

In return I have received a meagre allowance at times from the relieving officer, which has been reduced by certain charges (known to the proper Authorities) on the score that I had had it in advance!

Generous British Public, accord me a just and liberal treatment for the sake of the fair name of our nation, for assuredly it is more honourable to give than to take!

In conclusion, I may mention (in confidence) that I shall be glad to commute my claims to the Crown of the Cannibal Islands, my right to the State Jewels, and my lien on every species of personal property, for the ridiculously small sum of one-and-eightpence-halfpenny!

I have the honour to remain, Sir,
Your most obliged Servant,

Poste-Resante, Post-Office, JER-EY-MI-AH DID-EL-LER.
Seven Dials.

SAID AND DONE.—What is wanted in Egypt is a little less of Port Said and a little more of Port Done.

JAVA REDUCED TO JELLY.

(By our Chaffanese Young Man.)

ZAZEL and the Tattooed Greek Nobleman have given place at the Royal Westminster Aquarium to "the Javanese Gamelan." They are now exhibiting in the *annexe*, over the tank in which Miss BECKWITH was wont to pass her monotonous days, floating slowly round and round to the dance-music of a cottage-piano. Apparently, to judge from the "Notes compiled for the Private Rehearsal" of these Ladies and Gentlemen, the only person who knows anything about them is Sir STAMFORD RAFFLES, and even the knowledge of this world-renowned celebrity has its limits. "RAFFLES," (as the Notes familiarly call Sir STAMFORD) in an "address to the Batavian Society," admitted that language was his chief obstacle to learning their history. "Dutch, and Europeans generally, communicate with them through ignorant interpreters, and these themselves speaking a much mixed-up and corrupt language, intercommunication becomes doubly difficult." However, the baffled "RAFFLES," seemingly, discovered that the chief poems of the Javanese were the *Wayang Purwo* and the *Wayang Gedog*, which "are held by the Javanese of the present day in about the same estimation as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of HOMER are by Europeans." No doubt the "obstacle" already alluded to stood in the way of a thorough comprehension of these classics, so "RAFFLES" (or the Compiler of the Notes) is only able to testify "to the power of the language, and the genius of the Poet," with the discouraging qualification, "as far as we can judge from the partial translations which have been made from them through the medium of the modern Javanese." It is to witness a performance of the *Wayang Purwo* and *Wayang Gedog* that the British Public are invited by the Management to come to the Westminster Aquarium.

The troop consists of about a dozen Men and four young Women—the latter, seemingly, to judge from their appearance, not even now too old to join a junior-class in a preparatory infant school. The men of the party were seated in front of what appeared to be a number of covered saucepans. In the centre was a lad with a two-stringed



The Band.

fiddle, playing carefully out of tune. Occasionally the other performers thumped the lids of their saucepans. After listening to the "music" for three minutes, it is easy to believe the Compiler of the Notes "that there is no notation for Javanese music, and in the absence of any published study of the musical system, it is difficult to say what it is." As a guess, one might venture to suggest that the "music" resembles the noise made by the kitchen utensils of a Margate steamer in a storm, relieved by the distant knell of a cemetery bell out of repair.

The *Wayang Purwo* was being performed. Three of the young Women were stalking round the stage in a circle, occasionally nodding their heads and moving their hands up and down, as if they were making some preliminary flourishes before performing a conjuring trick. This continued for a few minutes, when they were joined by a Gentleman in a flannel shirt and a bath towel. The flannel shirt had linen wristbands, and the gentleman wore a European watch and chain. Here it may be remarked that the costumes generally were disappointing. The circular convening the meeting had promised that the clothing "would interest those who give attention to æsthetic dress." However, there was nothing particularly æsthetic or interesting in a wardrobe equally suggestive of the cast-off garments of an economical provincial Othello who had "to find his own dresses," and the contents of the shop of a cheap hosier attempting to establish himself, not very successfully, in a back street near the Fulham Road. But this is a detail. The Ladies continued their prowl, and the Gentleman, turning his back upon them, assumed attitudes, now reminding one of the Courier of St. Petersburg in a Circus, and now of a nipped-in-the-bud Nigger

breakdown. The Ladies occasionally screamed, and finally joined hands in twos and twos. Then a couple leisurely sat down, while the others continued their monotonous walk alone. By this time the Gentleman was exhausted. So he wiped his face, looked at his watch, and motioned "the orchestra" to stop their clatter. Thus ended the *Wayang Purwo*.

At the Private Rehearsal here came a pause for refreshments, when those present were offered "chicken and champagne." The Javanese, however, did not join in the collation, their modest wants being fully satisfied by a few pots of beer. Then came the performance of the *Wayang Gedog*, which might be aptly translated, as "it is taken from the history of PANJE, the most renowned hero of Java story" (again the Notes are quoted), as the

Wayward Sly Dog. Three Ladies, once more keeping time to the music of the saucepans and a screech-fiddle, began their monotonous stroll. A new Gentleman, whose "æsthetic dress" consisted of a white cook's jacket and brown cloth unmentionables (as what they exactly were—I mean what he exactly wore—I am unable to describe), joined them.

He moved forward very deliberately, with steps measuring some three inches a-piece, until he approached close to one of the Ladies. Then he leisurely chuckled her under the chin, and slowly retired. This "doggish" manoeuvre was repeated two or three times, and the *Wayang Gedog*, described in the programme as "the true Oriental Dance of rhythmic movements (commonly known as the Nautch)" was over. To the Philistine accustomed to a very different measure (watched at the Pantomime houses), it appeared neither "Naughty" nor nice!

The performers, both players and dancers, seemed extremely good-natured, and smiled occasionally, apparently moved to mild mirth at the rapt attention given by the audience to their feeble efforts at Terpsichorean tomfoolery. In the circular it was explained that "the usual caste scruples which prevent many Orientals leaving their native land, do not apply in this case, as these natives of Java are descendants of those who were driven to embrace Mahometanism." This little piece of information was all the more interesting, as the ancestors of these natives (to quote from the Notes) "were compelled at the sword's point to embrace Mahometanism in 1374." Or more than five hundred years ago!

To sum up. The exhibition is dull in the extreme, and a single visit will be enough (if, indeed, not more than enough) to satisfy the most inveterate of sightseers. It is true that one of those present at the Private Rehearsal expressed his opinion that "the dancing was too good for the public," and another that "the orchestra" were playing "some excellent concerted music." In spite of all this, however, a last quotation of the programme is desirable. Says the programme, "Ethnologists, Musicians, and Art-Connoisseurs will find this visit of Javanese affords an unusually favourable opportunity for study." This is quite true, as the attractiveness of the Gamelan is unlikely to divert the attention of Ethnologists, Musicians, and Art-Connoisseurs from the study of—something else!



The Dance.

Real Police Intelligence!



This is the sort of person whom the Police saw loafing about for weeks, and never watched because they "thought he was a betting man!" About as close a resemblance as he bears to St. Leger himself.

ETIQUETTE FOR FRENCH DUEL-LISTS.

(To prevent awkward accidents.)

M. le Baron Box. Can you fight, Sir?
M. le Comte de Cox. No, Sir!
M. le Baron Box. Then don't come on!

TI WHITI, the New Zealand Prophet, in whom the Maori Chiefs are so much interested, must be the Prophet one sees at the Opera—in the Stalls, of course. Lots of TI Whiteties there.



A DAMPER.

London Guest (who had let fly into "the Brown" at Eighty Yards, and knocked down a Brace). "GOOD SHOT THAT, WITH ONE BARREL, JENKINS! I SHOULD THINK IT MUST HAVE BEEN A HUNDRED YARDS!"

Keeper. "YESSIR—MASTER REMARKED AS IT WERE A WERY LONG SHOT."

Londoner (gratified). "AH—OH, HE NOTICED IT, DID HE!"

Keeper. YESSIR, MASTER ALLUS NOTICES WHEN GEN'L MEN MAKES WERY LONG SHOTS. THEY DON'T GET ASKED AGAIN!"

CHINY AND BELGRAVY.

MR. PUNCH, HONORABLE SIR,—

PUMMIT me to present you with a peace of Nonsense from the *St. Jeames's Gazette*. It's too ridiciklus:—

"Domestic servants will view with well-grounded anxiety a decision arrived at by the Chinese merchants who met in conference a few days ago in London. It was resolved, among other things, to send letters to various Clubs in China, recommending emigration to England. If this recommendation is acted on, we may be on the eve of a great domestic and social revolution. There will, no doubt, be a prejudice at first in some households against the introduction into the family circle of the 'heathen Chinese.' But when his merits are discovered, it is not impossible he may be warmly welcomed as a valuable acquisition, meeting one of the most pressing requirements of the day."



I shoodont ave been suprised to ave red the abuv rebelry in some

Low Radicle Print in the abit of sitch Impurtinence; but the *St. Jeames's* is a paper supposed to succulate among the Aristox, as its Name signyfls, and which ought to Know Better.

Domestic Servants of the Superia Classes mite praps Object to Competition with Forreners like French, Italian, or Swiss valleys. But the idear of a English Servin Man bein jellus of a Eathen Chinees! It's monsus! No doubt but wot a Chinymen would be content to live amost dog-cheap and slave for very inferia Ire. They may be andy enough, them Chinymen, too. But ow would the Chinymen look beind a Chair at the Dinna Table, or beind a Carridge? A miserabel, retchid, skinny-bony scarecrow, with his squat face, and eye cheke bones, and little slantin i's like a Pigg, and his frontispiece all over as yellor as my Plush.

The *St. Jeames's* takes a Lo view of the Domestic's Posishon. As if Work was the one thing Needfull. Wherein the fact is that a Footman in Good Societa is requier'd not only for Use but much more still for hornimint. Look at a Chine's legs. Look at his shoalders. Where's the bredth of the Won and the Carves of the Huther? Compare our ites mine and his. Six foot to sixpennuth of apence. Ow can I and sitch as me think of bein jellus of a Beger like that? If we was we mite petition for a additional Dooty on Forren Men Servants; but we don't want No sitch Protection for Native Industry agin Imports. Yure Most Obejiant Servant, JOHN THOMAS.

A FIG for Sporting Prophets. They are no better than ZADKIEL. No one foretold the winner of the Doncaster St. Leger. Yet anybody might have said that *Dutch Oven* would be safe to stand any heat. And what a heat, and how they burnt their fingers at that *Dutch Oven*. Real Dutch metal that horse is made of.

A SCOTCH AUNT WHO'S ALWAYS ON THE SOFA.—Auntie-Macassar.

THE DOUBLE CANOE.



Oh, how shall I hazard a hint of it?—marriage!
 Oh, where shall I venture what, burning to blab,
 I have tried to bring in, but in vain, in a carriage,
 And longed to lead up to, but failed, in a cab?—
 She smiles, she is kind, and 'tis hard, at each parting,
 To be left thus of Love to the last in the lurch,
 When I've dreamed of it, screamed from a train, just at starting,
 And mused of it, murmured to music in Church.

We flew through the foam in the yacht-dotted harbour,
 No use—I was mute, though we dodged the same sail!
 No go—though alone in the dark garden-arbour!
 On horseback, as bad—in a boat, no avail!
 Nay, when once we were wedged, *tête-à-tête*, in a hansom,
 I had found, you had fancied, my chance—I was dumb!
 And the words were unsaid, had you staked a life's ransom
 'Gainst the sound that one makes with one's finger and thumb!

In vain, should I write it—what aid were a letter,
 Were it all, to her face, to say over again?
 Were it faltered in French—would it sound any better?
 In German?—I'm certain she'd bid me explain!
 Still it is not, don't think, that I fear to offend her;
 Indeed, of her feelings I've hardly a doubt;
 I am simply so shy, and her sighs are so tender,
 I tremble, turn nervous, and can't get it out!

So here by the side of the sail-sprinkled ocean
 I mope on the bathing-boxed, boat-cumbered shore;
 She is here, too, I hear, but— By George, I've a notion!
Eureka! I've solved it—I'll suffer no more!
 'Tis her glance that embarrasses—none could be bolder
 Than I when behind her I'm hid from her view,
 And I will, I will whisper it, over her shoulder,
 While out for an hour—in a double canoe!

SCHOOL BOREDOM.

(Selected hints for the Intelligent Ratepayer.)

Don't vote for the Candidate—

- Who leaves you a printed paper soliciting your vote;
- Who doesn't;
- Who wants to get on to the Board because he has nothing to do;
- Who means if he does to have the children taught logarithms;
- Who has a splendid educational hobby that would only involve a rate of four and ninepence in the pound;
- Who undertakes to cut down all expenses to three-halfpence;
- Who (being of the gentler sex) calls on you personally, in a cab-driver's overcoat and eye-glasses, and insists on reading you extracts from a carpet-bag, "on the legitimate position of the coming emancipated female in the ultimate class-struggle for higher culture;"
- Who is for leaving everything precisely as it is;
- Who is, on the contrary, pledged to pull up the whole existing system, root and branch;
- Who tells you he considers the position of a Member of the School Board, "as good, any day, as that of a Member of Parliament;"
- Who owns to going in for the whole thing, "as a good lark," and is willing to give you odds on the result.

SPECIMEN "SPECIAL."

(From Our Own Pomposius Ego in Egypt.)

"THEN I stumbled into another ditch in the intense darkness, but with a ringing cheer the Royal East Shropshire bounded onwards, carrying me well in the midst of them. A 15-centimetre Krupp went off in my face, carrying away my false collar. I replied by a wild cheer, and, mounting the Colonel's horse when he wasn't looking, rode cautiously on, dodging the Bedouins, while dozens of shells exploded under my boots. I assure you I had to retire more than once, as the position was a trifle dangerous. I have all along cordially approved all Sir GARNET's plans, and I need not say that nothing has been done without consulting some one whom, perhaps, it would not become me to mention. The original plan of the campaign, as altered and amended on inspection, has been closely adhered to; and I have nothing but praise for the admirable manner in which it was carried out, down to the very slightest details."

"Yes, my dear LAVINIA," said Mrs. RAMSDOTHAM, rather annoyed with her Niece, "I do know perfectly well what a soldier's 'have-a-snaek' is. It is so-called because he carries his lunch in it. No, my dear, I am not so ignorant as you may think."



SWELL STRUGGLING WITH THE CIGARETTE POISONER.

A LITTLE HOLIDAY.

Still at Castle—Early—Speech preparing—Trying moments—The Johnnies—Prospect—Off—Lucky chance—Meeting.

Glanvill Castle.—Next morning. Servant, having orders to wake us all early, does so. *Happy Thought.* "If I'm waking, call me early,"—but not unless. Think he has called me too early. Reminded of the Sluggard, "You have woke me too soon, I must slumber again." Why should the Sluggard have been held up to reprobation for this? If his charge against the person who roused him, as he alleges, at an untimely hour was true, why blame the Sluggard? Dr. WATTS wrote the poem, I believe, and credits himself with the personality of the person who woke the Sluggard, and who deserved to be rebuked for his officiousness and uncalled-for interference.

"'Tis the voice of the Sluggard,
I hear him complain."

The "I" is clearly the Poet: the Poet was Dr. WATTS, and of what did the Sluggard complain? It can be thus paraphrased.

The Sluggard (loq.) You (Dr. WATTS) have woke me too soon, confound you! Let me slumber again. Get out, or I'll shy my slippers at your head!"

And naturally exit Dr. WATTS.

What is the time? Servant replies that "It is just on half-past-seven: breakfast at eight, because of going to the Eisteddfod." "Oh, just on half-past-seven, eh? Not quite half-past-seven?" "No, not quite." Ah! And then arrange with myself that, when it is exactly half-past seven—exactly, mind, not a second or a fraction of a second more or less—I will get up. I will be punctual to the moment. I make this contract silently with myself, while the man pulls up the blinds, arranges my clothes, and bath, and boots. I am very particular about everything being arranged ready-to-hand, as it would be clearly a waste of time to get up, and then have to wait for anything. "Have you got everything ready?" I ask, with a sort of vague hope that he will answer, "Everything, Sir—except the boots—or except the hot water"—and so give me a respite. But this is not his reply: it is simply, "Yes, Sir; everything quite ready for you, Sir;" and just as he is going out, and I am beginning to allow for the difference of clocks, and to balance the probabilities of his



DIRGE OF THE DISESTABLISHED DOGS.

THE POINTER BUT POINTS A TALE;
THE SETTER HAS SET FOR AYE;

THE REAPING-MACHINE PUT AN END TO US CLEAN—
POOR DOGGIE HAS HAD HIS DAY!

having been wrong, and to wonder where on earth I put my watch last night, and what I should do if I were to get out and find I had half a minute to spare when I might have remained in bed, the servant stops at the open door, so as to let me hear the clock in the passage striking, and says, "It's the half-hour striking, now, Sir," to which I politely reply from the bed-clothes, "Thank you!" and wish he had kept his entirely gratuitous information to himself, as now I am bound by my contract with myself between myself, that is, and my Better Self; my real Better Half, in fact—[*Note.—Subject for Psychological Essay.—The Better Half . . . also, Serious and Moral Song, on the model of "The Better Land"—"I hear thee speak of the Better Half"*)]—to get up at once. Inferior Half says, "Break your contract." Superior Half says, "Keep it like half a man of honour. Remember!—breakfast at eight;" and suddenly with a power of will which is only exceeded by my still stronger power of "wont," I am on the floor. I stop to make a few notes. Dr. WATTS. Sluggard . . . and so forth; and then I begin to face the world, which I cannot do as at present attired.

How am I this morning? Odd, everything has a muffled sound on one side of my head. The precise feeling is that of a bather with water in one ear, which won't come out. I jump and shake my head violently on one side. No result; I've caught cold. It was dancing, and then coming out hot into the moonbeams. The only person who ever went safely out into the moonbeams was the Vampire in some play I saw years ago, in which, whenever the Vampire was killed, as he was regularly at the end of every Act,—and I think there were six of them,—he invariably asked a friend to take him out into the moonbeams, and on the friend foolishly complying with the request, the Vampire, becoming suddenly all alive again, and far more vigorous than he had ever been before, turned most ungratefully on his benefactor, and either ate him or threw him over a precipice, to prevent his making any unpleasant revelations. *Happy Thought.* "Never trust a Vampire."

The result of my going out into the moonbeams, and not being a Vampire, is that on one side of my head I am, this morning, as deaf as a post. [*Note.—New simile wanted here; for my *Similia Similibus* Book. "F," Post; see under "D," deaf as a—old simile: what's the new one? . . .] Can't stop now to think . . . gong just sounded. I could hear that: but only with my right ear. If this continues all day, "What goes in at one ear," can't "get out at the other," and I shall have a terrible headache. Most unfortunate when I wanted to listen to all the fine old Welsh National Airs played on the national instrument.*

Breakfast has not commenced, as, from my window, I see my host pacing the terrace with a dog. He frequently stops, and appears to be addressing somebody, invisible to me, in the moat. Occasionally he seems to be speaking energetically to the dog, who thereupon wriggles his body about, waggles his head obsequiously, and shakes his tail. Then WYKEVAN paces again—then he stops and pats the dog's head—then he leans on the parapet, and evidently addresses somebody either out in the park, a long way off, or down in the moat.

Where I am I can't hear a word, but I am sure he is speaking, though, from here, I can't see his lips move. [*Happy Thought.* I know what he is doing. He is rehearsing his speech which he has to make from the Eisteddfod platform, to an imaginary audience in the moat, with the dog as a sort of prompter. Yes; I pity him: that speech will spoil all his pleasure till he has got rid of it. The "speechless" terror of a man suddenly called upon *à l'improviste* to return thanks for something, or somebody, utterly uninteresting, is nothing to the slow mental and physical torture consequent on being informed that that day three weeks you will have to make a speech, and then gradually working up the materials, which you either change every day, substituting or rearranging, until there is a sort of kaleidoscope of paragraphs, with the exordium continually shifting into the place of the peroration, and the peroration perpetually changing places with the exordium. Finally, on the morning of the very day itself, you hit upon a brand new and original idea for the speech, which throws the previous notions into the shade, and starts something quite fresh; and then, at the last moment, you determine to leave it all to chance, and ultimately astonish yourself, and others, by a few commonplaces which have been said by everybody a hundred times before, and by condensing the deep meditations of several weeks into a disjointed speech of about a minute and a half, which seems an hour to you, and three to your audience. After the event has passed and gone, the speech spoken never to be recalled, then follow the after-thoughts and the silent regrets as to the good things you might have said—*if* you'd only thought of 'em at the moment. How you would have made 'em laugh, had you said so—and-so like this;—how they would have applauded this brilliant simile, and what cheers would have followed the apt quotation which you make now before your dressing-table, the last thing at night. What point! What humour! What a memory! What command of language! if all the dinner party could only come now, sit in the bedroom, and hear you speaking just as you are doing at this moment before your own looking-glass which reflects your classic garment, what a success you would be!]

Breakfast.—We drop in by ones, by twos and threes. Despite the host's great politeness and hospitable thoughtfulness for everybody's wants, down to a small lump of sugar or passing the salt, I am sure the coming speech is going round and round in his brain like the whirlingig at a fair. [*Note this simile in *Similia Similibus* Book.*] I know that, though he is smiling at me and saying, "Yes; I am afraid the weather is not so favourable as it might be," and so forth, his other speaking self inside his head is addressing a crowd from a platform and saying, "Friends! Welshmen!—(applause.)—Countrymen!—(great applause.)—the Festival, which we are assembled to celebrate, is dear to every Welsh heart—(enthusiastic applause.)—and to none, be they where they may, is it dearer than to the loyal hearts that beat in warm response to this national summons in this our own sweet native portion of our beloved Principality."

And then, while to all outward appearance he is engrossed in

attending to Miss MABEL, asking her if she prefers muffins to toast, he is really (inside his head) listening to the "loud and prolonged cheers" which greet the opening of his address and give him time to look about him and consider what he'll say next. His heart is in the Eisteddfod; his heart is not here, among the muffins and the tea and coffee.

The butler informs WYNEVAN and any gentlemen who are accompanying him that the carriage will be here in less than a quarter of an hour.

JOHNNIE PROSSER enters with a sort of just-out-of-the-bath-and-not-quite-sure-about-anything-yet sort of air, looking so peculiarly fresh, neat, and clean that those who see him every day wonder how it is that no matter at what hour he goes to bed, or when he rises, he always looks more peculiarly fresh, neater, and cleaner on that particular day than ever he did before. But if he goes on like this, what will his freshness, neatness, and cleanliness be at the last?

"The other 'JOHNNIES,'" he says, including all the bear-fighters of the previous night under this plural appellation, "aren't down yet. From him I learn that the Bard was a bit 'chippy' this morning."

"The Gay Sportsman," continues JOHNNIE, alluding to Professor EDWARDS by this title, as with his hands in his pockets, his eye wanders, undecidedly, from eggs to ham, from ham to fish, from fish to kidneys, and thence to the cold pies and meats on the sideboard—"the Gay Sportsman was rather 'jumpy.' He had to go off about seven in a dog-cart, with his musical instrument."

"The Minstrel Boy to the Eisteddfod's gone!" says Miss MABEL.

"Let him alone, and he'll come home, and bring his harp behind him," cuts in JOHNNIE, under the impression that he is completing the quotation with wonderful correctness.

Mrs. MOFFHAM, a very lively young lady, who has got a husband somewhere in the house, but whom up to now nobody distinctly recollects having seen, unless it was he, and not the Bard, who was left asleep on the sofa last night, explains that "Mr. EDWARD EDWARDS had to go in early, in order to open some musical department with a lecture illustrated on the harp."

JOHNNY is heard to mumble something about "The Early Bard catches the —"

"The cold, I should say," says Miss MABEL.

"The Champion will be awfully jumpy on the harp," observes JOHNNIE, and adds, as he settles down steadily to hot tea, fish, and eggs, "Never saw a minstrel less fit in my life."

[Happy Thought.—*Poeta nascitur non fit.* Work this out, and put it down to the younger SHERIDAN. Also "Fit as Fiddle"—new simile wanted for new *Similia Similibus* Book. Mustn't forget note-book to-day. Welsh similes.]

FREDDIE and HUGHIE arrive together, both fresh, and very sporting in the way of stiff out-throat collars, spotless light ties, tight-fitting clothes, and shiny boots. Seeing them, JOHNNIE pauses, with a fork in his hand, well on the defensive, as if fearful of a renewal of bear-fighting hostilities; but they are too hungry to "go for him" now, and the host appears at the door, ready for departure.

"Hallo!" cry "the JOHNNIES" all together, striking attitudes, one at the sideboard and two at the table. "Ain't he 'got 'em on!" This is in allusion to our host's appearing in full London afternoon walking-costume, hat included.

"Must do it!" he explains, apologetically, "as I've to take the chair, and speak."

"Hooray!" cry the JOHNNIES.

"I'll be behind, and help you," says HUGHIE, brandishing a fork.

"I'll chuck a word in whenever you dry up," says FREDDIE.

"And I'll be in front, and sing out 'Hear, hear!' whenever anything goes wrong," cries JOHNNIE, heartily.

Our host's face lengthens perceptibly. He has evidently not anticipated these invaluable offers of assistance.

"If you come," he says, addressing them seriously, and implying a doubt as to whether they are really coming or not; "if you do come," he says, "for goodness sake don't play the fool. You'll get me in a horrid row if you do."

"All right, old Chappie, we won't," says FREDDIE, helping himself to butter.

I fancy I detect an electric wink pass round, but this may be, after all, only an optical illusion, as their noses are steadily down towards their plates, and they are fully and seriously occupied at all events just now.

"Where's 'J. B.'?" asks WYNEVAN.

Nobody seems to know.

"Where's MOFFHAM?"

"Who?" they all repeat, looking up, as if he had mentioned the Emperor of China, or any other unlikely visitor.

"MOFFHAM," repeats WYNEVAN, in answer to a hopeless shake of everyone's head, expressive of utter ignorance on the subject. He explains further—"Mrs. MOFFHAM's husband."

"Don't know," answer the JOHNNIES. "Never seen him."

"You must have seen him," remonstrates WYNEVAN.

"Don't think so," returns FREDDIE, "unless he was one of the sofa-cushions JOHNNIE was chucking about last night."

"Well," says WYNEVAN, consulting his watch, "perhaps you'd better stay for 'J. B.' and MOFFHAM, and we'll go on."

"All right!" replies JOHNNIE. "Tell train to wait for us."

"Oh, you've plenty of time," says WYNEVAN, with a meaning glance at me, which I interpret correctly, as we walk into the hall.

JOHNNIE, from inside breakfast-room, sings out, "Don't let 'em have the procession up the town without us."

"And the waving of swords," shouts HUGHIE.

"And the crowning the Bard," shrieks FREDDIE.

"All right!" responds my host; and, as we fix ourselves in the dog-cart, he says, confidentially, to me, whom he can now trust on the Eisteddfod subject, as he sees I am really deeply interested in it, "They'll miss the train—safe. I'm rather glad of it, as, if they played the fool, when the Mayor, and the M.P.'s, and Sir WYNNY, and all the county magnates are there, it would never do, would it?"

"Oh, certainly not," I admit, warmly scouting any such notion.

"And the people wouldn't like it. 'Pon my word, I think, if they played the fool and chaffed the Eisteddfod people, or made fun of the Bard, I do believe the people would make it rather warm for them; and I couldn't interfere, if they brought it on themselves."

Again I admit his decision to be just and politic. Then, recalling "the JOHNNIES" last words, I ask,

"Is there a Procession?"

"Oh, yes," replies WYNEVAN.

"Grand?" I ask.

WYNEVAN is uncertain on this point. He evidently doesn't wish to lead me to expect too much. I feel sure it will be grand.

"In what vale," I ask, "is the Eisteddfod held?"

"Well—it's not out-of-doors—of course it ought to be," WYNEVAN says, apologetically; "but—as a matter of fact—it is in a covered building—a portable sort of House—or Hall—Wood."

"Oh!" I exclaim, all the romance of the idea being taken out of the entire proceeding at one fell swoop—"oh—a wooden portable house—but"—and I am silent, as I see he is still rehearsing his speech to himself. But the idea of the national Eisteddfod in a portable wooden house!! I note that my deafness is increasing. Unfortunate. Large crowd at station. All make way respectfully and silently for WYNEVAN. Instinctively they feel he is the Man with the Speech, and the guard looks us into a first-class compartment, where he will be undisturbed till we arrive at Llanbigh. We just catch sight of the ladies of our party getting into another carriage.

A pleased smile passes over our host's countenance: "The JOHNNIES" have missed the train! I, too, am not sorry. We are off!

Llanbigh station. Great crowd. Immense cheering just in front of our door. WYNEVAN delighted. I am prepared to shine with reflected popularity. Door opened. Cheers louder. He is prepared to bow and make a sort of royal descent, so am I.

"WYNEVAN for ever!" shout voices we at once recognise.

"They are here!" sighs WYNEVAN helplessly, as he almost collapses on the step.

"Yes, we are all here!" they answer. It is "The JOHNNIES" in full force, with little bits of red ribbon in their button-holes, bowing and cheering, and in the highest possible spirits.

AN EASTERN (COUNTIES) PROVERB.—The Rolling Stook gathers no moss.



SCOTCH SPECTROSCOPE V. CLERK OF THE METEOROLOGICAL WEATHER OFFICE.



THE VIKINGS OF WHITBY.

(THE VIKINGS TO FOLLOW ON SOME FUTURE OCCASION.)

THE HOUSEHOLDER'S DILEMMA.

SCENE—A pleasant Suburban Residence. Ladder placed against first-floor window. Enter Paterfamilias from drawing-room window opening into garden.



"Calling him over the Coals."

Paterfamilias. Ah! a ladder against my house! Who can have put it there? (Catches sight of man at upstairs window, with valuable diamond necklace in his hand. Paterfamilias with difficulty removes ladder.) A burglar! Now, the great question is, is he armed, or is he not? This morning's newspaper says—(produces newspaper)—"The spirit of the English law is entirely opposed to the private citizen taking the law into his own hands under any circumstances whatever. It is not lawful to avenge even purely private injuries by the infliction of personal chastisement on the wrongdoer. We venture to say that neither English law nor English public opinion would tolerate the shooting of unarmed burglars." That, I suppose, means that if he's not armed, and I shoot him, I may get penal servitude; while, if he's armed, and I kill him, probably it'll be all right; but in either case I should be had up for manslaughter, just as a matter of form. Now, what am I to do?

[Retires in-doors slowly, and meditatively takes up old blunderbuss standing in the hall ready-loaded.]

Burglar (descending stairs). Now, old bloke, keep out of my way, or it'll be the worse for you. Mind, I'm not armed, so if you shoot me it'll be murder.

Paterfamilias (to himself). He says he's not armed. Now, the next question is, can I trust his word, or can I not?

Burglar (threateningly). Now, are you going to drop that there

old blunderbuss, or not? Blowed if I'm going to stay on these 'ere bloomin' stairs all night!

Paterfamilias. Ah, yes, well, my friend—but you know you have no right to be in this house at this time of night. I am sorry to put you to any inconvenience, but I must really arrest you!

Burglar (much surprised). Arrest me! Impossible! (Puts hand in breast-pocket.) Now, look here, old gent, I should be sorry to put you to any inconvenience, but blarney me if I don't place a bullet inside you if you try to let off that infernal old blunderbuss! So look out.

Paterfamilias (retiring). But you said you were unarmed!

Burglar. Ah, I deessay I did. But if I ain't, and you kill me, you'll be jolly well scragged, d'ye see? [Descends three more steps.]

Paterfamilias (thinking). It's a doosid awkward situation! Let me look at the newspaper again:—(reads.)—"Homicide may be justifiable, excusable, or felonious. In attacking burglars, as in nearly all other concerns of life, a great deal depends upon circumstances. No formula can be prescribed as the best mode of proceeding, save that caution is at all times desirable." Hem! The fellow knows the law. Perhaps, on the whole, I'd better let him go. (Burglar advances, menacingly, hand still in breast-pocket.) Now, I wonder what he's really got in that pocket!

[Steps aside, rather hurriedly, into Library, and drops blunderbuss. Burglar takes advantage of the opportunity, and slips out into garden through drawing-room window.]

Paterfamilias (appearing at window as Burglar is just scaling garden-wall). Shall I fire now? He's got that five-hundred-guinea diamond necklace! Wonder if the rascal really has a pistol in that pocket or not.

Burglar (on top of wall). Ta-ta! Well, you are jolly green! D'ye think I carry firearms about me when I go to crack a crib? I ain't such a fool. Here's my pistol!

[Thrusts hand into breast-pocket, and produces, neatly bound, "Digest of the Law of Homicide," flourishes it above his head, and with fiendish laugh leaps down into the road, and is gone.]

Paterfamilias (savagely). I should like to break that newspaper fellow's head! Why on earth didn't I fire the blunderbuss?

[Exit in-doors, foaming. Curtain.]



“VICI”!!!





Stout Old Lady (reads Standard, 8th inst.). "IF I MAY MAKE A SUGGESTION, THE ILLUSTRATED AS WELL AS THE DAILY PAPERS ARE SUITABLE, AND ARE RAGERLY DEVoured BY THE MEN." WELL, POOR FELLOWS, THEY MUST BE 'UNGRY! DEVOUR NEWSPAPERS! GOOD GRACIOUS!"

A COURT CIRCULAR NOVEL.

THE *Court Circular*, watched closely day by day, is full of social, romantic, and dramatic interest to all those who have acquired the science of "Reading between the Lines." Last Monday week the following exciting news appeared:—



"Reading between the Lines."

with Lord LYONS. The Noble Lord was, of course, proud and delighted at having Her Gracious Majesty and the Royal Family all to himself. But what happens next day? The *Court Circular*, which never wastes words, continues what we may call Chapter II. :—

"The Rev. Dr. DONALD MACLEOD, one of Her Majesty's Chaplains, arrived at the Castle yesterday, and had the honour, as well as Lord LYONS, of dining with the QUEEN and the Royal Family."

Pride has a fall; for the Rev. Dr. DONALD arrived at the Castle apparently without invitation, merely *en passant*, and straightway he "as well as Lord LYONS" (how satirical the C. C. can be!), "had the honour of dining with the QUEEN and the Royal Family."

"His Excellency Viscount LYONS, G.C.B., has left the Castle."

He came in like a Lamb and went out like a LYONS.

The *Court Circular* is really more interesting than many a novel, to those who know how to "read between the lines."

THE TRUE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.—As straight as you can go.

OYSTER MILES.

[Mr. OLSEN has discovered two hundred miles of oyster-beds in the North Sea.]

A NEW world's rim, remote and dim,
Delights the eyes of weary rovers;
And Mother Earth, seen from one's berth,
Seems nice, although the coast is Dover's.
A Nordenakjold warms in a cold
Nor'-Western Passage that would numb us;
For fame or fee, ah, give to me,
But his, the Oyster-bed Columbus!

The scapegrace cub sires send to grub
Scant gold from mud, has he a notion
Of gems that lie to feast one's eye,
And flesh to feast his frame in ocean?
How lads who seek in Mozambique
For peltries at a killing gallop,
Would do as well to seek the shell—
They may be scalped,—these you can scallop.

And let slow dearth creep o'er old Earth,
The heart of man a constant joy stirs,
So that it yet kindly beget
The Château-Yquem for the Oysters.
Whose patient spade brings up a blade
Where none grew, "Crown him!" cry the
Tuppers.

What crown 's too good for who finds food
For twice ten million merry suppers?

HIGH TIME.—All in the house were holding their noses, but not their tongues. The neighbours complained. The Sanitary Inspector was sent for. The kitchen floor was taken up. They were about commencing on the drainage and unpaving the road, when suddenly the Page-boy remembered that he'd quite forgot to tell Master about a hamper of game that had come for him three weeks ago, and he'd put it away in a cupboard. *P'raps it might be that!*

Doncaster Ditty; or, All the Verse for Me.

AIR—"If I had a Thousand a Year."

If I'd had a thousand to four, ROBIN RUFF,
If I'd had a thousand to four,
My winky, how I should have collared the stuff!
I couldn't have put on Dutch Oven enough,
If I'd had a thousand to four.

If I hadn't a thousand to four, ROBIN RUFF!
I didn't take twenty to one;
Alas! on the favourite I put the pot,
And so, my dear RUFF, I lost the whole lot,
And now I'm off to Boulogne!

A "JOLLY" SHAME.—Snubbing the Marines up to the present time. This will soon be remedied. Tell *this* to the Marines, from their well-wisher,
ADMIRALISSIMO-GENERALISSIMO PUNCH.



RECEPTION IN TOWN OF THE FIRST NEWS OF OUR COMPLETE SUCCESS IN EGYPT. DELIGHT OF THE TWO STATUES.

CLUB CAROLS.—No. I.

THE GRAMPUS IN SEPTEMBER.

"The Grampus is one of the few Clubs which never closes for repairs."
—*Weekly Paper.*

If you are a Member,
You'll find, in September,
The Grampus all turned upside down!
And that is the reason,
When closed is the Season,
You never should linger in town.

The hall is invaded,
The stairs barricaded,
And white-washers come by the score:
There's slishing and sloshing,
And scraping and washing,
And painting from ceiling to floor!

The smoking-room's dusty,
The Members are crusty,
The dining-room smells of white lead;
The home of the Rubber
Is food for the scrubber;
All peace and all quiet have fled!

All ways are you baffled
By staging or scaffold;
You can't play at billiards or pool!
And though you may grumble,
O'er paint-pots you stumble—
And sit on the floor like a fool!

All comfort is shattered,
My new hat bespattered,
I sit and I weep on the stairs!
O gracious Committee,
Now list to my ditty,
And next year pray "close for repairs!"

The Troopers of the Household Cavalry, who cut Egyptians in two as if they had been sheep at an assault-of-arms exhibition, ought to be made Generals of Division.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 102.



SIR DRUMMING WOLFF, M.P.

AN ULTRAMARINE EFFECT.

THE *Times* Correspondent at Ismailia deserves credit for a piece of word-painting remarkable for a splendid stroke of colour:—

"There was no moon, and thus, almost within cannon-shot, the two armies were resting peacefully, the one side dreaming probably little of the terrible scene of the awakening, when, their rest at length rudely disturbed, they awoke to see swiftly advancing upon them from every side an endless line of dreaded red-coats, broken by the even more fearful blue of the Marines."

The bits of blue thus dashed in amongst the red are as telling as anything RUSKIN could possibly praise; and they have the additional merit of suggestiveness. Every reader must see that the blue in bright contrast with the red uniforms was also in brilliant keeping with the blue funk into which the sudden appearance of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY's troops threw ARABI's followers.

Yes, Followers. That is the word. ARABI, as soon as he saw how matters were going, ran away, and his forces ran after him, quite discoloured all over, if not "distilled almost to jelly with the effect of fear" (*Shakespeare*).

GENERALISSIMO PUNCH'S HAPPY (THOUGHT) DESPATCH TO HIS BRAVE SOLDIERS IN THE EAST.—Mr. Punch is delighted at being able to announce that, last Saturday, Eighty-two Half-yearly volumes, being an entire collection of His Periodical, from July, 1841, to June, 1882, were forwarded from His Fleet Street Residence, for the use of our sick and wounded in the Military Hospital at Cyprus.

JUSTICE TO PUNCH AND IRELAND!

(Before the L. J. Public Opinion.)

At the opening of the Court, Mr. Punch rose and said that he wished to make a personal explanation.

The Lord Justice said that he thought such a course hardly necessary. For more than forty years, Mr. Punch had been the pioneer of civilisation, and the champion of Right and Truth. (*Cheers.*)

Mr. Punch thanked his Lordship. Unhappily, however, there were those who had misrepresented him—he could not say misunderstood him, for all he wrote and drew was as clear as crystal to the unperverted intelligence—and he appeared that day to set those misrepresenters right, once and for all.

The Lord Justice. But is it worth the trouble?

Mr. Punch replied that, for the sake of the veracious historian of the future, and not simply for his own sake in the present, it was incumbent upon him to refute the statements to which he had alluded. The misrepresentation of which he justly and seriously complained had been disseminated by such respectable organs of thought as the *Spectator* and the *Nineteenth Century*. In the latter a paragraph appeared a short time since to the following effect:—"No Savages have ever been so mercilessly held up to loathing mockery as the Irish Peasants by the one comic paper in Europe which has been most honourably distinguished for its restraint, and decorum, and good-nature." The *Spectator*, too, had a paragraph to much the same purpose.

The Lord Justice. But surely, Mr. Punch, there must be some mistake. The typical figures of Irish Peasants that have appeared in your cartoons from time to time have always struck me as peculiarly pleasing personages—either hard-working fellows struggling manfully with poverty and adversity, or (in your smaller cuts)

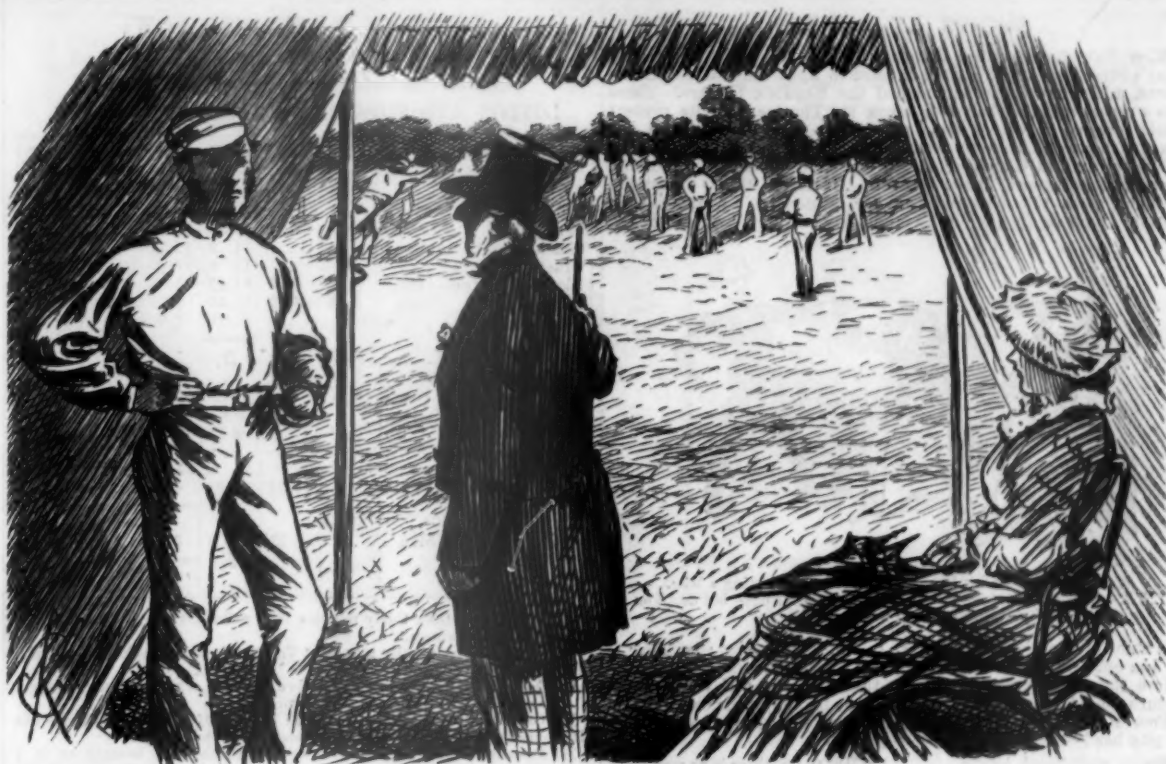
as the sort of "boys" with whom readers of LEVER and LOVER and admirers of BOUICAUT are familiar.

Mr. Punch said that His Lordship was quite accurate in his description, and nothing could be more absurd than the paragraph he had quoted. He might add that, whenever HIBERNIA appeared, it was always in the character of a beautiful and lovable girl, sometimes smiling, but more often thoughtful, anxious, and sad. [At this point the Lady herself rose in Court, and created a profound sensation by requesting to be allowed to give her evidence on behalf of her old and true friend, Mr. Punch.]

HIBERNIA said that she first made her appearance in Mr. Punch's pages on the 25th of April, 1846, or more than six-and-thirty years ago.

The Lord Justice (gallantly). Impossible! Why, you can scarcely be one-and-twenty at the present time!

HIBERNIA blushing thanked his Lordship, but added with a sigh that it was a wonder to herself and her friends that her eyes were not dimmed with tears and her face worn with care. She attributed her present youthful appearance to the fire of hope which had never been quenched in her heart, and it was this light in her eye that Mr. LEECH, and Mr. DOYLE, in the past, had so lovingly caught, and which Mr. JOHN TENNIEL, who always made her look her very best, had perpetuated, she had almost said stereotyped, in the present. She took this opportunity of thanking him, for his truthful pencil had seldom flattered but always encouraged her. It was, however, in 1846 that she first appeared in Mr. Punch's pages, in the Cartoon of "The Irish Cinderella and her haughty sisters, Britannia and Caledonia." This was drawn by Mr. JOHN LEECH, who, HIBERNIA explained, had his own types of good and bad among her sons. In this she herself was depicted as a sad, gentle girl, seated before an empty grate, while her two ugly sisters—as old as they were contemptuous—haughtily turned their backs upon her. In the previous number, Irish peasants, represented by pretty little girls and funny



"CRICKETING INTELLIGENCE."

Sporting Old Parson (to Professional Player). "WHY IS A BALL LIKE THAT CALLED A 'YORKER,' SIR?"

Professional Player. "A 'YORKER,' SIR? OH, WHEN THE BALL'S PITCHED RIGHT UP TO THE BLOCK—"

Sporting Parson. "YES, YES—I DIDN'T ASK YOU WHAT A 'YORKER' WAS"—(with dignity)—"I KNOW THAT AS WELL AS YOU DO, BUT WHY IS IT CALLED A 'YORKER'?"

Professional Player. "WELL, I CAN'T SAY, SIR. I DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE YOU COULD CALL IT!"

little boys ("broths of bhoys"), were depicted as going into a ruined cabin, driven by PEEL (as an old woman) with a birch labelled "Coercion Bill." This picture was called "Justice to Ireland," and had for a sub-title,—

"She gave them some broth without any bread,
Then whipped them all round, and sent them to bed."

In both Cartoons sympathy was enlisted for the Irish nation, and for the Irish nation only. In the October of the same year, JOHN BULL was shown giving a starving Irish family—consisting of a poor broken-down man, with a careworn wife (whose eyes and hands were raised to Heaven), and two fainting children—a basket of bread and a spade. JOHN BULL was saying, "Here are a few things to go on with, Brother, and I'll soon put you in a way to earn your own living." This was called "Union is strength." It was drawn by Mr. RICHARD DOYLE. And from that time to this, she (HIBERNIA) and the deserving Irish peasant had found a firm supporter in Mr. PUNCH. She challenged his detractors, whether Irish-American or English, to produce one Cartoon capable of being fairly construed as ungenerous, vindictive, or in any way hostile to herself and her honest loyal people. (Great applause.)

The Lord Justice (after silence had been with difficulty restored). If, my dear Madam, on your friend Mr. PUNCH's behalf you wish to adduce any further evidence—

Hibernia. I do, my Lord, for when I come into Court for a friend I like to say out all I have to say, and do what I have to do thoroughly. (Here several volumes of Mr. PUNCH's works were handed to her.) See here, my Lord (opening one), this Cartoon in 1844, where Her Gracious MAJESTY is drawing the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA's attention to the maps of Poland and Ireland, and saying "Brother, Brother, we're both in the wrong." (Applause.) I will now draw your Lordship's attention to this. (Exhibits another Cartoon.) One of my boys has a blunderbuss, and PUNCH is saying to him, "Put away that nasty thing, and let's have a merry Christmas dinner."

There is no ill-feeling in that; very much the contrary. Again, to come to a recent date, she would produce Mr. TENNIEL's Cartoon of "Friend or Foe?" Sept. 4, 1880, where the Irish peasant, a decent man as you'd wish to see, was hesitating between the seditious gun and the honest, lawful reaping-hook. Here was the Irish peasant fairly represented. And now, said HIBERNIA, opening another Volume, look at this for Oct. 29, 1881—"Two Forces!" where the strong arm of the Law is shown protecting me from the violence of a brute bearing on the ribbon of his hat the word "Anarchy." This last figure, more or less intensified, has invariably done duty for the spirit of lawlessness, Fenianism, and agrarian outrage by which a few of my children have brought disgrace and misery upon us all. In "The Irish Frankenstein," May 20, 1882, was shown the monster the Land-Leaguists had called into being, which threatened even its own maker. This hideous type did not represent the honest, loyal, suffering peasant, but the figure in Mr. TENNIEL's "Arrears" Cartoon did so, and here English sympathy was enlisted for the evicted peasant.

The LORD JUSTICE rose and said that surely Mr. PUNCH required no completer refutation to the libel. Mr. PUNCH bowed, and the Lord Justice continued, emphatically, "You have been the object of a calumnious attack, which, not for your own sake, but in the interests of true history, you have taken the best means in your power of satisfactorily answering and completely refuting. May your real friendship with HIBERNIA be life-long! Ladies and Gentlemen, the Court is dissolved; and being dissolved, I can lay aside my judicial decorum together with my official robes, and—(here the Usher handed glasses round)—here is health, happiness, and prosperity—"

Mr. PUNCH (raising his glass). To HIBERNIA! HIBERNIA for ever! (Cheers.)

Hibernia. And—permit me—(taking Mr. PUNCH's hand)—to wish the same, and very many of 'em, to the Sage of Fleet Street and the true Friend of Ireland!

[Enthusiastic applause. The proceedings then terminated.]

SHOWS ET AUTRES.

MISS DAVENPORT is too Davenportly for the little Theatre in King's Street, which, if it were devoted to light musical entertainments, might have been fitly named the Bandbox Theatre. There was a report that this lady had taken the Theatre from its present comic proprietor (whose name we forbear to mention, as he has always shown himself so averse to anything like unnecessary publicity) and, in consequence, had chosen to open with a Drama, appropriately termed, *Diane de Lys*. Of course, this is a mistake, as much as is the dénouement of Mr. MORTIMER's adaptation of DUMAS' *Diane de Lys*, whom he might have called *Diane de Loose*.



Mr. Verin makes a hit by missing a Man and shooting a Miss. (N.B.—Eminent Actor not much amongst the partridges, but death on haystacks at five paces.)

The name of the piece should have been, *A Bad Shot; or, How I let him off*. The play may serve to fill up the interval that remains before the droll person who owns this property, and whose name torture should not wring from us, returns to "enjoy his own again."

Poor MARIAN—we mean the Giantess at the Alhambra—how we do pity her!—

Heavy, weak-kneed, idiotic,
Poor MARIAN!
Looks like suffering from narcotic,
Poor MARIAN!

Mr. HOLLAND, there is no man
Better than yourself as Showman,
Send back home this poor young
woman, Big MARIAN!

Winter's coming on apace. A Robin has been seen at the Gaiety. He appeared last Friday night.



Little Robin Hood and Big Made Marian.

men were all mustered," our Joke-Detective thought of his happy childhood, and shed a tear. The tear took so long shedding that the piece was over before he returned.

Mr. HARRIS advertises two "Smashes" as attractions in *Pluck*—the Train Smash and the Bank Smash. But why does not our dear Gush HARRIS make one of the Entr'actes into another smash—and advertise then—"Three 'Smashes,' Nightly, in *Pluck*—The Train Smash! The Bank Smash!! and, in the Entr'actes, The Brandy Smash!! We present this to G. H. M. & Co., free of charge. Talking of charge, how annoyed Mr. HARRIS must be that the name of the gallant cavalry officer in Egypt is not DRURY LANE instead of DRURY LOWE. What a fine advertisement lost!

"EXTRAORDINARY TITHES."—Seasonable just now in early Autumn. So are Heavy Dews.

THE WAY WE TRAVEL NOW;

OR, BRADSHAW AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

Specimen Page revised. (See recent Correspondence.)

LONDON AND SLOW-COAST RAILWAY COMPANY.

LEAVE.	1, 2, 3	Exp.	1, 2, 3	Parl.	Fast	1, 2, 3
LONDON*	6 45	8 11	10 0	11 5	3 9	7 0
Stickford	7 1	...	10 17	11 25
Weightly	7 11	...	10 39	11 57
Shackelhurst.	7 20	...	11 2	12 17	...	G
Glucton.	A	...	11 9	12 40
Blockham Junc- tion*	8 2	8 17	11 40	1 2
Dragley.	8 5	8 19	11 46	1 19	...	9 5
	11 51	1 30	...	10 1
Stopover	8 17	...	D	1 57	...	10 35
Nailham	8 29	2 15
Catchborough*	8 37	C	...	2 22
			P.M.			
Haltbourne	8 50	...	3 15	2 50	...	H
Trapton	B	...	4 6	3 18	B	...
Sluggard's End*	...	8 20	4 40	4 3	...	11 59
						A.M.
SLOWCUM-ON-SEA*	...	8 35	5 2	6 26	9 18	2 5
			E	F		

A. If not more than thirty minutes late, waits here to have a hand at cribbage with signalman.

B. Engine-driver usually gets off at Trapton, to take the chair at a Burial Club, and have his hair cut.

C. Comes in an hour and a half before its time, whenever guard can get 3 to 2 on the event from pointman at Stopover.

D. Cannot be relied on to get beyond Dragley, if the Station-Master has dined, and is inclined to have a little gossip in the brake-van.

E. Passengers who get out and walk to Haltbourne, brought on in a trolly, on payment of a pint of half-and-half to platelayer at Sluggard's End.

F. Does not arrive at all in wet weather.

G. No correct time guaranteed by this train, unless the stoker is irritable.

H. Passengers complaining here of being shunted at Stopover, jeered at by the Station-Master.

NOTE.—The Company do not guarantee the departure of any of the above trains at the hours specified, and they will not hold themselves responsible for their arrival at any destination whatever. At the places marked with an asterisk, there will be found a Station-Master fond of practical joking.

There is a Comic Clock at Blockham Junction.

PREVENTION OF BURGLARY.—Prospect of a Dog, and certainty of "The Cat."



ENTHUSIASM OF THE CABINET ON RECEIVING THE NEWS OF ARAB'S SURRENDER AND THE END OF THE WAR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



CANTANKEROUS.

Legal Adviser (drawing up the Old Gentleman's Will). "Um—seems a pity you should cut off your son with a shilling. But, if you're determined—hem!—what about the pictures? You have a very valuable collection, Sir?"
Crusty Invalid. "Oh, drat the pictures! 'Leave 'em to the blind asylum!"

A LAY OF MODERN HAMMERSMITH.

THE great Sir JAMES of Charing Cross
 By the whole Board he swore
 That carriage folk for Richmond
 Should risk their lives no more.
 By the whole Board he swore it,
 And named a closing day,
 And bade his engineers ride forth
 To stop all traffic with the North,
 And block the right of way.

"To stop all traffic with the North,"
 The news it flies full fast,
 And terrace, lodge, and villa
 Are staggered at the blast.
 Shame on the slave of Mortlake
 Content for hours to roam,
 Because Sir JAMES of Charing Cross,
 By Putney sends him home.

The busman and the cabman
 Look on without dismay;
 They know that people must go home,
 —Perhaps a longer way.
 May be o'er Wandsworth's windy waste,
 Past Kew's exotic dome,—
 They only know some way, somehow,
 That people must get home.

But City men, in Castelnau,
 Such views decline to share,
 And straightway in the daily press
 The looming grievance air.
 "What! close the bridge two dozen months?
 They'd better pull it down;
 By Chiswick's gods we ask how we
 Shall ever get to town?"

Then rose the Barnes Horatius,
 The case to fairly state:
 "There's not a man upon the earth
 Likes getting home too late;
 Yet how can he come quicker
 Who round by Fulham plods,
 Because, against his crossing here,
 Sir JAMES will give him odds?"

"If from some 'small and early'
 At lordly Turnham Green,
 He homeward turns his weary step:—
 The Thames still flows between:
 And though they start a ferry
 Of tonnage far too slight,
 He can't expect the ferryman
 To sit up half the night.

"Time was, when after dining
 Beyond proud Notting's ridge,
 A halfpenny would bring him
 Across the classic bridge:
 For Hammersmith and Mortlake,
 Ere both of them were sold,
 Were like suburban brothers
 In the brave days of old.

"Now Hammersmith to Mortlake
 Is distant as a foe,
 And whether tide be running high,
 Or whether it be low;
 The man, who on the water's edge
 Stands shivering and cold,
 Must use strong language seldom
 heard
 In the brave days of old."

But meanwhile axe and lever
 Have ruthlessly been plied,
 And soon the ancient structure
 Will have a new inside.
 But louder grows the thunder
 About the route to town,—
 And p'raps they'll get a wooden bridge
 A little lower down.

So in some night next Winter,
 When the cold Easters blow,
 And the omnibus comes slipping
 Amid the frozen snow;
 When round the lonely villa
 The fog wets to the skin,
 And the cheap coal of Wallsend
 Chokes everyone within;

When the latest bill is opened,
 And the dimmest gas is lit,
 And the curtains are drawn closer,
 O'er the windows that won't fit;
 When the leaden pipe is bursting
 With the water it provides;
 When the girls are reading novels,
 And the boys are making slides;

When the goodman scans his cheque book,
 With a fitting Christmas gloom;
 And the goodwife's chatter sharply
 Goes snapping round the room;
 With threats and imprecations,
 The tale may still be told
 How great Sir JAMES blocked up the
 bridge
 That served quite well of old.



CHECKMATE!

SUCH DIPLOMATIC DODGES HE TAUGHT HIM TO EMPLOY,
UNTIL THE SLYBOOTS SULTAN WAS BEATEN BY OUR BOY.

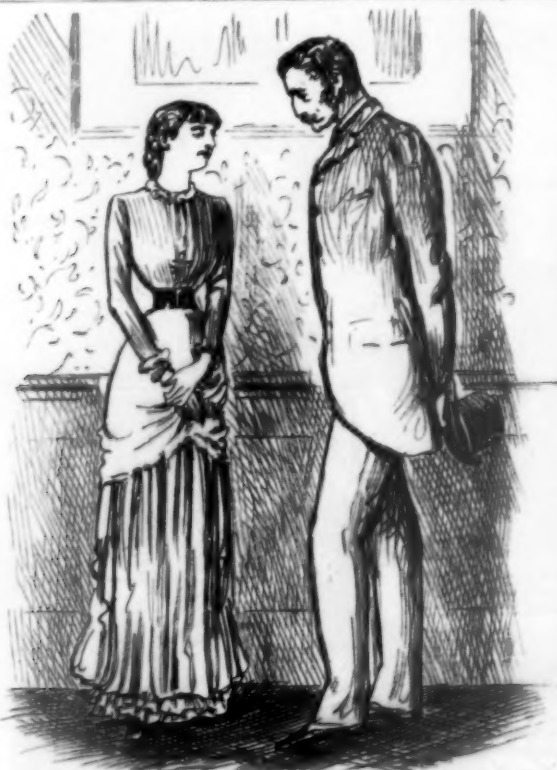
A LITTLE HOLIDAY.

Commencement of Eisteddfod—The Arrival—Procession—Town—Building—the Bard—Band—Entrance—Platform—Business.

Llanbigh.—Eisteddfod Day, or rather one of the Eisteddfod days, as the ceremony continues during the greater part of the week. Great crowd at Station. Trains from various parts. Carriages, carts, traps of all sorts bringing in people for the Eisteddfod. Great variety of colour in coats and ties and hats among the men; the women being chiefly remarkable for their black eyes—given them by Nature, not by their husbands—and their wonderful umbrellas. Not a sign of a National costume anywhere: not a woman with a hat over a cap à la Jenny Jones; no lass coming in riding pillion; but all trudging up-hill in a sturdy kind of way, with the determined air of people who were not to be daunted by anything in the shape of mud below or rain above.

Llanbigh is a town which has grown gradually up on a hill with a

Castle on the top. How it came to be built so, is evident. Castle began it, or rather, Baron began it. First came the Baron, who built the Castle. (*Happy Thought.*—Arrange it like the House that JACK built. (See my future *History of Llanbigh*, with Illustrations . . . perhaps it might come into my *Similia Similibus Book.*) . . . This is the Castle that JACK built. No; JACK is not a good Welsh name for a Baron . . . and it must be in one syllable. . . . *Happy Thought (for a Welsh name)*—JONES. The Baron JONES. Good! "This is the Castle that JONES built" (A.D. 1100). "This is the Baron who lived in the Castle that JONES built"—keep JONES as the Architect—say IHWIO JONES: the Baron being quite a different person. "This is the Butcher who built a shop, and came to stop, and make a fortune out of the Baron who lived in the Castle that JONES built." Then—"This is the Grocer very green who sold the cabbage and young French bean to be served with the meat, so nice to eat, that was sold by the Butcher who built a shop and came to stop, and make a fortune out of the Baron," &c., &c. Then gradually came all the tradesmen to supply the wants of the Castle;



FLOWERS OF MODERN SPEECH AND SENTIMENT.

Our Gallant Colonel. "AND WHERE AND HOW HAVE YOU SPENT THE SUMMER, MISS GOLIOTLY!"

Miss Goliotly. "Oh, I SAT IN A PUNT WITH MY FAVOURITE MAN—A QUITE TOO DELICIOUS MAN!"

and so the town was built downwards from the summit to its base; by which time the Baron had probably hung all the tradesmen, seized their shops, and taxed them heavily, until another Baron (without a Castle—a wandering Baron) came with a superior force, and, with the assistance of the tradesmen, besieged Baron Number One, starved the garrison, who, when they became desperately famished, insisted on surrendering, gave up their feudal lord, and strung him up under his own portcullis.

WYNEVAN, to whom a number of well-to-do people in the crowd are most respectful, tries to ignore the presence of The JOHNNIES, who, each of them being decorated with a bit of absurd red ribbon in his button-hole, and wearing white kid gloves, follow him gravely wherever he goes. Once WYNEVAN turns to remonstrate with HUGHIE GRILLSTON and JOHNNIE PROSSER, who happen to be close at his heels.

"I say, look here, you fellows," says WYNEVAN, in an undertone, and trying to smile it off as good-naturedly as possible, "I say, don't play the fool, there's good chaps." Whereupon, by way of exhibiting their thorough acquiescence in the reasonableness of his request, they bow gravely, and turn to FREDDIE MICKHAM and "J. B.," as though to communicate some instructions they have just received from their superior.

WYNEVAN, taking advantage of this, hurries on towards an open carriage, in which are seated Mrs. WYNEVAN, Mrs. MOFFHAM, and Miss MABEL, and in which there is still room for WYNEVAN and for MOFFHAM, who, however, is told by his wife that he had much better walk, which he consequently does. So do I.

"Where's the procession with the bards and banners and swords?" I ask WYNEVAN, as he enters the open carriage.

"Well," he says, pausing on the step, and looking about over the heads of the crowd of pedestrians, "I really don't see any. I fancy we must be late, and the Mayor and the others have gone on. I say," he urges me, stooping down, "do stop those fellows from playing the fool. Upon my word, it'll do me a serious injury."

"Get in, Mr. WYNEVAN, do!" cries Miss MABEL, and, as he takes his place in the carriage, The JOHNNIES give a cheer, in which

MOFFHAM, who as yet has shown himself of the "party of order," suddenly joins. Encouraged by this unexpected adhesion, HUGHIE and JOHNNIE take him between them, while, in attempting to sneak off behind, I find myself placed like the centre pip in the five of diamonds, and compelled to take part in the demonstration made by "The JOHNNIES." Occasionally FREDDIE produces a small hunting-horn, which he blows. HUGHIE ties a red pocket-handkerchief on to a stick, and gives it to MOFFHAM to carry. When FREDDIE is quite tired of the horn, the four pretend to be a brass band, and play imaginary instruments. To humour them, when WYNEVAN is not looking, I join them, choosing any instrument which may be unrepresented at the moment by the others. HUGHIE GRILLSTON, with his cheeks puffed out, his left fist up to his mouth, and his right arm working backwards and forwards like the piston of an engine, is giving a pretty correct imitation of trombone-playing. "J. B.," with a foolish expression of countenance, is amusing the crowd with an imaginary performance on the fife, JOHNNIE is doing the cymbals, and FREDDIE is pretending to mark the time with powerful whisks on an invisible big-drum. I choose the bassoon.

The crowd begin to take to the performance: at first the boys laugh timidly, whereat "J. B." frowns severely, which amuses them immensely. Then their elders begin to see the fun of it, and, there being a considerable amount of latent humour in a crowd, they gradually enter into the spirit of the thing, and commence imitating the performance, so that by the time we are half-way up the hill, WYNEVAN's carriage is accompanied by a crowd, composed of men, women, and children—but chiefly boys—of various ages, all pretending to play musical instruments, and to follow the beat of "J. B.'s" stick, occasionally breaking off to cheer, when MOFFHAM, who up to now has been the gravest, quietest person possible, gives a preposterous whoop, and waves his handkerchief violently.

It being impossible to utterly ignore such a demonstration, WYNEVAN is compelled to recognise our services, which he does, with a sort of more-in-sorrow-than-in-anger air, saying to the Ladies, "Aren't they ridiculous?" I am sure he is wishing that he had never asked any one of us to the Eisteddfod, and taking an oath to himself never to do so again—if he knows it.

The instrumental imitation having been played out, there is a pause in the amusements, and the up-hill work rather tells on most of us. The most indefatigable practical joker must be pumped out, if he tries to keep the game alive for one mile and a quarter's steady, straight, severe, up-hill walking, following a carriage and pair.

HUGHIE wants to know if we don't stop anywhere for refreshment. WYNEVAN, overhearing this, says that they—"The JOHNNIES"—can stop if they like (and he sincerely hopes they will like), but that he and his party in the carriage must push on, as they are late already.

This is treated as an address by JOHNNIE, who urges everybody to cheer. There is only a faint response to his appeal, and it is evident to everyone that the walking has exhausted the joking-power of The JOHNNIES, and the appreciation of the crowd. At this moment, just when I really am glad for WYNEVAN's sake that the nonsense is finishing, Professor EDWARD EDWARDS suddenly comes out of a house in his very best London walking-clothes.

This gives The JOHNNIES a fresh inspiration. JOHNNIE and HUGHIE take him between them, call for three cheers, which the crowd of Welsh people with whom the Bard is popular as "The Soaring Lion," are only too delighted to give, and then, as he comes up behind the carriage to speak to the Ladies and WYNEVAN, a fresh order is suddenly and secretly issued by JOHNNIE PROSSER, and they allow the Bard to walk in the space between them and the carriage, so that he shall form an important figure in the newly-arranged procession. This he gravely does, much pleased by the deference shown him, and in utter ignorance of what is taking place behind his back, to which WYNEVAN does not dare to draw his attention, lest the Bard should think that he was a party to this undignified behaviour of his friends and guests. And what is taking place is this:—HUGHIE, the three other JOHNNIES, and MOFFHAM, who begins to outdo them all, and myself (not liking to be out of it, lest I should be immediately selected as the object of some new and dangerous practical joke), have all turned up their coat-collars, have crumpled their pot-hats well back on their heads, and have put their handkerchiefs up to their eyes, occasionally removing them to look up, shake their heads dismally, and then hide their faces in their handkerchiefs again.

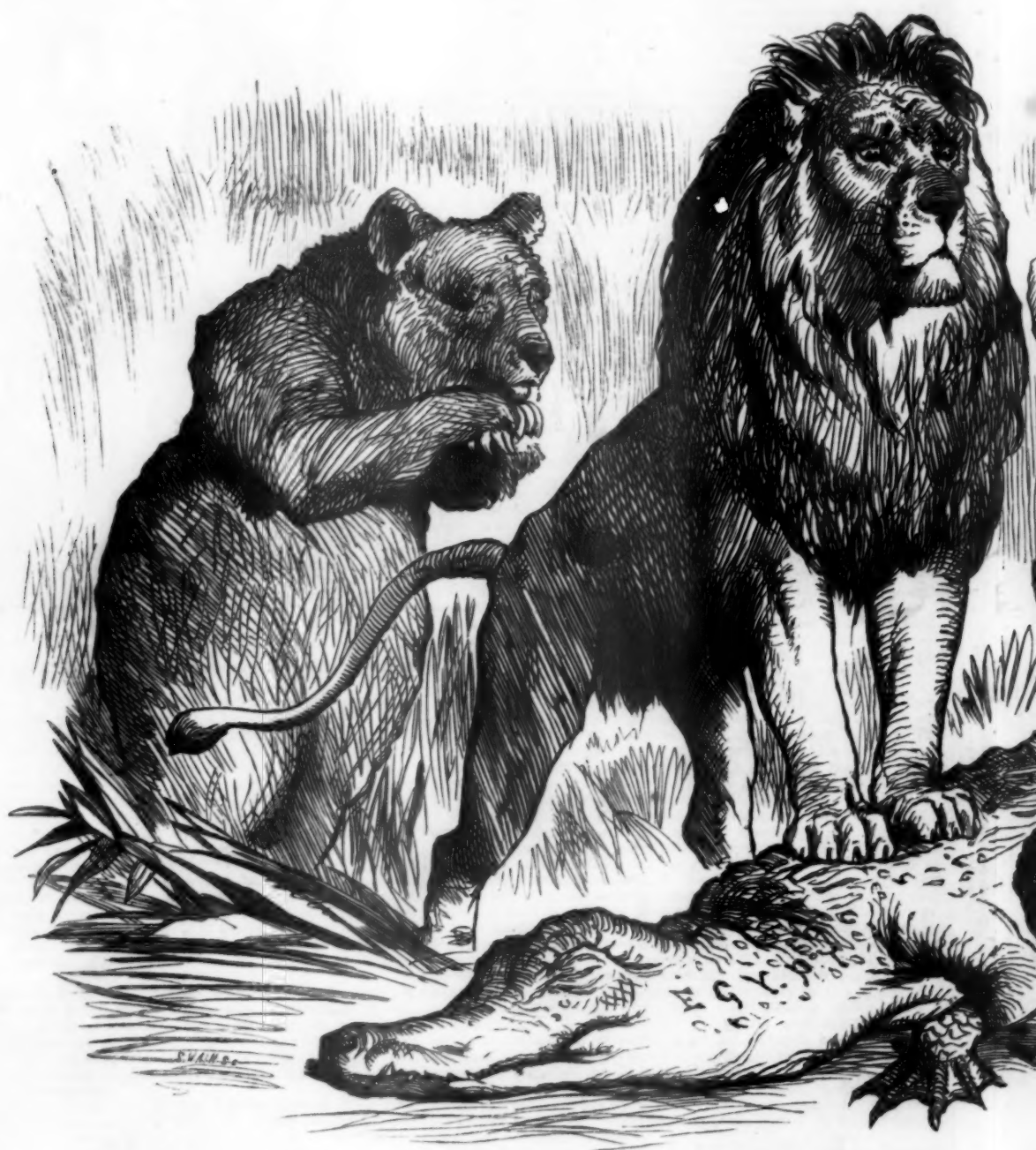
At first the crowd are puzzled; but presently, they too, begin to walk solemnly, and those who have pocket-handkerchiefs imitate The JOHNNIES.

WYNEVAN can't stand it any longer.

"I say," he remonstrates from the carriage, "'pon my word, it's too bad!"

But "The JOHNNIES" leading the crowd only pretend to be more and more afflicted, the Ladies laugh, and the Bard makes a futile effort to escape, but can't. Thinking better of it, he executes a very clever strategic movement, by placing his arm in JOHNNIE PROSSER's in the friendliest manner possible, and engaging him in conversation.





THE LION'S J



S JUST SHARE.



TEST. SHALIM.



"ALARUM. EXCURSIONS."

SCENE—A Secluded Spot, by the Margin of a Lake. Enter a Cheap Trip. Tableau. Curtain!

[Happy Thought.—Take the opportunity of getting information from the Bard about the Eisteddfod.] I join him, hook his disengaged arm, and am just congratulating myself (as I am sure WINEVAN is) on the cessation of tomfooleries, when a brass band appears in front, which presents such an invincible attraction to The JOHNNIES that they rush forward, and the next I see of them is "J. B." leading the band, and throwing his umbrella in the air after the manner of a tambour-major, while the others have encoored their own inimitable imitation of the Marching Musicians.

WINEVAN stands up in the carriage.
"Good heavens!" he exclaims. "I do wish some one would stop that fellow JOHNNIE."

"What is he doing?" I ask.
"Doing!" exclaims WINEVAN, horrified. "He's tied a handkerchief on his stick, and he's walking behind the Mayor—and—oh—I say—it's too bad—"

"What?" inquire the Bard, myself, and the Ladies, breathlessly.
"Confound it!—HUGHIE has stuck a long straw under Sir WYNKY's collar, and the others are walking bareheaded, and pretending to cry. I swear the police will interfere directly."

The appearance of two carriages from round a corner, the narrowness of the road, and the ascent becoming more and more difficult, the walking worse and worse, and the commencement of a splutter of rain, all these combined forces rout "The JOHNNIES," who for awhile are lost in the crowd.

Nearly at the top of the hill, and at about the dirtiest, sloiest part of the walk, we suddenly come upon a large wooden building with auctioneer-looking sort of placards stuck about it, as if there were a sale going on inside. But for these trampy-looking "posters," the building itself might be a portable Theatre, or a "fit up" for a Travelling Circus. This is the building in which the Eisteddfod is held. As it is already beginning to rain heavily, it is better to be under cover than among the hills and valleys where I thought the Eisteddfod would have been. The building does not look watertight, and subsequently, during the proceedings, the rain penetrates, and a considerable number of the audience inside put up their umbrellas.

"How it leaks!" says MOFFHAM.
[Happy Thought.—Appropriate for National Eisteddfod in Wales—a building with leaks.]

"Looks intee!" Professor EDWARDS and many others are wearing imitation leaks in their button-holes, made to resemble, as closely as possible, lilies of the valley.

WINEVAN and the Ladies disappear within the building, only too delighted to disown "The JOHNNIES," who have become entangled in the crowd. I follow HUGHIE GRILLSTON and "J. B." The latter instinctively makes for what looks like a stage-door. It is marked "Private Entrance," whereupon "J. B." at once says, "This is the way—come along!" He raps the door with his stick, imitating some one I don't exactly know who, but HUGHIE does, and appreciates it, as he exclaims, "Open Thingummy!—no, I mean Sesame!" and an old man appears, who refuses us admittance

until "J. B." boldly announces us as "Mr. WINEVAN's family," whereupon we are at once admitted, and ushered on to the platform. Here there are a number of people standing about talking, a piano, a harp, a huge chair, a table with a glass of water, and ten small chairs all in a row. "Christy Minstrels," says HUGHIE; whereupon "J. B." at once sits down, and pretends to perform on the banjo, and the other imitates the action of Bones. Somebody from a corner is addressing the audience in his own native tongue, of which we have already heard a good deal on our way up. It sounds as if the speaker had got something stuck in his throat, and was becoming more and more irritable at not getting it out quick enough.

WINEVAN has contrived to make his speech before we arrived. It must have been very short, with a view to getting it over before the arrival of "The JOHNNIES" with their promised assistance. He pretends not to see us as he seats himself in the big chair, and turns his back on the occupants of the platform. HUGHIE and "J. B." recognise their boon companions among the audience, and commence telegraphic operations. A programme is handed to me. We take our seats. Behind us is a choir, which is going to compete with another choir. We settle down into our places on the platform, and try to look as imposing and as gracious as possible.

PLEASANT THINGS TO SAY.

To a Stranger on a Racecourse.—I trust the handicappers will look after that animal. Which? Why, the one that finished fourth; never tried a yard the whole way. Oh, you are the owner! I beg pardon, I am sure.

To a Traveller by Railway.—Perhaps it is the best way of travelling; certainly it is for those in a hurry; and of course you are, having an important dinner at eight o'clock in town. But isn't it always the way? There has been a smash up the line, and they say all the trains will be two or three hours late.

To a City Man.—You seem to be enjoying yourself, the smash hasn't affected you. What, not heard of it? Why, two or three banks all together. I just got the news before I started. Ta-ta!

Notes and Queries.

THE saying that nine tailors make a man has had the light of antiquarian research turned upon it, and is held to be a misreading of "Nine tolers," or nine tolls of a church-bell for a masculine corpse. This view is not a cheerful one, and we prefer to think that the phrase is of German origin, standing thus—"Nine thailers make a man."

"The Thailer makes the man,
The want of it the fellow," &c.

SIR GARRET'S BEST DESPATCH.—The despatch he used in getting the War over.

CLUB CAROLS.—No. II.

THE COUNTRY MEMBER.

He lives in the country, he's
hearty and brown—
Four weeks in the Season he comes
up to Town;
For forty-eight weeks in the rest
of the year
He trains for his holiday, it would
appear.
His spirits are vast, and he's
plenty to say,
And keeps us alive for the rest of
his stay.
His surname 'is SMITH, and his
pseudonym ZERUBABEL;
The members all find him ex-
ceedingly clubbable!

Each night pretty early he sits
down to dine—
A choice little dinner with choicest
of wine;
Then he goes to a concert, a party,
or play,
And back for a smoke, when he
chatters away!
The later it gets, he more eloquent
grows,
O'er monster cigars and consecu-
tive "goes."
He orders the best that is drink-
able, grubbable,
And all will allow he's uncom-
monly clubbable!

He chaffs the old members, he
talks to the new,
And keeps us all up till it's long
after Two;
The smoking-room waiters get
sleepy and sad;
When ZERUBABEL goes the
night-porter is glad:
Our best jokes and stories he aily
puts down,
To shine as a wit in his own
country town!
You can't put him down, for
he's not a bit snubbable,
But all of us say he's most
charmingly clubbable!

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 103.



ROBERT WILLIAM DUFF, M.P.
THE JUNIOR-EST LORD OF THE TREASURY.

"BLOOD AND IRON."

Stanzas on an Anniversary.

[On the 23rd inst. the Germans celebrated the twentieth anniversary of the first appearance of Count OTTO VON BISMARCK SCHÖNHAUSEN at the head of Prussian Affairs.]

How hath colossal BISMARCK'S
brain
Improved those twenty years,
And turned to German growth
and gain
Men's feebleness and fears!
How skilfully he builds his plots,
How neatly spreads his toils,
From clash of wits or crash of
shots
Brings home the victor's spoils.
Great churl of genius, brutal
brawn,
Geist-fired, his ruthless might
With Blood and Iron dims the
dawn
Of Sweetness and of Light.
Ah yet, in strenuous strength and
skill,
We may need Bismarcks too;
Our world hath blood-dyed labours
still
For iron souls to do.

Our 'Arry Again!

'ARRY is at an Hotel where the board-
ing system prevails, and sees the
following notice posted on the
walls—"Breakfast, 9 A.M."

'Arry (to Waiter). Breakfast,
and some 'am.

Waiter. We've no 'am.

'Arry. No 'am! (Pointing to
notice.) What's that?

HOSTILE Critics of Sir GARNER'S
plans would have been wiser had
they held their peace till the end
of the War.

CONTINENTAL TRAVELLING ON
THE HIGHER SYSTEM.—Alpine
climbing.

THE LION'S JUST SHARE.

(Æsop adapted.)

THE Lion and several other beasts entered into what they pleased to call a "Concert," or harmonious confraternity, and were to live very sociably together in the forest. One day, having made a sort of excursion together by way of hunting, they sighted their quarry, a creature of considerable prowess, and exceedingly awkward to approach or to tackle. The concerted beasts were by this somewhat disconcerted. The Poodle in particular, who had made great and valiant show of special amity with the King of Beasts, abated astonishingly his ardour, and was the first to seek safe, if inglorious, isolation in the rear. The Fox, on the contrary, loudly insisted upon his right to be well to the front, yet, by dint of squabbling for priority of place, contrived solely to insure delay. As for the other beasts, the Bear, though licking his paws longingly, made no advance, the Greyhound confined himself to rather ineffective snarling, and the Mule to somewhat aimless kicking, whilst the two Eagles looked on watchfully, but without any attempt at active assistance.

The Lion, therefore, wearying of this situation of things, yet disdaining to relinquish the chase, shook off impatiently the hampering paws of the Fox, and disregarding the equivocal attitudes of the other beasts, made his spring—sharp, sudden, and unerring—alone, and very soon had the quarry safe and silent beneath his conquering claws.

Thereupon the other beasts eagerly gathered around him to congratulate him upon his prompt success, and to go shares in its advantages. The Poodle, coming mincingly forward, nestled affec-

tionately up to the tawny hide of the conqueror, saying "My dear old Ally, this is all extremely nice and satisfactory, we have done well indeed, you and I, and I really think we fairly deserve the biggest share of the spoil—between us!" The Fox looked somewhat less amiable perhaps, but equally expectant. The Bear, his mouth watering more than ever, licked his paws with yet greater gusto. The other beasts were, some silently watchful, others forward with self-interested suggestions, others again not backward with warnings against eager appetite, and recommendations of magnanimous abstinence—on the part of the Lion.

But the Lion, standing calmly and somewhat disdainfully with his foot upon the prostrate quarry, was pleased to declare himself after the following manner:—

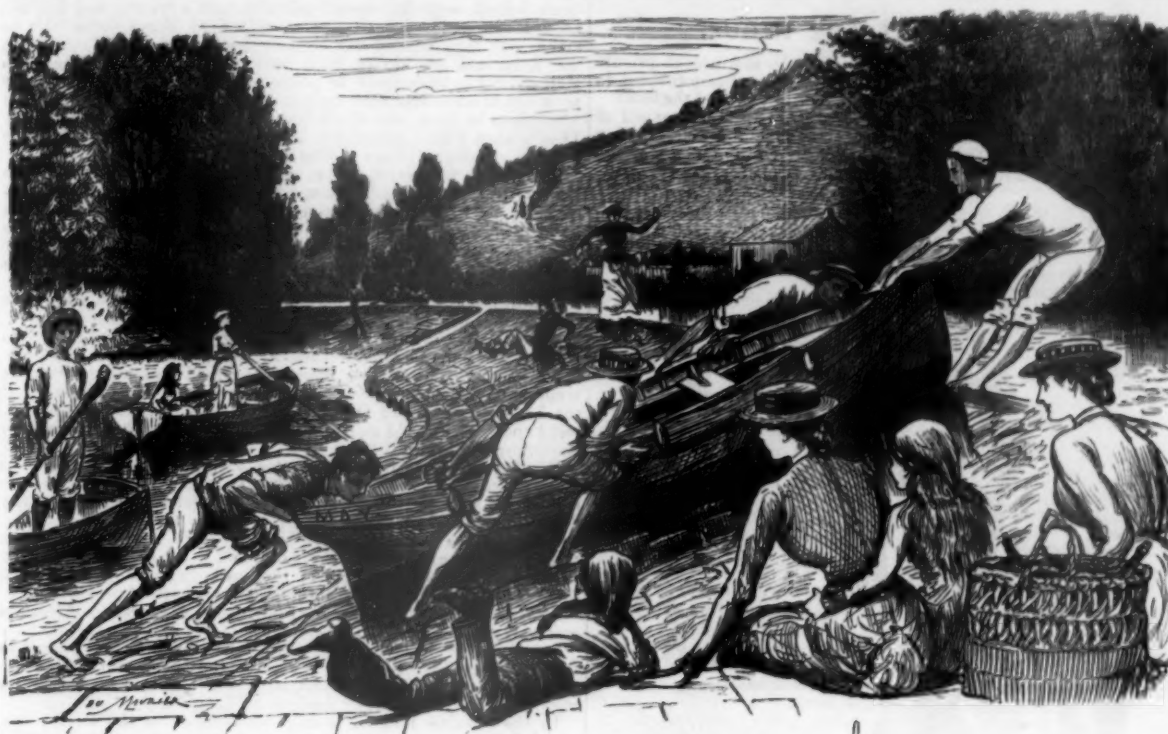
"Considering that the engagement with this enemy has turned entirely upon my courage and conduct, I claim, I think not unreasonably, the right to determine the disposition of the fruits of victory, guided rather by my own sense of the just and needful, than by the magnanimous urgings of self-seekers, or the boldly offered cautions of cravens."

Oh for Oysters!

In the *Times* the other day appeared the following piece of particularly bad news:—

"Native oysters are much dearer this year than they have ever been before, and the prospects are that they will continue to advance in price."

That is because they are continually growing scarcer and scarcer. What is the Aborigines' Protection Society about that it makes no effort to arrest this increasing extermination of the Natives?



A GOOD-BYE TO JOLLY WHITBY.

THE BROWNS AND THEIR FAMILY DRAG THEIR LUNCHEON-BASKETS OVER THE DAM ON THE ESK FOR THE LAST TIME, ALAS! AND FOR THE LAST TIME, BROWN SENIOR ATTEMPTS A FEEBLE FRENCH JOKE, BEGINNING "Esker la Dam—" AND, AS USUAL, FALLS DOWN ON THE SLIPPERY STONES BEFORE HE CAN FINISH IT!

THE SPENDTHRIFT'S GUIDE.—No. VII.

If the Spendthrift wishes to hand his name still further down to posterity as a public benefactor, he can do it by setting the Law in motion, either offensively or defensively. The Law is one of those mighty engines which never moves, either for good or evil, without a plentiful supply of coals and grease. The Spendthrift is in the happy position that he can command any quantity of these necessities. Let us teach him how to use them.

We may take it for granted that every hour in the day, every day in the year, and every year in the century, some grabber is busy in and about the Commons skirting all our great Cities, seeing how much land he can possibly steal from the public. We may also take it for granted that many members of the public would oppose these robbers, even to the extent of pulling down buildings and destroying barriers, if they were free from fear, not of the Law, but of the far more dreaded costs of Law. Here the Spendthrift, like a Queen's Proctor, may beneficially intervene. We may take it for granted that hundreds of poor struggling people—the traders of the gutter, toiling to gain an honest living, instead of becoming burglars or pickpockets, are daily prosecuted under some old and infamous Act of Parliament for Sunday trading, or are "moved on" by an official demon raised by some Tradesman's Protection Society. Here the Spendthrift may again intervene.

We may take it for granted that scarcely a day passes in those districts of our great Cities, where the lower middle-class are compelled to congregate, in which the petty tyranny of the twin monopolies, Gas and Water, is not exercised at the expense of the comparatively helpless. False quantities, bad qualities, dishonest machinery, unbounded capital, and equally unbounded insolence, are on one side; on the other side is nothing but poverty and ignorance, or timidity, the result of poverty. Between these two extremes stands a Government scarecrow, called, probably, a Public Analyst, or a Public Prosecutor, who is about as useful to the poor and humble as a Lord Chancellor or an Archbishop. Here the Spendthrift may profitably intervene.

We may take it for granted that the landlord of these settlements—the ostensible lord of a thousand semi-detached villas—would be a little less exacting in the matter of rent, and a little more honest in the matter of roofing and drain-pipes, if he had the wholesome fear of Bullion before his eyes. Here the Spendthrift may usefully intervene.

We may take it for granted that the wholesale adulterator—whether he takes the form of the stage-rustic milkman or the greasy and sanctimonious butterman, would be far more virtuous under a fear of Bullion, than he is under a fear of any other punishment. The Spendthrift has a mission. He has the opportunity of raising filthy lucre from the sty in which it usually wallows, and making it a power for good as great as Civilisation.

A Friendly Hint.

JOHN BULL will never grudge his thanks
To his brave Army's loyal ranks.
But owns he feels adversion utter
To too close link 'twixt "rank" and "butter."

MOSE IN EGIPTO.

THE appointment, by the Chief Rabbi, of a Day of Thanksgiving with a Special Service at all the Synagogues in the kingdom, "for the signal success vouchsafed to our arms in Egypt," derives peculiar significance from having been preceded by the ROTHSCHILDS' munificent donation to the British troops of twelve tons of tobacco and five thousand pipes. It is perhaps not merely from any consideration relative to historical Egyptian bondage that the Israelites take such an obviously peculiar interest in Egyptian solvency.

In the Oxford Diocese there are some Anglican Clergymen calling themselves "The Cowley Fathers." Imitation is the sincerest flattery, but "'tisen't the Cowley that makes the Monk."

"ROBERT" AT THE HAGUE.

CIRCUMSTANCES over which I had no control, and urgent private affairs, approaching sumthink like stumptupedness, has combined to prevent me having my usual annual fortnightly "sniff of the briny," as SHAKESPEARE calls it, this here year, so I gladly awaited myself of your suggestion that I should run across to Holland as you said, jest to see how the sober Dutchmen would behave in presence of the LORD MARE of London and all his lordly surroundings.



Your note found me jest a-glancing over our bill of Fair for the day, but I didn't stop to finish it, but was off like a shot.

I draws a wale over what you playfully call'd the "run across" on that awful Toodey. It was the fust time as I ever quitted Terror Firmer, excep in a Bathing Machine, and I fondly hoped as it would be the last after I was once back.

There seems a sumthink in the natur, or the igh living, or the deportment of a fust class Waiter or Gentleman in Livery, that incompassitates 'em from standing a rolling or a pitch and tossing Sea. I heer from a private saunce as the Lord Mare's Sweet suffer'd awful. Those in a higher spear are safe from the scoffing jester.

I was on the Key when they arrived at Blushing, I think they calls it, tho' that certinly was not a proper descriphun of some of the party; and, for the fust time in all my long egsperence, I herd the Rite Honerabel the Lord Mare of London received as is his dew, that is, with the Nashunal Anthem! Ah! that was sumthink like, that was.

They tells me as the Dutch ain't got much reverens for nothink, but I should think they are about the only peeple as ever received the LORD MARE with Royal Honners, includin most butifal bookays for the Ladies.

At the end of the railway journey they was received by the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse, and the Dutch Lord Mare, who they calls their Bergo Master, tho' I'm sure I don't know why. Sumbody told me, I suppose as a joke, that the Master of the Horse is named Count SHIMMELPENNYTWICK.

In the afternoon they all went in state to see the King and Queen and give 'em the bewtifal gold box as we all so much hadmired at Mr. BENSON's, the Copperashun Jeweler, on Ludgit Hill, and a werry pretty site they made, and wasn't there jest crowds of peeple to stare at 'em.

As usual, the Gentlemen of the Lord Mare's household created the greatest sensashun, and they suttently did look splendid. What with their tall graceful figgers, and their lofty demeaner, and their lovely uniforms, and their portly carves, they was the hobserved of all hobservers.

It struck me as the Mare Bearer looked jest a little pail, whether from over anxiety, or from a bad nite's rest, this morning, of course, I can't say, but the City Field Marshall, who was as earn as if he was in his own native Capital and understood Dutch, looked bloomin.

Everybody says as they had a most grashus recepshun, so I should

think indeed, on such a errand and with such a present, and that the LORD MARE made a speech such as only Lord Mares seems able to make, and then handed His Majesty the butifal Gold Casket wioh the King and the Queen both werry much admired. Then His Majesty, not to be outdone in pliteness by the LORD MARE, aschally promised to come over next year, and dine with the Copperashun, let who might be Mare, and thank 'em personally for their butifal gift. That's what I calls somethink like a King. I wunder what our envious ennemys will say to that?

Afterwards the Civic party, as sumbody called 'em, dined with their Majestys, and much I should ha' liked to have had the distinguished honor of waitin upon some of 'em, but, in course, it was unpossibel. I hear, tho', from certain privet sores, that it was quite fust rate, and seemed quite satisfactory even to both the LORD MARE and his two Sherryiffs, which is about the highest praise as can be given to any dinner, royal or not royal.

I spent the nex day in seeing the little Capital, which strange to say they has named "the Ague," only they spells it with a H.

I'm not quite so surprised at the Name as I ought to be, for suttently a much damper place I should think don't exist nowheres, what with the Canals, and their sloppy habits of always being a washing of their wide clean streets. I was a good deal surprised at the hutter habesense of Oranges, as the Prince himself lives there, but I sponse it's the old story, the nearer the Prince the further from the Oranges.

I had a peep into their sillybrated Pieter Gallery, but lor bless us all, I was most artily glad as Mrs. ROBERT wasn't with me, for sum of the picture is that rude as I don't feel at all sure as they didn't a most make me blush.

I sponse these little matters, like most little matters, is nothink when you're used to 'em, for I seed several werry nice looking young Ladies aschally copying some of the most owdacious of the whole lot, and aperiently thinking nothink of it.

Somebody accounted for it by saying that of course the Flemings was werry Flematic, but I'm sure I don't know what he meant.

I was a good deal disappointed with the Dutchmen, I means as regards their bild. Why they've got some Deputys in the Copperashun as 'nd give 'em a stun and still beat 'em into fits either for weight or figger, of course I don't mean figger heads.

In the evening I again braved the dangers of the stormy sea, which I didn't care much about, but also the other unmentionsabel matter, which I did, and so home to brekfast with what apptight I may, which I need hardly say wasn't much.

ROBERT.

HOLIDAY HAUNTS.

By Jingle Junior on the Jaunt.

LITTLEHAMPTON.

EMPHATICALLY the Sea on the strict Q T—no bustle at railway-station—train glides in noiselessly—passengers ooze away—porters good-tempered and easy-going—like suffragan Bishops in corduroys—bless boxes—read pastorals on portmanteaux—no one in a hurry—locomotive coos softly in an undertone—fly-drivers suggest possibility of your requiring their services in a whisper! Place full—no lodgings to be had—visitors manage to efface themselves—no one about—all having early dinners—or gone to bed—or pretending to be somewhere else—a one-sided game of hide and seek—everybody hiding, nobody seeking! Seems always afternoon—dreamy gleamy sunshine—a dense quietude that you might cut in alices—no braying brass-bands—no raucous niggers—no seaside harpies—Honneur packet only excitement—no one goes to see it start—visitors don't like to be excited! Chief amusements, Common, Sands, and Pony-chaises—first, good to roll on—second, good to stroll on—first two, gratuitous and breezy—third, inexpensive and easy—might be driven out of your mind for three-and-six—notwithstanding this, everybody presumably sane. Capital place for children—cricket for boys—shrimping for girls—bare legs—picturesque dress—not much caught—salt water good for ankles—excellent bathing—rows of bathing-tents—admirable notion! Interesting excursions—Arundel Castle—Bramber—Bognor—Chichester—Peworth House! Good things to eat—Arundel mullet—Amberley trout—Tarring figs! Delightful air—omnipotent ozone—uninterrupted quiet—just the place to recover your balance, either mental or monetary—I wish to recover both—that's the reason I'm here—send cheque at once to complete cure.

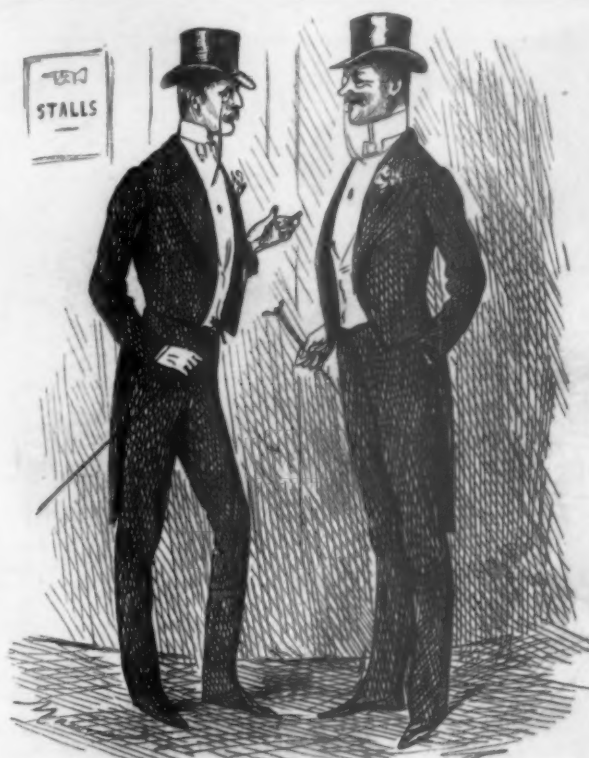
* We have sent him the price of a third-class fare to town, with orders to return instantly: possibly this is hardly the sort of check that our friend "J. J." expected.—Ed.



"'Tis the last Nod of Summer left blooming alone!"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



NOT SO BAD FOR AN "OLD CHAPPIE."

First Old Chappie. "THINK WE'VE TIME FOR A CIGARETTE, OLD CHAPPIE!"

Second Old Chappie. "WELL, OLD CHAPPIE, CONSIDERING THIRTY YEARS ARE SUPPOSED TO ELAPSE BETWEEN THIS LAST ACT AND THE NEXT, I THINK WE HAVE!"

DEAR BOYS!

"The School of Dramatic Art formally opens for the instruction of histrionic aspirants on the fourth of the present month."—*Daily Paper.*

*Roscus House Academy,
Oct. 5th, 1882.*

MY DEAR PARENTS,

You will be glad to hear that I arrived here yesterday evening, quite safely, before seven, after which hour not even the Chaplain, who generally comes with orders, is admitted under any pretext whatever. There were several other new boys at the Station, and we found a vampire trap, sent from the Establishment, waiting for us. I could not help thinking we formed a motley company as we drove along with our private boxes and hampers full of property eatables piled up behind the vehicle. Picture to yourself a Chairman of a Gas Company, two broken-down half-pay Officers, several youthful Dukes who had run away from home, a mad Doctor over seventy, and a Pork Butcher who means to play *Romeo* in the agricultural districts, and you can conceive what an eager and striking little group we made as we were received by the kindly and attentive Matron, who, with a gracious smile, instantly directed us to our dormitory.

We found ourselves, I own, rather high up, having been entered at first as "sky-borders;" but the room, which, to accustom us to the possible contingencies of our future career, had been lavishly but judiciously papered, was bright and cleanly; and after rehearsing a capital supper with *papier mâché* viands and some of the best wool-headed porter I have ever met with in a property goblet, to allow music and with lamps down, we retired to rest on our little trick bedsteads.

Once or twice, my dear Parents, during the night as the Regius Professor of East End Harlequinade looked in, in his diagonally spangled and parti-coloured official robe, and striking the floor smartly, first near this one of us, and then near that, changed our modest canvas couches, much to our surprise, at one moment into a cumbersome and blazing kitchen-range, at another, into a coster-

FANCIES ON FANS.

"An exhibition of lace, old and modern, and of fans, will be opened at Brighton, in the Aquarium building, on October 7."—*The Queen.*

THE Fans from each famous Collection
Are gathered before us to-day,
Arranged for a careful inspection,
Laid out in an elegant way.
They speak of past days and old glories
Of fashion, when woe to the man,
The hero of tea-table stories,
Once told with the flirt of a Fan.

Some Fans here are huge and extensive,
And others as small as you please,
Some cheap and some very expensive,
These English, and those Japanese.
The skill of the painter could cover
The silk with the triumphs of Art;
Fit gift from an ardent young lover,
To her who had captured his heart.

What tales of old times might be uttered
By Fans, could they speak at our call,
Of routs where they used to be fluttered,
Of modish assembly and ball.
Time was when a lady could capture
And drive to distraction a man,
Could keep him 'twixt raving and rapture,
And all by the twirl of a Fan.

What love has been whispered behind you,
What scandalous tales have been told;
How handy young ladies would find you
When lovers became over-bold.
You hid all the exquisite blushes
That came with the compliments paid;
You signalled a sweetheart 'mid crushes
That parted a man and a maid.

And now you are brought from oak process,
Once more to the light of the day;
The lavender laid with the dresses,
Perfumes you in old-fashioned way.
You bring back past years and strange fancies,
Of antique enjoyment and glee;
While Beauty rewards you with glances,
At Brighton—our London-on-Sea.

monger's cart attached to a donkey with a moveable tail, I confess that my thoughts wandered back to the grand old ivy-covered ancestral home, and the succession to two baronetcies that, after mature consideration at the ripe age of five-and-forty, I had relinquished that morning for the excitements of a more stirring artistic career. But, by keeping my eyes fixed on the prompter, who has to give us the signal for waking with a red flag, I managed to feign an excellent sleep, and was soon up betimes eager to begin the work of the day.

Chapel over—(a touching little service conducted by processional Monks and Archbishops walking two-and-two round a quadrangle to a cathedral door, with the organ playing outside)—I presented myself to the Principal, who happened to be laid up from the effects of a severe frost in which he had been caught the night before, but who very kindly put me at my ease by addressing me at once as "Dear Boy," and advising me, if I wished to get on, without delay to start a stage-coach, i.e. private tutor. Meantime I have been to my first lecture on dramatic trigonometry, and I can already, from a given centre, fairly describe an empty Dress-Circle, and show how, upon a couple of well-worded under-lines, a very pretty figure can often be constructed by the Management.

But I must close this, as the "Rally" Professor has just arrived. Do not forget to send me my *Pantomime fork, knife, and spoon*. I enjoy our recreations immensely, and am quite a dab already at making a butter-alide outside a frequented shop-door; and I hope to show you some screaming fun at home in the holidays when all the old tenants over eighty come down the Hall steps to give you their usual Christmas greeting. Mr. HAMILTON AIDÉ's annual prize of a large pasteboard head with winking eye, given for the best bit of "demon business" to appropriate music, has just been carried off much to everybody's surprise, and to his own, by a retired Rural Dean who came here, so he said, to learn elocution. However, as I am going to be coached by a celebrated tragedian, I hope to run him close next Easter.

Ever your dutiful and dramatic Son,
SHERIDAN FITZ-HOWARD NORTHUMBERLAND.



MANCHESTER-SUR-MER. A SEA-DUCTIVE PROSPECT.

FIGARO IN BERLIN.

We are indebted to our solemn and highly respectable contemporary, the *Tagblatt* of Berlin, for a report of a meeting of the Barbers of that dusty capital, at which the following resolutions were adopted, after a lengthy and animated discussion.

The first shows that the spirit of innovation has penetrated even into Prince BISMARCK'S own capital, for it was solemnly and unanimously determined that, from that day forth, the more or less painful operation of shaving should always be commenced with the left, instead of the right cheek. The reasons for this somewhat startling innovation are not reported, but they were evidently of a most convincing character. We shall be glad to hear that but few accidents have followed from the sudden adoption of this somewhat rash resolve.

The long disputed point as to whether the brush or the hand should be used in the important preliminary operation of lathering, remains still a vexed question, and is left, as before, to the discretion, or taste, or fancy of the individual shaver.

But the next, and by far the most important resolution submitted to the Congress, was unanimously and enthusiastically adopted, not only so, but it was also resolved that no one should be allowed to remain a Member of the Association who continued to resort to the degrading and offensive practice of holding a customer by the nose! Such a practice may have been all very well in olden times, when the dignity of Manhood was unheard of; but, in these days of Citizenship and Equality, such an insulting procedure must be at once and for ever abolished.

To the next and final resolution we regret we cannot give the same cordial approval as to the rest; but it was decided by a large majority of the shavers present, that the conversation with the victims, during the process of the operation, should not be allowed to wander into remarks as to the state of the weather or similar exciting topics, but should be strictly confined to business, meaning, of course, the customary recommendation of "our own hair-wash," or hair-restorer, or hair-dye, as the case may seem to require.

The grave and earnest and solemn character of our Teutonic friends, has seldom been more forcibly, or more amusingly shown than in the proceedings of the Barber's Congress at Berlin.



BY PROXY.

Facetious Gardener (to Individual who had looked so long upon "the bloom on the Rye" that its radiant colour had been imparted to his Countenance). "MORNIN', MR. WATTLES. WOULD YOU JUST COME ROUND AND GIVE A LOOK FOR TEN MINUTES OVER THESE 'ERE COWCUMBERS. THEY 'RE A SHADE BACK'ARD, SIR!"

A LITTLE HOLIDAY.

The Eisteddfod—Bards—Enthusiasm—Chairman—Competition—Eminent M.P.—Progress—Disappointments—Refreshment.

I NOTICE several semi-clerical-looking and decidedly aged persons about on the platform, decorated with what appear to be a number of small tin cheese-plates and variegated ribbons. At a distance I imagine them to be distinguished Freemasons who have forgotten their aprons, but on inquiry I find that these tin cheese-plates are medals, and that these aged semi-clericals are the Bards who have won prizes in many former Eisteddfods. If this information be correct, it occurs to me that these inspired geniuses must be the sole living representatives of all the Prize Bards for the last half-century at least. The united ages of these poetic patriarchs—there are about five of them—must be over four hundred years. The youngest and most energetic Bard is an enthusiastic person, whose lineaments suggest a curious mixture of BEETHOVEN and BRADLAUGH. He evinces a strong desire to shake hands with anybody, slap everybody heartily on the back, and whisper jokes in Welsh, or it may be poetry. —I rather think they're jokes, because he laughs himself, and smacks me on the back after one of these confidentially genial communications, —to anyone to whom he can cling affectionately for a minute or so. I have never set eyes on him before, and have not been introduced to him now, but he seems to take a fancy to me, and wants to embrace me publicly on the platform, while he murmurs, in an unknown tongue, what I am sure is a genuine Welsh side-splitter in my ear.

Judging from a curious poetic perfume which hangs about these Old Minstrel Boys, and which may be the somewhat stale though still forcible remains of the day before yesterday's inspiration, I should say that they had been taking their divine afflatus hot and strong after some Bardic Banquet, whereat the national leek and the uncompromising onion had formed important items in the bill of fare.

The Beethoven-Bradlaugh Bard, who insists on rapturously throwing his arm round my shoulders and hugging me,—in mistake I am sure for somebody else, only I do wish the right person would come

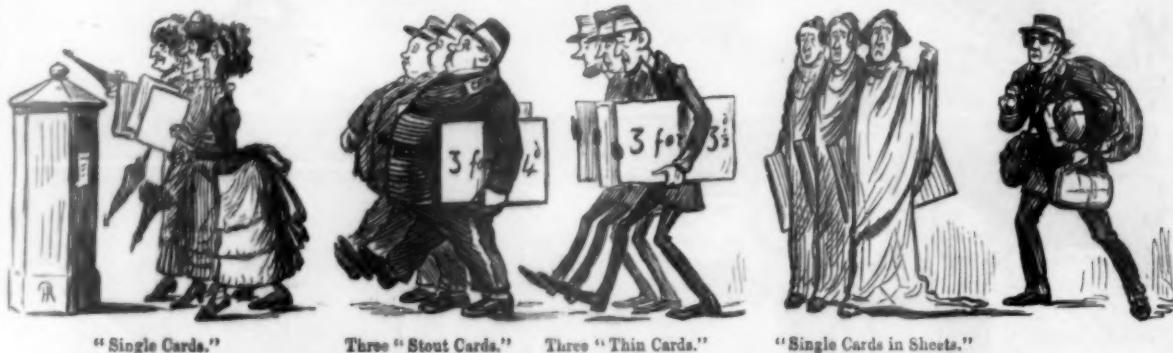
and remove him,—must have taken the Chair at this symposium, and obtained the lion's share of everything.

At the present moment he is all inspiration and perspiration, and I take advantage of his accidentally treading on somebody's toe to get away from him, and to dodge him whenever I become aware of his approach. Thank goodness he is a very busy man, and is soon sufficiently occupied with his fellow Bards, who seem to depend upon him, and are all huddled together like sheep in bad weather, and have become somehow or other mixed up with other peoples' umbrellas and waterproofs in a corner of the platform, whence their leader occasionally bounds forward, with papers in his hand, and relieves his feelings in short impulsive Welsh speeches, which, judging from the way in which they are received, have a decidedly depressing effect on the people.

There is an active Conductor of the Festival, who announces what is going to take place in English and Welsh, and is perpetually being disappointed by nothing coming of it. During all this, WYREYAN'S rôle is to preserve a negligent, patronising air, as he sits in the Chair, giving an occasional condescending nod of approval to the Conductor, when the latter appeals to him with a look; and when there is a song sung, or a harp played, or a recitation made, WYREYAN closes his eyes, and gently pats the arm of the chair, as if it were getting restive and had to be kept quiet.

Now and then he looks round, in a modest, dreamy, self-effacing sort of manner, at the audience, as much as to say, "I taught 'em all this, you know—that composition is a little thing of my own, of course—they're really doing it very well—very well, considering," and then he bows gracefully to any performer, and courteously thanks him or her, rising from his chair to do it, and glad of the opportunity for a change of attitude, as he has to return to his former position immediately afterwards, while the active Conductor announces the next number of the entertainment, and is, as usual, disappointed. "HUGH OWEN will recite the Prize Poem," shouts the Conductor, reading out Number Seven (for example) in the programme. Applause. The Conductor repeats this announcement in Welsh. Louder applause. We look about to see where HUGH OWEN is, naturally expecting

THE NEW CORRECT REPLY-CARDS GOING TO THE POST.



"Single Cards."

Three "Stout Cards."

Three "Thin Cards."

"Single Cards in Sheets."

him to step up from the Artists' quarter—the green-room as it were—on to the platform. Dead silence. No movement anywhere. No sign of HUGH OWEN. The Chairman moves his head slowly from side to side, like the mechanical figure of Mr. COBBETT at Madame TISSAUD'S, and then raises his eyes towards the Gallery, as if trying to penetrate into their midst, and force the conscience-stricken HUGH OWEN to come out of his ambush and declare himself.

The Conductor, getting very angry, shouts out what sounds like "HUGH OWEN, gr-r-r-krr-krr-woh!" But as this invocation has no sort of effect on HUGH OWEN, if he be there, or on anybody else, the Conductor in despair passes on to the next.

"The successful competitor," he says, straining his voice so as to be heard throughout the building, "the successful competitor for the"—(something or other which I can't catch, and can't find in my programme)—"will now recite the"—whatever it is. The Conductor looks at WYNEVAN, who, clearly knowing nothing at all about it, assumes an air of smiling approbation, as though this were the thing he had been waiting for all along, and that he now wished us all to understand that he was quite brightening up at the prospect of the real treat that is coming.

"Plas-ig-crr-wd-crr-squelch?" shouts the Conductor, interrogatively, and throwing his voice cleverly forward into the farthest part of the building.

"Squeak!" answers a little, thin voice, issuing, apparently, from somewhere just below the Conductor's toes, who immediately answers sternly in English,

"Then come up,"—adding in Welsh something that sounds like "Horselyvoidoid," whereat the ancient Minstrel Boys with the tin cheese-plate decorations chuckle slyly and mumble something to one another, while the Beethoven-Bradlaugh Bard pushes back his long hair and appears as if he were just expecting an inspiration, which, however, on this occasion doesn't arrive in time. So he only frowns on the subordinate Bards, whose decorations quiver with terror as they collapse before the nod of the Master-singer, and they once more subside feebly among the waterproofs and umbrellas in the corner.

A harp is brought on to the platform, and two chairs, on one of which somebody sits to play the instrument, while on the other a small boy, about seven years old, is lifted. He is dressed in a bobtail brown coat, and looks like TOM THUMB about to recite "My name is Norval." Considerable applause greets his appearance.

"This," whispers Professor EDWARDS to me, "is very remarkable. He has a prize for a sort of improvisation. A tune is played, and he has certain rhymes given him, and then he makes the verses as he goes on." At least this is what I understand the Professor to mean. I do not like to bother him with questions, and so I "leave it at this" and attend.

To an idiotic tune, occasionally singing a whole verse, but more often coming in wherever he can, the child, in a sharp, piping treble, sings something in Welsh, generally contriving to finish on the correct note. This is the competitor of whom all the other competitors, with the exception of one old man, who is rather hard of hearing, were evidently so frightened that they gave in, and let him walk over. The exceptional old man comes forward to compete, but he is a lamentable failure after the boy, who is at once decorated with a ribbon and a small tin plate by one of the Ladies, and some one in the hall gives him a sovereign.

The Conductor announces the next—"AF WILLIAMS will now sing so-and-so." But AF WILLIAMS won't do anything of the sort, at least so I gather from a surly reply from the very back of the hall, up in the Gallery, from which very safe position AF WILLIAMS, I fancy, says something rather rude in Welsh to the Conductor, which draws from the latter a crushing Welsh repartee. WYNEVAN, seeing

that something is wrong, peers up towards the Gallery and frowns severely.

"We'll pass over that Number," says the Conductor, helplessly; "and come to the next. Miss GWILLIOTH will sing the Eisteddfod Song." Not a bit of it: Conductor wrong again. Miss GWILLIOTH will not do anything of the sort. A voice from the crowd says something in Welsh, whereat the Gallery laugh, and upon this an animated dialogue goes on for about five minutes between the energetic Conductor on the platform and several people audible, but undetected, in the body of the hall. Chairman puzzled, but helpless.

"We'll pass over that Number," says the Conductor, making the best of it, "and come to the next. Quartette Harp Competition. The Quartette Harp Competitors will now play."

No they won't, not if they know it. Again the unfortunate Conductor is quite out of his reckoning, for only one of the Quartettists is present, and he explains that he can't play a quartette by himself, an objection which the Conductor would be inclined to dispute but for a nod of approbation from the Chairman, who, as something of a musician himself, takes the Quartettist's side in the argument.

"I can't stand this," whispers "J. B." to HUGHIE. "Come and have a whiff and a liquor-up."

They appeal to me. I reply that, as WYNEVAN'S party, we can't with propriety quit the platform.

Happy Thought.—"I never will desert Mr. MICAWBER."

"Yes," says HUGHIE, "but when something turns up—"

"I shall turn it up altogether, and go home," cuts in "J. B."

"Why, it's not 'in it' with a third-rate music-hall."

During this there has been a pause. Audience impatient. Quartettists do not appear. Sudden inspiration occurs to Conductor. There is an Eminent M.P. on the platform. Why shouldn't Eminent M.P. address the crowd, just to fill up the time? WYNEVAN, being consulted, replies, "Certainly," and the Conductor announces that the Eminent M.P., who, perfectly aware of what is going to happen, is trying to look as if he were quite unprepared and thoroughly taken by surprise, will address the meeting.

Great applause. "J. B." raps the piano and calls out, "Mr. GWYN WILLIAMS will oblige!" for which he is severely rebuked by a frown from the Chairman, who is however comforted to think that in the noise this ebullition passed unnoticed. The Eminent M.P., still preserving his expression of astonishment, as though he really were the one person in the world from whom a speech could not by any possibility be demanded, steps forward from behind the Chair, and faces the audience, which is so like what Mr. GLADSTONE does in the House, that the imitation is recognised and vociferously applauded. Eminent M.P. beaming and pleasantly apologetic. Of course he says that the last thing he had expected was to be called upon for a speech, but on such an occasion—and so forth. General idea of speech, as far as I am able to make out, is that there are no people like the Welsh people—that all Europe owes its cultivation to the Welsh—that there are no handsome people except the Welsh people—that they are the wisest, best, noblest, cleverest, most artistic people on the face of the earth, &c., &c. All which sentiments are received individually and collectively with every demonstration of unequivocal and unanimous approbation. Eminent M.P. repeats apology for not having prepared a speech, but they will welcome the sentiments as coming from his heart, which are far better than, &c., &c.

[Next day, when London papers appear, I see with intense surprise a column and a half headed "Mr. GWYN WILLIAMS on Welsh Education." So that was what we had been listening to! On comparing notes with others on the platform, I find that none of us, including WYNEVAN, had any idea that the subject of the Eminent M.P.'s

discourse, to which we had been listening with such rapt attention, was "Welsh Education." It never struck any of us at the time, but directly we see it in the paper next day we all exclaim, as if greatly relieved, "Oh, that was what he was talking about, was it!"

After this excitement, another pause. The Quartettists not having arrived, the Conductor announces that "WILLIAM GRIFFITHS will sing a song," which the said WILLIAM GRIFFITHS there and then flatly refuses to do. A desultory dialogue in Welsh follows between Conductor and some people in the hall; but nothing comes of it, except that the Conductor scratches the next two or three items out of the programme, and then there is an awkward pause, which startles WYNEVAN out of a gentle slumber, whereupon he suddenly sits very erect in the Chair, and looks round the house with a severe air, as though he had heard a snore somewhere, and should like to make an example of anyone who had presumed to go to sleep during an Eisteddfod.

Suddenly a tall man rushes out from behind the piano, where he had artfully concealed himself, and, waving a paper, bawls out something, which is evidently rhythmical, in Welsh. It is clearly an inspiration, and he can't keep it to himself any longer. It is not down in the programme; but you can't, of course, put an inspiration into the programme, and fix it as "Number So-and-so, Mr. Thingummy will oblige with an inspiration."

Nobody seems to take any notice of the man with the inspiration, who, having relieved his feelings (I think it was abuse of the boy competitor, in strong Welsh), retires once more behind the piano, and the Conductor, whose manner has been gradually becoming more and more subdued, as of a good man unable to cope with an adverse destiny, announces Number Fifteen, which is to be a tenor solo by JOHN MORGAN. But somebody calls out that JOHN MORGAN won't be here till four o'clock, and the Conductor is on the point of throwing up the whole thing in sheer despair, when the Beethoven-Bradlaugh Bard jumps up, and, followed by a respectable-looking undertaker, also decorated with ribbons and tin plates, which are so out of place on his sombre attire as to suggest the notion that they must have been stuck on him while he was asleep, rushes to the front, and reads a long and apparently stirring speech in Welsh, in which he appears to be denouncing everything and everybody with the greatest violence, and I am wondering if he will end by attacking the Chairman, when he suddenly finishes, and retires with the decorated undertaker to a back seat.

The audience look scared. Professor EDWARDS, with a pale and awestruck face, whispers to me that this wild Bard is a chief Adjudicator, and that he has just been telling the audience that everything sent in is so disgracefully bad that the Adjudicators won't give a prize to anyone, that there will be no crowning of the Bard, no charring, no waving of swords, no nothing. From what I am able to gather, the only successful competitor has been the small boy with a shrill voice, who stood on a chair and joined in with a harp accompaniment whenever he could. "Surely," I say, "it isn't for this they have this great National Eisteddfod! 'Tisn't for this that an Eminent M.P.,"

"Come on, Sportsman!" says HUGHIE GRILLSTON; "this is the most undefeated boah I've ever heard. And—I say—there's a spiffing luncheon at Dr. RICHARDS'S. WYNEVAN'S coming, and he's got the Eminent M.P. to take the Chair in his absence."

The hall is gradually being deserted. The rain is penetrating, and umbrellas are opened freely in all directions, as if the damp weather had suddenly forced a crop of gigantic fungi. Everyone on the platform having heartily applauded the Resolution which moves the eminent M.P. into the Chair, artfully takes advantage of the temporary confusion consequent on the shifting of places, to turn the Old Minstrel Boys out of their corner, and seize the waterproofs and umbrellas. Then most of us sneak quietly off the platform by the side-doors, either on the pretence of fetching somebody, or of speaking to somebody in the body of the building, and so we manage to get away. The last I see of the Eisteddfod, for the present, is an auditorium half full, a melancholy-looking platform deserted by everybody except the Eminent M.P. in the Chair,—with the table before him, on which stand the conventional and awfully dispiriting bottle of cold water and tumbler,—who is inwardly anathematising WYNEVAN and his own popularity which has tied him to this wearisome task, and wondering if there's any chance of getting any luncheon, or, if not, if anyone will remember that he is starving, and send him up something from the town. The still undaunted Conductor is trying to make himself heard above the rustling of dresses, the shuffling of feet, and the chattering of more than a third of the assembly going out for refreshment. The Old Minstrel Boys have vanished; they have allowed themselves ten minutes for inspiration. FREDDIE MICKHAM rouses JOHNIE PROSSER from a sound sleep, just in time to save him from tumbling off his chair, and in the pelting rain we escort the Ladies through the slosh downhill to our destination.

Happy Thought.—Luncheon at Dr. RICHARDS'S. Saved! Saved!! Saved!!! The JOHNIES turn up here, but they are so utterly exhausted by the mental and physical strain imposed upon them by

a four-hours' attendance at the Eisteddfod, that they are harmless, quiet, and go steadily to work at pickled salmon, ham, grouse, champagne-cup, jellies, and old brown sherry. "Wonderful old brown sherry that!" says JOHNIE PROSSER. They are the first words he has spoken for three-quarters of an hour, since we first sat down to lunch. "Capital prescription, Doctor," adds "J. B.," addressing our hospitable host, who beams again as he rubs his hands, and, entering into the fun of the thing, tells us that this particular brown sherry is "highly recommended by the faculty."

"Is it?" cry The JOHNIES, one after the other; and all make a rush to the sideboard. They are recovering, and showing signs of life.

"ROBERT" EN COLÈRE!

WHAT a grumblin discontented World this is becoming!

Everybody seems a grumblin and a growlin!

Fust it's hincum Tacks, then its Sea Side Land Ladies with the Tea and the Wine, then its the poor Survent Gals, that's allers a good subject for Grumblers, but I did think there was one class of Her Majesty's Subjects, namely Waiters, who, caring nothink about a Nincum Tacks and such like greevences, was pretty well satisfied with things as they are.

And now I'm ashamed to say we has a grumblin Waiter a writin to the *Pell Mell Gazette*, and a grumblin 'cos he don't git so large a share of the Fees at his Hotel as the Hed Waiter!

Why in course he don't any more than a meer private Solger gits as much as a full blown Captin!

A pretty sort of a specimen of a perfeasunal Waiter he must be, when he meanly divulges the most sacred secrets of a ighly onerabel calling merely in hopes of gitting more fees.

Shame on such a Waiter!

Is his aspirations confined to Luces? I'd rayther be a donkey and bray at the moon, as BRUTUS says, than such a Waiter!

I am myself of course an Head Waiter. *Slar ver song Dear!* as a yung French Gassong of my acquaintance says, but by wot slow and weary and slippery steps have I arrived at my egoisted persition!

Did I grumble, when I was a mere green horn, wen I seed the Heads of my perfeasun pocketing all the Fees? Suttently not, and for why? Becos I knew my turn would cum sum day, and cum it has, and I now reaps the arvest as I sowed so patiently years and years ago.

To judge large things by small. Think of the poor devvle of a breeffless Barryster when he begins his hungry career. What keeps his Sperrits up but the thort of the Wool Sack or the Weakly Dispatch Box? See how pleased he is to pocket his little fees when he gits a chance, and how pasiently he sets on an ard seat with a large empty blue bag, day after day, and month after month, in hopes of a chance of hatchin sumthink that will pay his rent or even his Landdress.

Does he grumble at the Turney General or the Sliaster General taking all the plums and leaving him arldy enuff plane pudden to keep body and sole together? Not a bit of it.

On the contrary, he likes to hear of the immense fees they are pocketing, coz he knows, or at any rate hopes, if he's careful and civil and attentive to the Attorneys and their ugly daughters, if in fact he resembles a reel good Waiter, that is, smiles at everybody and has no back bone in partickler, his turn is sure to come.

I reelly amost blushes for my perfeasun wen a Waiter can be found to so demeen himself as to menashun such a word as "tips"! and the sooner he quits the persishun he grumbles at and disgraces and jines the low herd of sportin profits and touts, or goes in for praetising at the Bar of a low Pub, the better it will be fer all concerned.

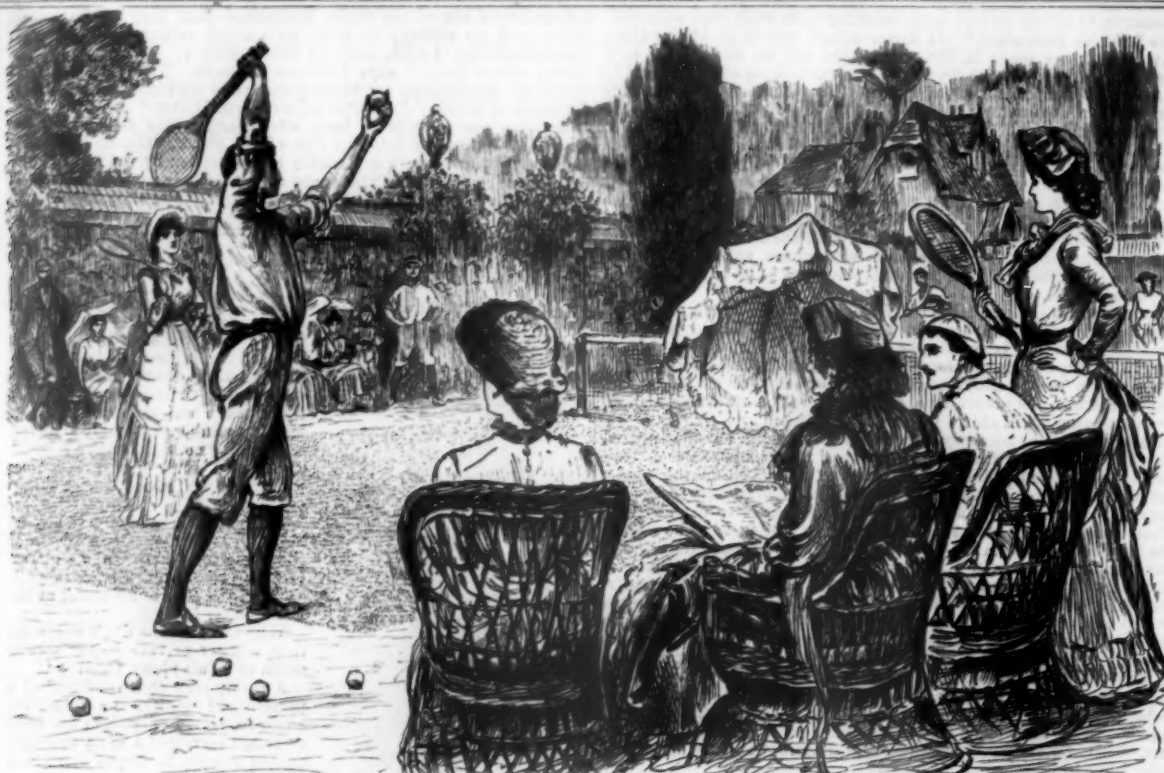
He has evidently mistook his wocashun. He cannot rise to the dignity of the sittewashun as he has hitherto held. He lacks the patience and the humility and the faith and the opefulness of a Junier Waiter.

I wish him no harm, tho' he has struck a blow as all us Head Waiters feels very severely, but, on the contrary, I hopes that in sum inferier stashun of life, more fitted to his umbel abilities, he may meet his dew reward.

ROBERT.



Robert with his Collar up. After a Study of the G. O. M.



BARBAROUS TECHNICALITIES OF LAWN TENNIS.

Woolrich Cadet (suddenly, to his poor Grandmother, who has had Army on the Brain ever since he passed his Exam.). "THE SERVICE IS AWFULLY SEVERE, BY JOVE! LOOK AT COLONEL PENDRAGON—HE INVARIABLY SHOOTS OR HANGS!"
His Poor Grandmother. "GOOD HEAVENS, ALGY! I HOPE YOU WON'T BE IN HIS REGIMENT!"

GARNET.

AN IDYLL OF THE QUEEN.

GARNET the Brave, GARNET the Fortunate,
 GARNET the Victor, made by Ashantee.
 Heard once again War's summons to the East,
 Heard and rejoiced, and straightway set himself
 To strenuous strife, and subtle shift, to toil
 All-various, and the crowning of his fame.

For from the sand-flats hard by Nilus' shore
 Arose Rebellion's clamant voice, rang out
 The cry of slaughtered Britons, echoed soon
 By thunderous bellowing of brave BRAUCHAMP'S guns.
 Then peaceful GLADSTONE sudden stood and smote
 With rounded fist the Council-board, as though
 It were the Commons' Table, and his foe,
 DIZZY, once more before him, smote and cried,
 "By Jingo, this won't do!!!"—lapsing in heat
 To passing invocation of a name
 Late odious in his ears. Whereon arose
 Conflicting chorussings of praise and blame—
 This atrabilious, half-ironic that—
 From doubting Tories, dubious Liberals,
 Much-gibing GREENWOOD, pert, implacable;
 And peevish PASSMORE, sourly posing sole
 As Abdiel—with the hump.

But GARNET, glad
 With a great gladness Sand-boys may not match,
 And cheer beyond the chirping cricket's, set
 His face toward far Pharaoh-land, where still,
 Pyramid-perched, the Forty Centuries
 Of the tharsonic Corsican looked down,
 Twiggling the coming Pocket-CÆSAR.

He
 Calm amidst much cabal, the pen-pricks sharp

Of amateur campaigners, and the hot
 And hasty urgings of impetuous scribes,
 The Jehu-Jeremiahs of the Press,
 Planned with deliberate forethought, and what time
 Deft DUFFERIN held Turkish Brer Fox in check,
 With all Brer Rabbit's sleek astucity,
 GARNET, with mustered hosts and gathered guns,
 Swept gradually down on ARABI
 Entrenched at Tel-el-Kebir.

Oh those days
 In Egypt, oh the sun-glance and the sand,
 The batteries and the strife! Then went the Guards,
 The dandy Guards, in guise of utter guys—
 Garb to shock all St. James's, and make wide
 The eyes of many nursemaids. CONNAUGHT there
 And TECK, the Postal Paladin, were seen
 Doing devoir; there Pat and Sandy strove
 In arduous emulation; there brave Jack,
 Bluejacket Jack the ambidextrous, toiled
 With cheer Tapleyan.

CÆSAR-GARNET these
 Let, the hour ripe, from leash, like eager hounds
 That scent their quarry. Oh that night-march dark
 O'er foot-betraying sands, that sounding charge,
 That ringing cheer!—a shout that sudden shook
 ARABI'S Jericho of rebel fraud
 About his luckless ears, and lo! 'twas done.
 Our Cæsar, served of fortune as of skill,
 His *Veni, Vidi*, closely followed up
 With *Vici*!—*Vici* shrouded modestly,
 Like an enigma 'midst the flow of rhythm,
 In the decorum of a calm dispatch
 Giving not taking *kudos*.

Kudos yet
 Is his, our GARNET's, praise from all men's mouths*
 Grudging or generous; guerdon too from her
 The warriest watcher of her Empire's weal,



CLEOPATRA BEFORE CÆSAR;

OR, THE EGYPTIAN DIFFICULTY.

[Slightly (!) altered from GILMORE's celebrated Picture.]



AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION
535 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Subscription price, \$5.00 per annum in advance.
Single copies, 15 cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, May 26, 1917.
Postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices.
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in
Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 26, 1918.
Postmaster: This publication is published weekly except on
Sundays and legal holidays.

Great QUEEN, whose deffest, doughtiest knight he seemed,
Guerdon of solid honour, peering him
And brave Sir BRAUCHAMP with the finer few
Whom merit levels with the blest of birth;
Nor least, the land of *Punchius*, scatterer he
Of no cheap chaplets, yet well pleased to crown
With his most precious parsley-wreath of praise,
And "Bravo!" frank, so brave a bit of work
So fairly, feastly done, so welcome eke
To toiling GLADSTONE at his Table Round,
Our loyal Island, and our Patriot QUEEN.

A WARNING.



Sir Garnet and Sir Beauchamp
as they will appear on their
return to England.

Sir G. W. and Sir B. S. as they will
probably appear after a series of Banquets
given to these gallant Officers.

MRS. R. IN A NEW PLACE.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,

MR. HACKSON has been as good as his word to LAVVY and myself. He promised to take us to a French bathing-place which we should like ever so much better than Bullown, and he has done it. He acted as our Currier all the way, which saved us so much trouble in looking after ourselves, as he was always before us. Well, the place he took us to is called Rosendael, the Dale of Roses, because there are so many *jardangs day plants*, as they call 'em in French, in the pretty little village which we walked through on Sunday, though of course the rose season is over now. When Mr. HACKSON told us that we must first go to Dunkirk to get to Rosendael, I thought he was joking, as I own I had always thought that Dunkirk was in Scotland; and I was right after all, as it *was* in Scotland till CHARLES THE SECOND sold it to the French, and of course sent it over to them, carriage paid, and delivered it and set it down on the coast just where it is now. It's a delightful old town, with a fine church dedicated to Scent Hullo, and a tower with a *carry-along* in it. The *carry-along* is a set of bells which plays a tune feebly every half-hour, and sounds like a second-hand musical box on a shelf.

The Dunkirkers are the respectable people; there are very few *song cutlets*, as the French say, among them. And as to civility, they might be natives of Sweet Civil in Spain, instead of Frenchmen at Dunkirk. When the *Gossoons* hand anything to you, or take it away, they always say, "*Mair see*," which, as I observed to Mr. HACKSON, proves that the Dunkirkers still keep their Scotch, as evidently "*Mair see*" means that there was something *mair* coming, and so there always was. The *Tarble doat* at the Grand Hotel at Dunkirk, in the Rude Kappysangs, that's the name of the principal street, was very good. The breakfast and dinner at the Restowrongs called the *Kaffy days Arcards* "were," as Mr. HACKSON facetiously said, "quite first chop," though, of course, he meant *Allies*, which, I am bound to say, I refused to touch at first, thinking that *Allies* must be something to do with horses.

When we first arrived, we drove in an open culture right through the town to the Casino (I objected to enter such a place, but Mr. HACKSON told us that it was quite a different thing to what the Magistrates won't license in London) at Rosendael, and imagine our disappointment when a most respectable and nice-spoken lady told Mr. HACKSON,—who interrupted what she said in French to us, though most of it was quite intelligible to me,—that the Season had finished on the fifteenth of September, that the Hotel and the *Chre-us-all* (which is the salutary department) was shut up, that there was nobody here, and the best thing we could do was to go back to the town, and come out to the bathing by tramway in the morning.

This we did, and most enjoyable it was: the tramway, price two-pence, took us in ten minutes to the bathing-machines, and the weather was so hot that we sat under sunshades, and actively breakfasted *all frisky* (as the Italians say) out in the open air, eating such *scheaters*, which is French for oysters, as I've never tasted in my life before, at two franks a dozen. They are the same sort as the celebrated *scheaters* of Dustend, on the Bulging Coast. It is a most healthy place, being famed for its general celebrity.

The sands at Rosendael are three times as long and as broad as those of Ramsgate; in fact, they are very fine sands, and get into your boots in spite of everything. At Dunkirk, in the Plarse Jang Bar—so called after a great naval hero, a sort of Brigadier, whose statue, in a sort of chandelier dress of the seventeenth sentry, with a sword in his hand, like the pictures of RICHARD THE THIRD at the Battle of Wandsworth—is a market for everything, from lace and saucepans to pigs'-feet and cabbages, fruit and flowers. It lasts nearly all the morning, and I wish a certain noble Duke could just see it, for one cannot help substituting a caparison between it and Covent-Garden Market. At the latter place it is all muck and muddle, but at Dunkirk you can walk or drive round it, three abreast, at any time; and, before two in the afternoon, the whole thing, except a few flower-women with baskets, has disappeared as if by magic, like SALADIN's palace, leaving, as the Swamp of Avon says, "not a rag behind." Not a sign that there's been such a thing as a market, not an odour anywhere, and no refusal lying in muck-heaps about the streets, and this, too, in very hot weather, which, at this time of year, is known in France as SAM MARTIN's Summer, though I had always, myself, heard of SAM MARTIN as a Judge; yet, when I come to think of it, no doubt his summing-up was called a summery because it was so clear, and the prisoner, as Mr. HACKSON, who knows most legal lapidaries, says, "got it hot" in the Summer Allaizes; so, putting this and that together there is a fair reason for calling it SAM MARTIN's summery weather.

Mr. HACKSON says he is sure that during the regular season this place is far better than Bullown—which I'm inclined to call Fly-Bullown—and much more of a genuine change for English people, who can get here just as easily as to the other place, for you start the same way, and go through to Kallous; and supposing you are the early bird, and take the 7.40 A.M. train, from Victoria, and get to Kallous at 11, or thereabouts, by the twin-ship the *Kally-tee-for-her*, and then you have an hour and a half to revive and eat the excellent lunch which is provided for the travellers at the *Buffy*, and after that you walk up to the Town Gar, and go off by the 1.30 train for Gravel Lines, which is the direct root, without any change, to our final desecration, which was Dunkirk. Mr. HACKSON says, that though he likes a direct line, yet he finds he can't go anywhere, however direct, without change, and plenty of it, from a Sue to a Frank. A Sue is a halfpenny, and a Frank is tenpence, which shows what value the French put on the male sex as compared with us poor women, who, in this country, seem to do most of the work, and be perfect smudges.

Mr. HACKSON was quite right, and next year he promises to take us there in the Bathing-season, when I mean to buy for LAVVY and myself regular bathing-costumes, and come out in Spanish Flotillas. Mr. HACKSON says there's still signs of the Rosendael part of Dunkirk having been originally Scotch, because there is so much that is Sandy about it. But that's one of his *caramboles*. Yours,

M. A. R.

P.S.—I forgot to say that there are plenty of millionnaires about in full uniform, and we saw a lot of distillery practice on Monday afternoon from the rampants. Mr. HACKSON says that they were firing shells, which is very likely, being so near the sea where they can be got so cheap. But when Mr. H. told us that they were only potting shrimps, I saw he was at his *caramboles* again. I like a man to be serious sometimes, and Mr. H. is too much of a "Jesting Pilot," as the nautical people say, for me.

A PLUCKY RHYME.

"BOSS!" says G. HARRIS. "The *Romany Rye*! Umph!
"Tisn't a patch on my Drury Lane Triumph!"

WHERE'S BARNUM?—Under the heading, "A Curious Fact in Evolution," the *Times* quotes from the *American Journal of Science*, and tells us that "A single-cell creature known as a Protozoon," is immortal. "Protozoon" sounds uncommonly like a primitive Dutchman, that is, the single Dutchman: the "Protozoon" is a "single-cell creature." Well—one "sell," if it's a good one, will take us all in. This (if read between the lines) is perhaps what the *American Journal of Science* really means. Anyhow, where's BARNUM?

THE GEOLOGISTS' CLUB.—The Kentish "Rag."

THE NEW SHERIFFS.

(By Our Real Turtle.)

MY SAVORY Sheriff! SAVORY 'tis meet
Should be for something in
the LORD MAYOR'S suite.
We welcome you with cheers
which lift the rafter.
A Sheriff SAVORY! thou 'lt
be MOORE hereafter!

DE KETSER some say, Sir,
"Pronounce it DE KAYSER."

That can't be the way, Sir.
Perhaps those are wiser
Who call you DE KISER.
Now which shall it be, Sir,
KAY, KI, or DE KEY, Sir?
Choose one of the three, Sir,
And give us the key, Sir.

But, Sheriff de KISER, DE
KAYSER, DE KEESER,
No matter, *mon cher*, if a
Sheriff you be, Sir.

* Our Real Turtle Poet is
evidently quoting from *Macbeth*,
and intimates that in
due course Sheriff SAVORY
will be Lord MOORE—no, we
mean Lord Mayor.

IMPRISONMENT OF THE
REV. MR. GREEN.—Why
remain there any longer?
Why not follow the brave
LOVETT'S example, who
escaped from Millbank last
week? It only requires a
slight relaxation of the
ordinary care on the part
of the officials, a rope round
the body, an umbrella to
bore a hole with, chewed
bread to fill up the hole, a
couple of planks, a quiet
evening, and there he is.
If the worthy prisoner,
with his *mens conscia recti*,
doesn't take the hint—well
—he must be Green!

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 104.



RIGHT HON. OSBORNE MORGAN, M.P.

HE UNDERTOOK THE BURIALS ACT, A MOST SUCCESSFUL UNDERTAKING! NOW HE'S
THE MAN FOR THE LADIES. *Vide his "MARRIED WOMEN'S PROP. ACT."*

PAUPERS AND POR-
POISES.

WHILE London is trou-
bled as to what it shall do
with its paupers, Manches-
ter is troubled as to what
it shall do with its money.
Instead of building more
workhouses, London is
thinking over a "clearing-
house" system, under which
an overcrowded work-
house in one district can
relieve itself by sending
its surplus poor to a less
crowded workhouse in an-
other district. Instead of
building more Cotton Mills,
Manchester is thinking
over an engineering scheme
for bringing the sea to its
doors, and turning the
inky Irwell into a mag-
nificent river. Manchester
will find the money; per-
haps London might help
to find the labour? How
many able-bodied paupers
are now wasting their time
in London breaking stones
—a task that could be done
in one-tenth of the time by
machinery?

QUID PRO QUO.—The
KHEDIVÉ presented Sir
GARNET with the highest
Egyptian Order in return
for the perfect Egyptian
order restored by Sir GAR-
NET to the KHEDIVÉ'S do-
minions. The decoration
given to Sir GARNET was
the Osmanieh, and, conse-
quently, the Orders pre-
sented to General DUBRY
LOWE and Colonel EWART
will be those of the Heavy
Osmanieh.

RADICAL-CONSERVATIVE
OR FOURTH PARTY PRO-
VERB.—"Nothing like
LOWTHER."

THE VERY LATEST (DAILY) NEWS.

(Vide somebody else's Special Correspondent at Cairo.)

THE aromatic and spice-laden Eastern Zephyrs blowing now some-
what boisterously through the jewelled ivory-lattice down His
Highness's back, with a sudden graceful and charming sneeze, he
slid with perfect *ton* right across the polished jasper floor to the
opposite side of the presence-chamber, where, drawing up with a
courteous jerk, he deposited his head in the coal-scuttle, and smiled
at us amiably. This little incident naturally gave rise to some quiet
subacid humour, on our part, as to the financial embarrassments of
His Highness's impecunious father, a piece of banter to which,
with excellent breeding, he rejoined, by turning a double back-
somersault that took him again into the very middle of the rose-
coloured-satin feather-bed, on which he had previously been
lounging.

We smiled, hastily, and the conversation then turned upon inferior
tinned oysters. The Khedive said, when they were bad, he did not
like them. We reminded him that, if steeped in a powerful disin-
fectant, and swallowed hurriedly, with plenty of cayenne and chili-
vinegar, and peppermint-drops taken after them, they could some-
times be got down. He said this was true. We then asked him the
amount of his washing-bill. To this he made no rejoinder, but
laughed pleasantly for about three-quarters of an hour. Altogether,
we spent a most delightful morning.

HAPPY-THOUGHT PROVERB (at a *Table d'hôte* without a Menu).—
Treat every Dish as though it were your last.

AN ANTI-SANITARY BALLAD.

"They would rather suffer martyrdom than give up its use."—Dr. CAR-
PENTER on the *Modern Silk Hat*.

O WAYWARD Fashion, be thou
kind,
Deal gently with thy child,
And, if thou art to change in-
clined,
Oy Goddess,—draw it mild!
With bitter scorn and satire pelt
The wretched clothes I've got,
But bid me not resign for felt
My cherished Chimney-Pot!

Array me in a velvet vest,
Cheap lace around me tack;
With ribbon deck my Sunday
best,
Sew buttons down my back.
Do what thou wilt with hem and
frill,—
And I will heed it not,
If, midst the wreck of taste, I still
May sport my Chimney-Pot!

SIGNS OF "THE TIMES."—"The Divining Rod" has been lately
used in France by the Director of Fine Arts to discover hidden
treasure. For this "he has," says the *Times*, "incurred no little
ridicule." Yet, were TOMMY or HARRY to secrete treasure any-
where, Mr. BARLOW would use the divining rod pretty freely, and
with the greatest possible success. Oddly enough, in the same paper,
there was a criticism on *The Question of Cain*, by Mrs. CASHEL
HOYT. Either of those excellent preceptors, Dr. BIRCH, or Mr.
BARLOW would decide "the question of cane," by saying that they
had always found it answer.

SIR BEAUCHAMP SEYMOUR objects to being rewarded with Baron
honours.



THE PLEASURES AND PAINS OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

HOLIDAY HAUNTS.

By Jingle Junior on the Jaunt.

EASTBOURNE.

Town dropped in the country judiciously—all trees considered sacred—Buccleuch the Builder compelled to "spare that tree" on all occasions—bad for Buccleuch—splendid for settlers—result charming—quite the Continental City in miniature—sea laid on in front—bright and sparkling—fresh and green—delightful very! Old Town quaint and curious—New Town capacious and convenient—place well kept—paths well swept—roads well watered—luggage well portered—drainage good—water plentiful—strict supervision of "Authorities" everywhere apparent—cheap trippery not offensively blatant! Superb Esplanade—upper and lower terrace—two miles of sea-walk—tamariak plantation—green turf—gay flowers—brick pathways—dry after rain—nice wide seats—thousands of chairs—comfortable glazed shelters! Good hotels to suit every taste—capital shops—famous fruiterers—Devonshire Club—LEACH's Library—pleasant Pier—sea-breezes without sea-sickness—The Links—Paradise—Compton Place! Devonshire Park—sylvan and sequestered—Devonshire Baths—swimming and splashing—rinking and resting—lawn tennis and laziness—Countless excursions—Wise people don't excuse—stop where they are—moon about—take things easy! Esplanade good enough for me. Sit in the sun—smoke cigarette—noddle my head to the Band—"the Bourne to which all travellers return"—good—shall come here again!

A Wink and a Sight.

In an account of an interview held with the ex-Khedive ISMAIL Pasha, a character clearly too clever by half for the conduct of affairs, especially those of expenditure and finance, one of the *Times'* Correspondents notices a rather remarkable knack which ISMAIL is addicted to. He "generally closes one eye when particularly animated." Very likely. And, perhaps, he is occasionally so carried away with ungovernable vivacity, that, in the extremity of enthusiasm, he applies the termination of one of his thumbs to the tip of his nose, and extends his four fingers.

ASKAM AND ANSWER'EM.

UNDER the heading, "Another Egypt," in our Number dated Sept. 16th we made a few playful remarks on the state of "a town called Askam, in Furness," and intimated our opinion that the Duke of Buccleuch, being interested in the place, could, if he would, set matters right in the above-mentioned locality. The idea, of course, was, "There's nothing, at all events, lost by Askam," and we expressed our earnest wish that the petitioners might obtain what they prayed for.

The Duke's agents, however, now write to inform us that "His Grace is not specially interested in Askam, but he has always lent his aid and assistance in any work or object which was for the benefit of that part of Furness," and that for the state of things represented as existing in Askam, His Grace "is not in any way responsible." We are delighted to hear it, as the moral of the article in question, as regards the Askamites in relation to the Duke, could be summed up in what a native of Furness said to an ignorant traveller who thought he was in Scotland: "You've only got to Askam." Exactly: you've only got to ask him.

Of course, anybody living in a perpetual Furness must expect to get it hot, occasionally,—the inhabitants must be all salamanders (no reference here intended to GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALAMANDER)—but we mustn't heap coals of fire on their heads when they don't deserve it, and in this instance we are very glad to give publicity to the fact that the Duke of Buccleuch, whether as a Landlord, or as interested in the district, has, when "tried in the Furness," never been "found wanting." There's another Dual Landlord, excellent in the country, of whom, in London, we should be only too glad to say the same, and more.

A Friend in Knead.

"BAKER PASHA has started for Cairo to organise the New Gendarmerie." —*Daily Paper.*

WHATEVER misfortune on Egypt now swoops,
No famine, 'tis clear, can o'erstrike her,
Since she's willing to place all the flour of her troops
In the hands of a competent BAKER.



"ALL THE DIFFERENCE."

Dyspeptic Diner. "Um"—(forking it suspiciously)—"WHAT IS IT, WAITER?"
'Robert.' "IT SAYS 'RONTONGS SORTY' ON THE MENOO, SIR. BUT I CAN'T SAY WHAT IT MAY BE ON THE DISH!"

MEMS. FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAVELLER.

(Who has been sent Abroad to Recruit his Health.)

Aix-la-Chapelle.—Take your Champagne in magnums, as the place is rather dull.

Boulogne.—On the wane. Your *déjeuner à la fourchette* of seven courses on the Pier, not so good as usual.

Cologne.—Capital *table d'hôte* at the *Hôtel du Nord*. Don't miss either the one at 1'30, or the other at 6.

Dieppe.—Best time for *baccarat* is between 11 P.M. and three in the morning.

Emm.—Lay in a good stock of Turkish tobacco. Your average will be, in this air, one hundred and twenty cigarettes a day.

Florence.—As pictures are tiring, you had better take your lunch in bed before you go to see them.

Geneva.—Good place for learning how to drink kummel by the mugful.

Heidelberg.—If you ever manage to walk up to the Castle, you may safely reward yourself with a slight repast of *potage à la bisque, paté de foies gras*, and a hundred of walnuts.

Lucerne.—Capital hotel, the *Schweitzerhoff*. If you have been very ill in Town from dyspepsia, you may safely stay here a fortnight, as you will not find a better *table d'hôte* in all Switzerland.

Manheim.—Dull. Capital place for practising the art of substituting *Charentaise* *vert* for tea at breakfast.

Nancy.—Good pastry. At lunch-time you may eat it by pounds. Never mind the directions of your Doctor—it is really excellent.

Oschy.—If walking has been ordered you, you will find it a pleasant stroll from the Dependance to the hotel. The rest of the day you can spend lounging in a chair in the garden. After dinner you can stroll back from the hotel to the Dependance.

Paris.—Average hour of retiring to rest, 3 A.M. Mind, you were told to go in for regular habits.

Stresa.—If you have been advised to bathe, you can watch the adventurous persons who take a plunge in the *Lago Maggiore*—from the shore.

Venice.—Good place for exercise (if ordered), as you may travel for miles—in a gondola!

Wiesbaden.—As everybody dines at half-past one here, the afternoon offers

special opportunities for the limitless consumption of brandy-and-soda.

Zurich.—Good place for finishing your perfect restoration to health before returning home. Consequently, indulge in heavy breakfasts, enormous dinners, and unlimited smoking. Bet, play and flutter (by telegraph) on the Stock Exchange. Then, when your pulse is once more under the finger of your Doctor, he will find it's as difficult a study as ever it was.

A SONG OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.

"The Association was founded to elucidate the economical and moral principles on which the Constitution of Society should be based, and to influence, by the light of those principles, the course of future legislation."—Mr. G. W. HASTINGS, M.P., in his Address at the Opening of the 25th Annual Meeting of the Social Science Congress, in the new Lecture Hall of the University at Nottingham.

If "principles" are "nuts" to you,
 And promptly you'd be spotting 'em,
 Best take a turn, Sir, at the new
 Big lecture-rooms that grace the U-
 -niversity at Nottingham!

There Blues orate till all is blue,
 (Knights and M.P.'s "big-potting" 'em)
 If you the social maze would view,
 They'll guide you through it at the U-
 -niversity at Nottingham!

Twenty-five years since first they blew
 Big Guns, Lord BROUGHAM shooting 'em,
 And now there's nothing new or true
 But they'll bang at you—at the U-
 -niversity at Nottingham!

If you would dish the Landlord crew,
 By laws, *without* Boycotting 'em,
 The Settled Land Act's action scru-
 -tinise as pictured at the U-
 -niversity at Nottingham!

If you'd rejoice in skies of blue,
 With no big chimneys blotting 'em,
 You'll probably learn what to do
 By patient listening at the U-
 -niversity at Nottingham!

If you tight-lacing would eschew,
 See girls with "bags" *culotte*-ing 'em,
 Or "dual garmenture," why few
 Subjects more "fetch" them at the U-
 -niversity at Nottingham!

You'd learn how Woman's rights first grew,
 And how Man shirked allotting 'em!
 On all such questions they'll adju-
 -dicate serenely at the U-
 -niversity at Nottingham!

Our Social Factors you'd review,
 And learn the art of "totting" 'em?
 Bless you! Statistics stiff are stu-
 -diously fed on at the U-
 -niversity at Nottingham!

Facts about drains, the Workman's "screw,"
 Girls' boots, would you be jotting 'em?
 They'll stuff you with enough to ru-
 -minate for years on at the U-
 -niversity at Nottingham!

Would you the World of Hobbies view,
 Behold their riders trotting 'em,
 That Universe they will elu-
 -cidate completely at the U-
 -niversity at Nottingham!

Battle of Hastings! Pun, Sir? Pooh!
 Poor wags are always plotting 'em.
 Yet twenty-five years war, 'tis true,
 Culminates this year at the U-
 -niversity at Nottingham!

"LORD MAYOR'S DAY"—no, not this year; Lord Mayor's KNIGHT.

HISTORY RE-VIEWED.

By Whyte Washcher.

No. 1.—HENRY THE EIGHTH, THE MODEL HUSBAND.

GENTLE and genial, considerate and sociable, with a strong love of romance, such was HENRY THE EIGHTH. From his earliest years he was particularly sweet-tempered. He had but one blemish. He was incurably shy in the presence of ladies, and consequently invariably shunned their society. But although he avoided the sex, he was devoted to the individual—he loved with all the fervour of a young and pure heart—CATHERINE of Aragon. He determined to address her, and seeking the assistance of his elder brother, ARTHUR, wrote her a love letter so full of tender compliments, so crammed with passionate



THE ROYAL CAUDLES.—"Henry Tudor, tu dors!"

expressions of affection, that CATHERINE was wooed and won simultaneously. She immediately accepted the writer of the note, but her reply was addressed to Arthur! By some terrible oversight the elder brother had signed for the younger! But, as HENRY pointed out to his senior, there was but one thing to be done. "I must sacrifice myself," said the unfortunate Prince with tears in his large blue eyes; "she must not suffer. ARTHUR, she is yours! May you be happy—very happy! All for her! All for her!" and leaving Hampton Court in a very frenzy of woe, he travelled to Windsor.

Prince ARTHUR and CATHERINE of Aragon were married, but scarcely had the lady become a bride, before she found herself a widow. On his death-bed her husband told her the story of the fatal mistake. "HAL is a dear good fellow," said Prince ARTHUR, in conclusion. "Mind, KATE, you have promised to marry him for my sake. Let me join your palms together. So! I die in peace!" And holding the hands of his brother and his wife in the same grasp, he smiled a sweet smile, and calmly yielded up his spirit.

Shortly after this, HENRY (who had now become a monarch) and CATHERINE were married with the utmost magnificence. During the honeymoon the happy pair merited their conventional title, but as time grew on, CATHERINE showed her character in its true colours. She was capricious, suspicious, and sulky; but, above all, she was an inveterate nagger. During the day her husband was able to avoid her, cares of State claiming his exclusive attention, but when he retired to rest he had to listen to his wife's curtain lectures. For hours and hours would CATHERINE rate her liege lord about his faults of omission and commission. Now it was that he had been lax in attending to his religious observances. HENRY promised to renew his zeal, and the very next day wrote a book which so pleased the POPE that his Holiness immediately conferred upon him and his issue the title of "Defender of the Faith." Then it was that the monks were too wealthy. CATHERINE was sure "the friars were growing too fat!" Again, to please his wife, HENRY the very next morning abolished all the monasteries—a proceeding which (at the time) caused some ill-feeling. In fact, there was nothing that the fond husband would not do, and did not do, to please and conciliate his querulous and irritable helpmate. At last she insisted upon a separation, and HENRY tearfully consented to let her go. And from this point the unhappy monarch was induced to become a party to a series of frauds which have handed down his name to posterity attached to a reputation for cruelty and fickleness utterly foreign to his true nature. According to history, HENRY was all that was bad; as a matter of fact, he was everything that was good.

CATHERINE, after leaving HENRY, with the assistance of Cardinal WOLSEY (known amongst his intimates as "the meek Ecclesiastic," on account of his extreme amiability and lack of resolution), obtained a divorce. No sooner had she secured it, than she wished to return to her husband. How was it to be done? A re-marriage would have caused endless merriment by holding up the parties to public ridicule. HENRY, who had been inconsolable when CATHERINE left him, at last hit upon a plan by which his first love and himself could become re-united. He suggested that CATHERINE should return to Court in disguise! The Queen entered into the plot with energy, and assuming a Frenchified manner, and a coif which completely concealed her hair, appeared at Hampton Court under the title of "ANNE BOLEYN." She was soon afterwards re-married in this name, and all went on well. The King was for a short time supremely happy. But at last the curtain lectures recommenced, the Queen on this occasion troubling her husband about foreign instead of domestic affairs. Thus it was that, to quiet her, HENRY had to rush into all sorts of expenses. It was CATHERINE who insisted upon the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and she also was the real originator of the wars between England and Spain, and France and England.

The birth of her second daughter, ELIZABETH, occurred about this time, and there were great rejoicings in the Palace. Alas! the Queen took offence at the good and accomplished Sir THOMAS MORE calling the baby "BETSY"; and, after securing the execution of that admirable statesman (for HENRY was ever a most indulgent husband), retired into private life. The King was at his wit's-end to account for her sudden disappearance, and consulted the Privy Council. It was decided that a report should be spread that "ANNE BOLEYN" was dead, and, this being done, rumour immediately added sensational details, in the shape of a story of an imprisonment in the old Fortress of London, an execution on Tower Hill, and other ridiculous elaborations.

But soon CATHERINE wanted to return. HENRY acceded to her request with joy. Again she came in disguise, now calling herself "JANE SEYMOUR." Her son EDWARD was born. She grew tired of Court life, and again disappeared, this time without leaving her address. Once more HENRY had to resort to stratagem, and to announce the lamented decease of "JANE SEYMOUR." And from this time the Queen was continually appearing and disappearing. She seems to have taken a delight in giving an entertainment after the fashion of Mr. WOODIN. Now she assumed the character of a heavy Dutchwoman, and christened herself "ANNE of Cleves." She was married in due course, and then vanished, to reappear suddenly as a frivolous little lady she called "CATHERINE HOWARD." Again she was married, and again disappeared. Once more it was necessary to spread the report of her death, and once more rumour invested the tale with ghastly elaborations. She had just assumed the character of a very old woman, a sort of female *Rip Van Winkle*, whom she called "CATHERINE PAER," when her husband, to whom she had been married no less than six times, worn out by continual nagging and limitless curtain lectures, suddenly died. His last words were, "KATE, dear KATE, it was very good of you to choose CATHERINE as the christian name of three of your clever and amusing impersonations. You know I was always making mistakes when I had to call you either JANE or ANNE." And with these grateful accents falling from his poor, parched mouth, and a gentle smile playing upon his poor, pale lips, the good-natured and well-beloved monarch expired.

From the above it will be seen that the master-passion of HENRY THE EIGHTH was devotion to his wife. Naturally thrifty, religious, and humane, he was more than once induced to commit deeds of extravagance, sacrilege, and harshness at her instigation. But these untoward acts were few and far between, and he hastened to make reparation the moment they were committed. Thus, whenever he was induced to behead a married nobleman, he invariably addressed a letter of condolence and sympathy to the widow, timed to reach her on the evening of her lord's execution. This did he because he was so essentially a family man himself that he could not bear to hear of pain in the domestic circle of others. It would, perhaps, have been better for his fame had he shown more firmness in his dealings with his Queen; but, if he had, he might possibly have lost his right to the title he has so justly earned, that of "the Model Husband."

LEAVE AND LICENCE.—A Theatrical Company, attempting to break the dreadful and time-honoured dulness of Herne Bay by giving dramatic performances, were fined about twelve pounds, and solemnly cautioned by the Bench, who had previously refused a licence to the building. The Company didn't heave much at this place. At Ramsgate a licence was twice lost for the Promenade Pier, because in the first instance the notice was posted on the wrong church door, and in the second instance it was fixed to a window instead of a door. These are the things that give dignity to the Licensing System, and make it respected.



AVAILABLE INCREMENT.

Old Shoddyworth (who had retired from business). "WHAT ARE YOU A DOIN' OF, 'AWKINS?"

His Head Gardener. "I WAS THINNING THE GRAPES, SIR."

Old Shoddyworth. "Oh, I DESSAY! THAT WON'T DO WI' ME, Y' KNOW! WHAT I DON'T EAT I CAN SELL!"

THE SPENDTHRIFT'S GUIDE.—No. VIII.

AFTER doing so much for the benefit and gratification of his fellow creatures, the Spendthrift is quite entitled to do something for the gratification of himself, without considering public opinion, or the greatest happiness of the greatest number. One of the most disagreeable results of possessing property is the necessity of making a will, which brings you face to face with the word *finis*, and compels you to please nobody, while trying to please everybody. The best way out of this difficulty is to please yourself. In disposing of his wealth, the Spendthrift will select two or more persons in different grades of life, who must be utter strangers to himself, and to each other. He will select a King or Queen, a landed proprietor, and a capitalist. The King or Queen must not be poor or insignificant, the landed proprietor must be the absolute lord of countless acres, and the capitalist must be the owner of many millions sterling. In selecting these representatives of three classes, the

Spendthrift must be careful that the landed proprietor and the capitalist, at least, have never disgraced themselves or their property, by any act of public or private generosity. The King or Queen may be allowed a little latitude in this respect, on account of their position, which compels them to do many things which they could avoid as private individuals; but the qualification of the two others must be strictly adhered to. Having made the necessary inquiries, the Spendthrift will divide his wealth in the following fashion. He will give his land to the landed proprietor; he will give his cash, securities, and funded property to the capitalist, and he will give his jewels, pictures, houses, statues, and other valuables to the King or Queen. He will reserve just enough money to pay for his modest funeral, and to write over his grave the following inscription:—

"He spent not wisely, but too well."

IN MY NEW VICAR'S TIME.

(Popular Curate's Comic Song, at the Drill Hall, Derby.)

"But a Curate had advantages. He is received as a gentleman, and plays lawn-tennis. He ought to do it with the poor children as well as with the ladies. He can marry if he likes. A Birmingham shoeblack became a Scripture-reader, a Curate, and married a lady of title in London."—Rev. J. GEDGE at the Church Congress.

TALK not to me of vanished years,
When I was underpaid,
And all my earthly hopes and fears
Hung on the "Curates' Aid."
For now at tea-fights am I seen,—
At tennis lead the van,
And as I skip across the green
Am dubbed "a gentleman."

Chorus.

So, Apron'd Dean, with manner coy,
Plump Bishop in his prime,
Ne'er knew the fun that I enjoy
In my new Vicar's time.

Though hostile critics sometimes peach
On one too prone to spoon;
Though only housemaids hear me preach
On Sunday afternoon—
One privilege I boast in life
That must the layman strike—
While years he waits to wed his wife,
I marry when I like.

Chorus.

So now e'en Army Swells I meet
With confidence sublime:
I've known—a fact—Dragoons retreat
In my new Vicar's time!

Would you my shoe-black days bemoan?
My early lot reverse?
Reflect!—I now a Duchess own,
For better or for worse!
And if my titled bliss you doubt,
And urge some happier state,
As Mr. GEDGE points neatly out,
I can but emigrate.

Chorus.

So mourn no more the Curate's lot
As theme too sad for rhyme;
If such 'twas once, by Jove, 'tis not
In my new Vicar's time!

THE Law's delays are proverbial. So will be the New Law Courts' delays. PETER O'GRADY says, "If the New Law Courts aren't ready soon, they'll be old by the time they're finished, and will have to be closed before they're opened."

A LESSON TO THE BRITISH LION.

To MATTHEW ARNOLD hark,
With both ears all avidity;
That MATTHEW—a man of mark—
Says, "Cultivate Lucidity."
"Civil Courage" the Germans lack;
(Query—what can mean that quiddity?)
But England's especial drawback
Is a certain want of "Lucidity."
In "Morality" France most fails
To exemplify rigidity;
The defect that England ails
Must be owned to be "Lucidity."
The Salvation Army shines
In devoted intrepidity;
But the fault of its valiant lines
Is the foible of no Lucidity.
The Puseyite phalanx glows
With a most intense calidity;
But the heat of the movement throws
Not a gleam or spark of Lucidity.
There is genius, love, charm, no doubt,
In Ritualistic floridity,
But what would have snuffed it out
Would have been a ray of Lucidity.
Roast beef is excellent meat,
Of most extreme sapidity;
Plum-pudding is nice to eat,
But it doesn't produce Lucidity.
JOHN BULL is a worthy old wight,
Though he sometimes behaves with stupidity,
Uninspired with Sweetness and Light,
And, in short, nearly void of Lucidity.

"THE ART OF PLUCK."—MR. GUSH HARRIS, expert in theatrical advertising, daily impresses on the public that his chief object at Drury Lane is to show how "crime, treachery, and falsehood" are invariably punished—somehow. A sublime moral, which should bring whole families from their hearths and homes to learn the great truths of Poetic Justice, from the school-boards of Drury Lane, whose talented Manager might, for the future, place, as his motto, at the head of his programme, "*Pro Arris et focis.*"



"WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY"—

MR. BLAZER, Q.C., RETURNS UNEXPECTEDLY TO HIS CHAMBERS IN THE MIDDLE OF VACATION.

THE BRITISH WORKMAN NOT AT HOME.

(A Dissolving View adapted from the American.)

"You find the place greatly changed?" said Rip's guide.
"Yes," returned VAN WINKLE, "I do. Your inventions are simply marvellous. But never mind them. I want to see the people."
"High life or low life?"
"Well, the class from which I sprang myself—the hard-working, honest, sober artisan."
Rip's guide smiled, for he remembered that in his youth his companion had never joined the Blue Ribbon Army.
"We will look for them. Had you awakened fifty years ago—say in 1832—you would have found them living in far better style than their so-called richer neighbours. They spent a great deal more in luxuries than the classes above them."
"Indeed!" returned Rip. "And what have they been doing since?"
"Oh, striking and combining, or rather they *did* strike and combine up to about a dozen years ago."
"And where are they now?"—"We will see."
Rip's guide led his aged companion to one of the new Electric Railway Stations. The platform was crowded with porters, engine-drivers, and guards, busily engaged in performing their various duties.
"Why," exclaimed Mr. VAN WINKLE, after he had inspected the employees for a few minutes, "I do believe they are all Chinese! There's not an Englishman amongst them!"
"Very true," responded his companion. "The Celestials get about a third of the wages of the late officials, and do double the work. However, they are rather a nuisance. They are so fond of crowding. They have settled in Golden Square, where no less than 245,000 of them are encamped in the enclosure!"
Rip walked away, and came to a large building which was in course of erection. There were scores of bricklayers, masons, and carpenters working their hardest. "Dear me!" cried VAN WINKLE. "What an extraordinary set of people! Why, they are covered with feathers!"
"Yes," acquiesced his companion, "they are all North American Indians. They are not bad fellows when they are sober. But when

they take more 'fire-water' than is good for them, they have a nasty habit of scalping the nearest policeman!"

A little further on the two friends came to some engineering works. "Why, where are the navvies?" asked Rip. "Surely, they have not given up work?"

"Oh, yes, they have," was the reply. "They struck some ten years ago, and joined the miners and stonemasons. Their places have been supplied by some native New Zealanders and a number of Zulu Kaffirs. The new workmen are quiet enough when they are not wearing their war-paint." By this time the evening was closing in, and the lamps were beginning to be lighted. Rip discovered that the lamplighters, the postmen, the policemen, and even the soldiers were all of "nigger" extraction. "This is very strange," said Rip. "But I suppose this state of things is peculiar to London."

"Not at all," replied his companion, "the country is equally in the hands of the native. All our farm-labourers are Egyptian fellows, and the hop-picking and the hay-making is undertaken by wandering tribes of Bedouin Arabs and low-caste Hindustani."

"Dear me! and so the English workmen have disappeared?"
"Entirely! They have been forced out of the market by foreign competition. Personally, I am sorry for it, but the great employers of labour are overjoyed. They declare that now they can rely upon having their work done punctually and economically."

Rip was silent for a moment; then he said, "But I suppose the British Workmen do exist somewhere?"

"Oh, yes; they do exist," was the answer. "But I am afraid, if you want to see them, that the rules of the establishment in which they dwell will not permit their appearance this evening."

"Rules of the establishment!" echoed Rip. "Why, they surely have not been sent to prison?"

"Oh, dear no," was the reassuring reply, "they are only in—the Workhouse!"

"EXHIBITION OF THE HORNBERS' COMPANY."—Great attraction! Real ancient relic! The identical plum extracted by the thumb of the first Master Horner from the Christmas pie. This plum has been preserved. Success to this Hornerable Company's Show.

CONQUEST FOR EVER!

Mr. GEORGE CONQUEST was hopping about thoughtfully in his favourite frog attitude, on the Surrey side of the river. Now and then he stood on his head, or dived down into a coal-cellar, coming



Ruth and Ruthless—a Surrey night.

"My Monkey's up! I'll kill yer!"

"Cigar be blown!" replied Mr. CONQUEST with his most demoniacal chuckle, suddenly leaping on to the table, scattering the papers right and left, and squatting, all in a heap, exactly opposite his partner. "A cigar! while you are making up the 'returns'! Pooh!"

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furniture-vans, is made very easy. Here the sensational hair-breadth-risks encountered by the suffering, ill-used heroine, and her irritatingly weak young man, are admirably contrived, and when the aforesaid weak young man suddenly becomes physically powerful, and just manages to prevent the heroine from falling between two tumble-down houses, while he is clinging on to a beam and holding her suspended in the air in his grasp of iron, the excitement has reached its climax, and only one disappointment is felt, and generally expressed, which is, that Mr. CONQUEST, as the Man-Monkey, does not have to do the climbing over those dangerous beams, and so practically assist in saving the heroine's life, or in hurling a villain or two off a plank, instead of spending the last few minutes of his melodramatic existence groaning about affidavits and grovelling in a cellar, only to be brought out to die, in the best possible dispositions, when all sensation is at an end. If *Zacky* could even now be only worked into that sensational finish, the value of the piece would be materially enhanced. It is thoroughly well played all round, the honours being carried off by Mr. C. CHALKSHANKS as *Abel Rockley*, an artistic performance by Miss BELLA TYTHERIDGE as *Ruth*, a very difficult part, and by Miss ALICE RAYTOR as *Phyllis*, a much-enduring young Lady, whose sympathetic tone and gentle bearing forcibly recalled the best performances of Miss LYDIA FOOTE, the accepted model for all heroines in distress.

In consequence of the death of the Baronet, early in the piece, the principals are in deep mourning for an entire Act afterwards. This is all right for villains of the blackest dye, but not for the innocent lambs.

Some improvement might be made in Act V., where the interior of the Holborn Restaurant is shown. It is a long time since we were in that most respectably conducted dining establishment, but a considerable change must have come over the spirit of the place if it is frequented by the class of people represented at the Surrey as dining there. There is, for instance, a far from quiet party on the friendliest terms with a bibulous looking waiter who, after two *consommateurs* have disappeared without payment, complains of "another bill"—as if business were conducted on a somewhat unremunerative plan at the Holborn. Then, belonging to the abovementioned party, is an elderly Lady who, on sitting down at one of the dining tables, at once orders "gin and peppermint, because she has the spasms;" and finally, when *Zacky* appears, there is champagne swigging, waiter-hugging, toast-proposing by the principal characters, all standing about talking and walking, and taking up the entire restaurant as if it belonged to them, while a carver, a couple of waiters, the orchestra seated up above, and two mild sets of diners, pay no sort of attention to the eccentric proceedings of these visitors,—and, on second thoughts, if these last don't object, we can't possibly have anything to say on the subject—except that this scene should not be taken as "realistic," but as most decidedly "idealistic." However, this is a mere detail. The piece is clearly a "draw," as it ought to be at the Surrey when there is plenty of Conquest and a considerable amount of Meritt in it.



Abel Rockley—study of a Scoundrel in Black and White. Most able impersonation.

PRINTERS' ERRORS.

MISTAKES will happen in the best regulated Printing Establishments. These two are not bad specimens of a muddle from the *Daily Telegraph* of Friday last:—

"It was unanimously agreed, yesterday, at the Meeting of the Court of Common Council, to present an address of thanks and congratulation to General WOLSELEY and Admiral SEYMOUR for their conduct in Egypt, and that they be invited to the Guildhall on their return to receive the knocked him down several times, and after some days he died. The prisoner was remanded."

We rubbed our eyes, and read it twice. Then we went on to trace the connecting link, which was found in the following paragraph:—

"At Marlborough Street, WILLIAM HIGGS was accused of causing the death of HENRY JONES, in Cecil Street, St. Martin's Lane. There had been some quarrelling, and Higgs wished to fight JONES, who seemed to treat the matter good-humouredly, but when the man came forward he documents. Sir BEAUCHAMP SEYMOUR will likewise receive a sword of honour and the freedom of the City."

This second is the better of the two. "He documents" might be a new American verb. But Sir BEAUCHAMP SEYMOUR likewise receiving a sword because Higgs had fought JONES, reads like part of a game of consequences.

DANCING.—The Anti-Temperance Movement—The Sottish.



"Les Manteaux Noirs": or, A Mourning Performance at the Surrey. Great Undertaking.

inclined to recognise more of the Monkey than the Man in Mr. CONQUEST's impersonation, but in this, Act VI., the densely-crowded House saw nothing to laugh at, and remained in a state of terrible suspense till the tragedy was completed, and the Curtain had descended on the escape of the Man-Monkey through the conservatory-window.

In the Seventh Act, moving from house to house, without

TROPES FOR TRIPPERS.

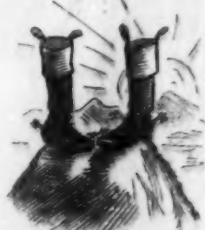
By Dumb Cranbo Junior.



An Alpenstock.



Bed of the Torrent.



Mountain Tops and Spurs.



A Rocky Descent.

A HANDBOOK OF KNOWLEDGE.

No. IX.—RAILWAYS.

PART II.—The Platform.

Q. Having at length procured his ticket, what is the passenger's next proceeding?

A. That depends upon circumstances, and the Station he may be starting from. If it be a Terminus, or important Junction, he will probably have to start on a lengthy exploring expedition, in search of his proper platform.

Q. But can he not at once make inquiry in the proper quarter?

A. There is no recognised and reliable "proper quarter" for such inquiries. He may, however, ask any official who will deign to listen. Of six such officials so interrogated, five will probably give diverse and conflicting answers. The sixth will reply, "Can't say, Sir, till the train comes in." By the time the train does come in, the passenger will probably have been urgently directed to quite another platform. Here he will be allowed to wait until the train is on the point of starting, when he will be vociferously hurried through long and intricate passages up flights of steep stairs, just in time to miss it. This process may be repeated as long as the strength and patience of the passenger hold out.

Q. Why is this?

A. In questions concerning railways, inquiry must be limited to the "how" and the "what." The "why" is a region of impenetrable darkness and mystery—so far at least as the public is concerned.

Q. But are not standing notices, numerical and otherwise, provided for the public information?

A. Sometimes. But these notices know no settled rule or fixed abiding place, save that the aim of their providers seems to be to make them as small in size, as unapparent in position, and as puzzling in purport as is possible. No man knows with certainty where to seek them, and by no means every man can understand or even decipher them when he finds them.

Q. How so?

A. They are commonly written in minute characters, or placed in obscure and out-of-the-way corners, perched so high that only long-visioned persons can read them, or so dirty, defaced, or obscured with confused chalk marks that they can be read by no one at all. A short-sighted person seeking a small notice board amidst a confusion of obtrusive huge-lettered advertisements is one of the most painfully convincing proofs of the dull and donkey-like endurance of the public, and of the dogged and mulish stupidity of officialism. The advertiser, who is seeking patronage, forces his Titanic posters on the public ken. The Railway Company, which is only providing the public with what it has paid for in advance, makes its most essential announcements obscure and difficult of discovery.

Q. Cannot inquiries, on minor points at least, such as the time of arrival of a certain train, the Stations it will stop at, &c., be ad-

ressed to some of the tribe of Station-Masters, Porters, &c., who flock on Railway platforms?

A. They can. But the process is beset with difficulties, and the results are at best problematical.

Q. How is that?

A. There are many reasons. At minor Stations it is the habit of these various officials to disappear absolutely during all intervals. Immediately before the arrival of a train they rush in from all quarters, like skirmishers, over the lines, up traps, down ladders, and out of hidden doorways; but they are then far too much occupied in dashing about, and howling, to furnish any intelligible information whatever to the anxious inquirer.

Q. And at larger Stations?

A. The attendants at these are men of many occupations, of uncertain temper, and much given to mental absorption, and to rapt observation of distant events. Such a person, engaged in picking walnuts, in imparting a joke or a racing "tip," in emptying a pewter-pot behind a door, in chatting with a much-be-ribboned "regular," in swearing at large, in watching a pigeon's flight, or meditating in a corner on the minor morals, can hardly be looked to for civil answers to reasonable inquiries. If he should condescend to notice your interrogation, his answer is apt to assume one or other of three somewhat unsatisfactory forms:—1. Curt avowal of ignorance, couched in the Porter's pet shibboleth, "Dunno," or "Can't say." 2. Careful misdirection. 3. Absolute unintelligibility.

Q. It would seem, then, that there is every probability of the passenger being detained on the Platform for some time. What provision is made for his accommodation in these circumstances?

A. The ordinary Railway Platform is the most exposed, draughty, dirty, and generally uncomfortable place in which a civilised being can dispose himself. At important Stations where there are Refreshment and Waiting-Rooms, the long-detained traveller may be spared the worst pangs of hunger, thirst, and cold. But at minor Stations, where even such partial luxuries are unthought of, he is exposed to every variety of physical discomfort.

Q. For example?

A. Prolonged sitting on a hard and damp or dusty seat, in a thorough draught, is not pleasant. Weary waiting in a bare, evil-smelling, and fireless box is not much better. Tedious tramping up and down a bleak stretch of asphalt, exposed to the erratic onslaughts of luggage-trolleys and milk-cans is, perhaps, worse. And these are commonly the three alternatives of the traveller who is doomed to wait on a Railway Platform.

FABLES REVERSED.

No. V.—THE DONKEY AND THE LION'S SKIN.



A DONKEY, who was not an Ass,
Wished for a valiant beast to pass;
And, just a trick his friends to try on,
Put on the skin of a dead Lion.
So fierce he looked that, when he brayed,
The animals were all afraid.
The roar was not quite leonine;
It might, though, have been genuine;
And the strange sound inspired such fright,
That from the forest all took flight.

MORAL.

What seems your own, you've practically got:
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.

PRIZE-PUZZLE PICTURE.—We have not, as yet, been requested to award the Prize-Puzzle War-Picture to any one of our illustrated weekly contemporaries; but, had we been so requested, we should unhesitatingly have adjudicated it in favour of the Graphic's representation of the "Advance of the Duke of Connaught's Brigade on Tel-El-Kebir," in its latest number. The Guards have their backs towards the spectator, and are clearly going forward; but the Duke of CONNAUGHT—at least, we suppose it is the Duke—and an officer, are urging their steeds at a tremendous pace towards the spectator, that is, just in the opposite direction to the Guards' advance. Not being military, perhaps we ought not to criticise this strategic movement, but to the ordinary eye of the simple Civilian, the effect suggested by the picture is that if the Guards, going from us, are advancing on Tel-El-Kebir, the two wild horsemen, coming towards us, are—well—at all events, not advancing on Tel-El-Kebir. Surely the Artist didn't mean this, and the para-graphic reference—a quotation from the D. T.'s Special—doesn't make the matter the least bit plainer.

LATEST FROM THE PORTE.—"Pull, SULTAN! Pull, BAKER!"



CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

"WHAT! ALL THAT FOR GRANDPA!"

"NO, DARLING. IT'S FOR YOU."

"OH! WHAT A LITTLE BIT!"

"ROBERT" AT THE GUILDHALL.

HAVING a lezzur hour or 2 on my hands, I sorntered on Thursday into the Court of Common Counsel at Gildhall to see my speeshal paytrons in their sollem and sober aspeks. And a grand site it is to all the trew lovers of our nobel old civic City.

There was the LORD MARE in the same gorgeous state as I lately seed him in at the Ague in Olland, with all the ensigns of office about him, but supported by two new Sherryffs insted of the two old 'uns as he had when he was all abroad, and by about a duzzen reel Aldermen, tho' I should ha' liked to have seen 'em in their lovely soarlet Robes trimmed all over with sabel brown fur, for without 'em they don't look werry much diffrent from the mere common Councillors.

Well, presently a fine portly looking Gentelman who I was told cum from pleasant Billingsgate got up and asked 'em all to give a wote of thanks and a gold box and a sword a peace to Sir CARDINAL WOESSEY and Sir BIRCHEN SEAMORE for their galliant services in Egypt. Ah, he did make a speech he did! It was of no use for lots of the common Counsel to keep a calling out, "Agreed, agreed! Time, time!" On he went for about three quarters of a nour a poundin away more like a old Roman horater, as I've herd my son WILLIAM read about, than a simple common Counsellor.

Not the least attenshun did he pay to all the noisy lot, tho' the noise was so great that I couldn't hear a single sentence of his most butiful and conwincoing speech, till when he had got nearly to the hend of his jolly long tether, he held up both his hands and shouted out, "We must spare his life, we must save him!" "Who? who?" shouted the C. Ca. "Who?" said the Gent from Billingsgate. "Why, HARRYBY!" At this there was a louder roar than ever of "Question, question," and at lenth he sat down. But some time after the resulushun had been past, the Gent got up again and proposed they should all stand up and give 3 Cheers for the troops in Egypt, but his boilin over enthusiasm was nipt in the bud by the LORD MARE a calling of him to Horder!

Then came by far the most important part of the hole matter and in which I of course felt myself pusionally interested, namely, how much money they was a going to wote for the customary Bankwet in Gildhall.

The Gent who had had hall the talk to hisself had said about £500. £500! why what a beggarly sum for a General a Admiral and the Officers and men of all ranks under their commands, and for all their nobel selves besides!

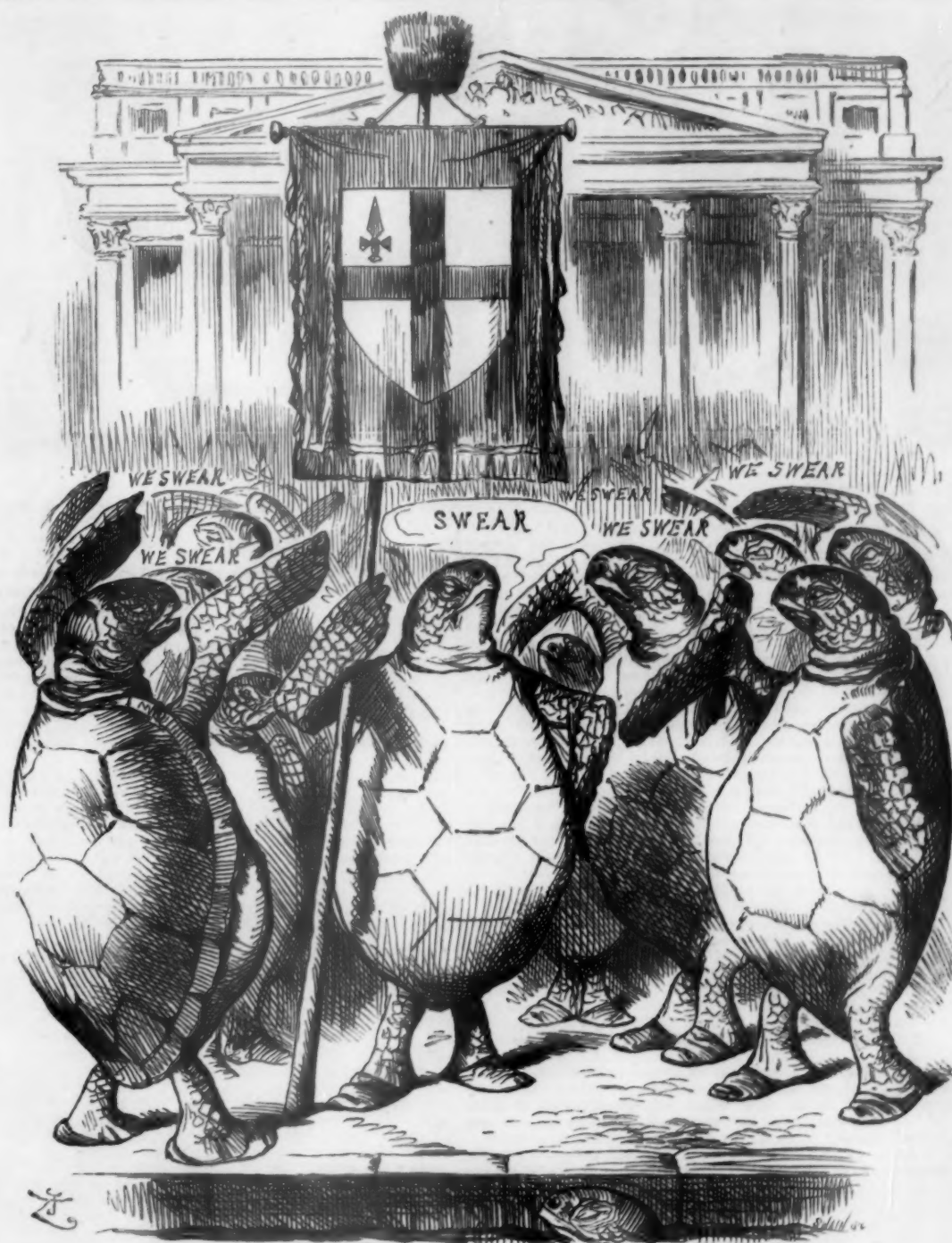
Why for about the fast time in my life I felt quite ashamed of 'em. But there was one Counsellor present, and a reel Gentelman too, I should say, who ewedently shared my feelins and guv notice to make it up to two thousand the nex time as they meets. So there's still a chance of their saving their character.

Take my word for it, Gentelman Counsellors, common or uncommon, that if there's one thing more than another as makes you respected in your Corporashun by every body, from the Prince to the Waiter, it's your liberality in money matters. Never mind the grumblers, you never taxes 'em so they needn't grumble, never mind the poor hungry barristers as wood only be too glad to heat the crums from your tables, never mind the sour and crabbed Gents as call theirselves States Men, and thinks theirselves clever ooz they're sawcastic, so long as you're truly libberal and gives away your money as you do by Pailfuls for all the many hills as flesh is air to, and gives grand bangkwets to such gardien angels as Generals and Admerals and Kings and Princes you may feel quite satisfied that your brilliant and savoury career won't be disturbed for many long years to come.

But if you're a going in for acconermy, which is only another word for meanness, or for saving, which is only another word for stingyness, then prepare to shut up shop, and believe with the worn out old Times that you've seen the election of the last Lord Mare of the City of London, and tho' from what I have seen and herd of him, he's likely to be about as good a Lord Mare as we ever had, there's one rayther good judge who don't bleeve he'll be the last, and his name is

ROBERT.

"OVERFLOWING HOUSES"—will be a fact in Belgravia, if Father Thames goes on the loose one night, and runs into the cellars in St. George's Square, and so on to Belgrave and St. George's Roads. "Oh for a Guarding Wall," or rather not "Owe," but "Pay for a Guarding Wall," must be the rallying cry of Belgravian Vestrymen and Ratepayers.



“THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE.”

THE TURTLES, IN THE MOST UNSELFISH MANNER, ARE PREPARED TO SACRIFICE THEMSELVES IN THE INTERESTS OF THE CORPORATION.

[“I shall look with very grave suspicion upon any proposition for altering the government of the Metropolis,”—*Speech of Lord Mayor Elect to the Liverymen.*]



"A FINE COPY OF THE NEW EDITION"

OF THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
BY JAMES M. SMITH, ESQ. OF NEW YORK
IN TWO VOLUMES. THE FIRST VOLUME IS NOW READY.
LONDON: PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, 1793.



GIVING THEM FAIR PLAY.

A LITTLE HOLIDAY.

After Lunch—Return—Choirs—Cure for Deafness—One Bumper at Parting—Ezeunt Johnnies—Back to Castle—Finish of Little Holiday Time.

AFTER luncheon The JOHNNIES positively refuse to return to the Eisteddfod. Professor EDWARDS looks in to tell me that if I want to hear a grand effect I had better hurry up for the performance of "The March of the Men of Harlech" by the competing Choirs. I tell him that unfortunately having caught cold last night my deafness in one ear has increased, and I am sure I want both ears to pay proper attention to the Eisteddfod Choirs.

Happy Thought (Shakspearian).—"Had I two ears I'd hear thee."

The Professor hasn't time to waste in arguing; he disappears, and finding The JOHNNIES indisposed to do anything but lounge and smoke, I return with WYNEVAN to the Eisteddfod Building, which we just reach in time to hear two admirable performances of "The March" by two competing Choirs. This time we do not mount the platform, where only the Choirs and their leaders are prominent; the "Conductor" of the Eisteddfod—which sounds as if the Eisteddfod were an omnibus—and the Eminent M.P. in the Chair having been both temporarily shunted into opposite corners, as if they were mere lay-figures which, having served their purpose, could be stowed away anywhere.

"I wish I weren't so deaf," I say to WYNEVAN. But before the finish of the sixteenth bar of the stentorian March, given by a couple of hundred voices, more or less, with thundering effect, I am conscious of something going crack inside my head—"Hope it's not your brain," says WYNEVAN. "No chance of that, my bonnie boy," says JOHNIE PROSEER,—"and I wish I could give him a repartee, a real stinger, but I can't at the moment—(a really good and new repartee being as difficult to produce just exactly at the right moment as is an appropriate simile—though by to-morrow I shall have one ready, and then, next time it's said to me, let that person look out)—and in a fraction of a second, and by the fraction of something else—"Your ten-penny," says JOHNIE, thinking this a facetious way of saying tympanum),—my deafness has utterly disappeared, and the "Men of Harlech" take me by storm. This is the one thing worth hearing—if there were any others, they were performed during my absence.

I confess to considerable disappointment. The Eisteddfod is not what it ought to be, and nothing to what it might be, if properly managed. WYNEVAN tells me that a Chief Committee is taking it in hand, and that all the Eisteddfod gatherings will, he hopes, be amalgamated in one great National Demonstration, to be held triennially; that the old ceremonies will be revived, every encouragement given to native talent, the London-concert element to be omitted, and such a locality chosen for so grand a meeting as shall offer opportunities for open-air performance, weather permitting, and for under-cover performance, weather not permitting.

The Ladies have already left for Glwanfa Castle. Coming down the town we meet HUGHIE GRILLATON with "J. B." and FREDDIE MICKHAM in a dog-cart; "J. B." driving. They pull up with a

"Whoop!" and a view-holloa that brings several people out of their houses, and then, speaking together, the three thank WYNEVAN for his hospitality of the previous evening, and regret they can't return to the Castle, as they are all engaged to dine with one another—it is not at all clear who is giving the dinner, or where in the neighbourhood they are engaged to dine—and are going out "grouching" next morning. JOHNIE, after being roundly abused by them for not joining them, which sounds odd with our host close at hand, bids them a temporary farewell, and there is a last dash at a bear-fight in the high road, arising out of an attempt on FREDDIE's part to stoop down from the dog-cart and take off JOHNIE's hat, who thereupon retaliates by trying to drag FREDDIE off his seat, when the horse, unaccustomed to these performances, makes a sudden start, which nearly jerks HUGHIE off the back seat into the road, in the middle of which in another second JOHNIE is left sitting without a hat, and his coat and waistcoat half off his shoulders. He has come rather heavily down. (*Happy Thought.*—"One Bumper at parting.") HUGHIE—who saved himself from falling by a side rail and a strap at the back of the box-seat—has within the next half-minute sufficiently recovered his equilibrium to be able to sound a blast of triumph on a coach-horn, as the dog-cart turns a corner, and the three "JOHNNIES" hallooing, whooping, and shouting, are lost to our eyes, and gradually to our ears.

"That's the worst of FREDDIE," says JOHNIE, as he picks his hat out of the mud, "he's never happy unless he's bear-fighting. But I very nearly landed him out of that cart." This reflection seems to afford some comfort to him, and the prospect of meeting "the other JOHNNIES" again not being very remote, he somewhat recovers his spirits, which appeared to have been a little damped at parting with his companions; and, left to himself and to us, he becomes a perfectly rational being, whom it would be impossible to associate with practical joking, bear-fighting, and "JOHNNIES" generally.

The Little Holiday is over for the present. I shall move on somewhere else—to several somewhere-elses—and try, in perfect quiet, to bring to maturity my new Simile Book, which I feel is so much wanted as to be quite a desideratum of the present age.

When it is once completed and published in a handy form, a man without a *Similia Similibus* Book will be like a . . . like a . . . Like a what? . . . Must think it out, and, when thought out, make it the motto to frontispiece.

Blunderbuss and Burglar.

How doth the useful Blunder B.
Improve the witching hour;
And let the brawny Burglar
see
Its sweet persuasive power!

A charge of swan-shot peppered o'er
The Burglar, I expect
Would teach him ne'er to burgle
more,
And cause him to—reflect!

"THE DERBY WEEK"—no, not the great race meeting at Epsom, but the Church Congress last week.

OPERA OF THE FUTURE.

"MIDAS" writes as follows:—" 'Rot your Italianos!' cried the wife of the Old English Alderman. 'I likes a simple ballat.' Sir GEORGE BOWYER, in a recently published epistle on 'The Future of the Italian Opera,' maintains, with much force, an argument to the reverse of that lady's malison. But what does the language of any libretto greatly matter to the hearer of any Opera? Unless he has got it to read, can he ever make out more than a word or two of words not articulated but sung, so that for the most part he only hears vowels and diphthongs reiterated, rested on, trilled, fugued—a succession of unintelligible sounds spun into 'linked sweetness long drawn out.' Even for the most serious opera, rather perhaps indeed than for *opéra-bouffe*, would not mere vocables such as 'do, re, mi, fa,' or 'one, two, three,' or, for that matter, 'toi do rol lol, &c., set with sufficient solemnity or pathos, if only accompanied by suitable pantomime, do just as well as words of which the sense is indistinguishable, even when they have any?'—Nay, "MIDAS!" Don't be a donkey.

THE G. O. M., at Penmaenmawr, informed the Taffes that he had "carried on war on the principles of peace." This is a sort of adaptation of Cardinal NEWMAN's remark on Dr. PUSEY's *Eirenikon*, which he termed an olive-branch discharged from a catapult. Mr. JOHN BRIGHT and HORRIBLE Pasha must be pretty much of the same opinion.

PLACE FOR RETIRED JOURNALISTS TO LIVE.—Pressburg, Austria.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 105.



THE REV. H. P. LIDDON.

CANON OF ST. PAUL'S, FIRING UP AT ANOTHER CANON IN THE FARRAR DISTANCE. HE IS ALL FOR "SHORT SERVICE" AND SERMON, I.E., THE LIDDON PRECEDED BY THE LIDDONY.

DELICACIES AT THE DAIRY-SHOW.

In the Dairy-Show at the Agricultural Hall, much attention was attracted by samples of "British Gorgonzola" and "British Camembert." This must please our French and Italian neighbours. Imitation is the sincerest flattery.

By way of return, perhaps French and Italian Dairymen will send us over "Neapolitan Cheshire," for example, or "Voages Cheddar," or "Côte d'Or Cheshire," and "Loire Stilton."

The "Sage Cheeses" also, were very much applauded. It would be a pleasing improvement of Sage Cheeses if they were moulded in the classical figures of ancient philosophers. These caseous images might then accordingly be named one Sage Cheese "Socrates," another, "Plato," a third, "Aristotle," a fourth, "Seneca," and so on with other antique Sages. Modern Sages also could have been represented by Sage Cheeses, as a "Hobbes" Cheese, a "Locke" Cheese, a "Newton" Cheese; nor would it, perhaps, be too much of a solecism to call a Sage Cheese "Bacon."

AWFULLY SCHOOL BORED.—Mr. MOSTYN-PRICE, Inspector of Schools in the district of Newport, Monmouthshire, has a very low opinion of DEYON and DICKENS. Extracts made from their works he stigmatises as "common-place stuff," and prefers cramming the wretched pupil-machines with CARLYLE, MILL, and HALLAM. A child fed upon prejudices, political economy, and philosophical history, and denied the humanising influence of imagination, will be a sweet thing to deal with as a man of the future.

CRITICISM FOR THE MILLION.

A COLLEGE for the Higher Education of Lower Class Left-Off'uns was opened, yesterday, at Ennyton. Lord D-BRY presided, and the Inaugural Address was delivered by Mr. M-TTH-W A-N-LD.

Mr. M-TTH-W A-N-LD, who, on rising, was much cheered by the little Left Off'uns, remarked that, perhaps, some of his audience had never even heard of his existence. ("No, no!") If so, he begged them to believe that it was certainly not his own fault. (Cheers.) He had been described as a literary quack, with a few cant phrases as his nostrums, and as a master of the art of polished slang. He need hardly say that persons who thought so were deplorable Philistines. (Cheers.) Others said that he was a kind of mixture of ERASMUS and ADDISON, with a flavour of M. RENAN, and a dash of Dr. BUSBY added. Passing, however, from personal matters, which he always found some difficulty in doing, he had now to consider what was the exact critical lollipop which might be most likely to tickle the palates of his little audience. All Englishmen ought to be more lucid. All middle-class people ought to go to Public Schools. Public Schools had sometimes been regarded as homes of Muscular Christianity. He (Mr. A-N-LD) preferred to consider them as haunts of Sweetness and Light. (Loud cheers.) The great need of our nation was Intellectual Urbanity. If he were asked, which he had not been, to state what the chief nations of Europe were conspicuously deficient in, he would say, with that amount of confidence which the invention of a few brilliant catch-words always inspired in him, that the French lacked Moral Continuity, the Germans Political Perspicuity, the Russians "geist," and the English Intellectual Urbanity. (Cheers.) Take, for instance, the habit of kicking refractory wives to death; who could doubt that a spread of Intellectual Urbanity would tend to a decrease in this national custom? Ritualism was due to lack of mental equi-

poise; so was Roman-Catholicism; so was Agnosticism; so was Dissent; so, in fact, was everything. The Upper Classes, whom he always liked to call Barbarians, and the Middle Class, whom, for his part, he could never designate except as Philistines, were shockingly lacking in this quality. As for the Lower Classes, for whom he had not yet discovered any satisfactory nick-name, they were deplorably destitute of Urbanity. He should be quite content if upon his tombstone, in Westminster Abbey, were inscribed the single sentence,— "He was distinguished for Intellectual Urbanity." (Loud cheers.)

Lord D-BRY remarked that there was, no doubt, a good deal in what had just been said. Parts of that address were striking, not to say peculiar. Mr. M-TTH-W A-N-LD was one of the most remarkable Critics of our time. Intellectual Urbanity, no doubt, was an excellent quality, and he should think about cultivating it himself; but he confessed he could not see how the navy, who worked twelve hours a day for six days out of seven, and came home dead tired at night, could find much time for this sort of thing. It must also be remembered that stagnation was not the highest form of existence; that activity and energy were quite as valuable as urbanity; and that this way of knocking off every class in the country as deficient in some brand-new patent virtue, was the sort of "Lucidity" which was found in its highest state of development in our Idiot Asylums. Some people, also, had chosen to assert that the Apostles of Sweetness and Light would reduce everything to Sourness and Blight. Otherwise, he quite agreed with the eminent Lecturer. (Cheers.) The Meeting then terminated in some confusion.

At the Royal Opera House, Berlin, on last Thursday night, the fire-proof curtain fell with a crash. This is something like bringing down the curtain with startling effect. Only, after this, about one month will have to elapse before the next Act can possibly begin.

TO THE ANTI-CYCLONE.

"An anti-cyclone is forming over these islands, which renders fine weather almost certain, but mist and fog will become increasing probably."—*Daily Telegraph*.

AN Anti-Cyclone, promising fine weather,
Is passing o'er these islands—well and good;
But there's a proverb that we learnt together,
"Don't halloo till you're well out of the wood."
This horrid anti-cyclone will insist
On bringing with it also fog and mist.

Fine weather! Meteorologists are mocking
Our hopes by talking of such days as fine!
Fog comes, the state of things is really shocking;
You're weather-bound, you daren't go out and dine;
And though all vehicles crawl slow as crabs,
Lo! carriages are charging into cabs.

Fine weather! when a blackness as of night
Comes o'er the City from the East and West;
We breakfast by a bilious gaslight,
The while depression weighs on every breast;
And looking sadly at the fog and smoke,
We wonder when we shall begin to choke.

So, Meteorologists, don't raise the curtain
That shrouds the future; or, if you insist,
Why tell us that fine weather's almost certain,
And then go on to promise days of mist?
Fine weather, truly, when our throats you clog
With all impurities of London Fog!

FLOATING CAPITAL.

It is satisfactory to find that even the Egyptian War has not quite obliterated the "great gooseberry" season. The *Globe* informs us that—

"A fisherman named GOWIN STRONG has just caught in the sea, about a mile from Watchet, a large conger eel, about 20 lbs. in weight. The fisherman found in the throat a purse containing half a sovereign."

We are glad to find that the Eel was caught in the sea, though perhaps it would have been more wonderful had it been caught on a turnpike-road. Is there not some mistake about the weight? Should it not be twenty pounds ten shillings? We understand purses are no longer called *porte-monnaies* at Watchet, but "Congers." "Go Win" was certainly not a bad name for this successful coin-catcher.



QUID PRO QUO.

Madame Gaminot. "OH YES, MONSIEUR JONES, J'ADORE LES ANGLAIS! ZEY UNDERSTAND BIZNESSE! FOR EXAMPLE, ZEY PAY ME SIXTY POUND—FIFTEEN 'UNDRED FRANCO—to sing 'LA BLANCHISSEUSE DU TAMBOUR-MAJOR' AT A EVENING PARTY! IT SEEM A GREAT DEAL! BUT ZEY LAUGH, AND ZEY SAY, 'OH, SHARMONG! OH, HAVISSONG!' AND IT MEK EVERYBODY SINK ZAT EVERYBODY ELSE KNOW FRENCH—IT ALMOST MEK ZEM SINK ZAT ZEY KNOW IT ZEM-SELFS!!! ÇA VAUT BIEN QUINZE CENTS FRANCS, J'ESPÈRE!"

HOW TO MAKE A PLACE PAY.

MEETING OF DIRECTORS OF THE GLASS HOUSE, MUDDLEHAM.

First Director. Still, somehow, the place doesn't seem to attract.

Second D. Well, we've done all we can; we've had an Electrical Exhibition.

Third D. Of immense interest to the majority of sight-seers, and in the way of startling novelties we've given the Public fireworks.

Fourth D. Very good they were, too. Quite enjoyed them.

Fifth D. So did I. And then we've got a Panorama!

Sixth D. And concerts!

Seventh D. And pictures!

Eighth D. And stalls, where you can't buy anything you want!

Ninth D. Yet the place doesn't pay. What is to be done?

Stupendous Genius. I have it. (*All listen.*) Look at the class we chiefly cater for, the class which considers this really a palace, which crams building and grounds.

Omnos. The working class.

S. G. Exactly. Now, you may have observed it is the habit amongst these people to come in tribes, to come early, to depart late. And you must know that they invariably bring baskets of provisions with them, being unable to afford the prices charged at the buffets, and, moreover, preferring to pic-nic quietly amongst themselves.

Omnos. Of course we know all this.

S. G. Well, then, let us place a notice over the entrance that no one shall be permitted to bring refreshments into the Palace without permission from the Board. [*Cheers. Board breaks up—as it ought to.*]

THE Bishop of LINCOLN objects to the office and work of a Bishop being styled *otium cum dignitate*. Would His Lordship have it *otium* without *dignitate*, or would he change *otium* into *odium*? As easily done as said just now.

WHAT TOURISTS NOTE.

(*Supplementary Facts—omitted from the Times List.*)

THAT everything is so much better on the Continent.

That the proverbially polite Frenchman never smokes before Ladies in a railway carriage.

That not for worlds would he shut the window in your face and glare at you if you ask for a little air.

That no official ever seen through a pigeon-hole at a post bureau is dyspeptic and insolent.

That sanitary improvements in Italy do not mean typhoid fever.

That where your bed-room walls are of paper, and somebody on one side of you retires in good spirits at two, and somebody else on the other gets up lively at four, you have a refreshing night's rest.

That rambling parties of Cook's tourists add immensely to the National prestige.

That the discovery of what it is you eat in a *vol-au-vent* at a "*diner à trois francs*," will please but not surprise you.

That it is such fun being caged-up in a railway waiting-room, and then being allowed to scamper for your life to the carriages.

That perpetual fighting to get into over-crowded hotels, crammed with vulgar specimens of your own fellow-countrymen, is really enjoyable and exhilarating work.

That a couple of journeys across the Channel, especially if it is blowing both ways, are at least always something pleasant to look back upon.

That when you once get home again, England, spite some trivial advantages, being without Belgian Postmen, French omnibuses, and Swiss Police-regulations, strikes you as almost unendurable.

FROM Sir E. HENDERSON's latest Police Report it appears that House-building and House-breaking are both on the increase.

CLUB CAROLS.—No. III.

THE HALL PORTER.

A PLEASANT, a calm, and inscrutable face,
Our Hall Porter shows in his cosy glass case;
He never is flurried, he's always exact,
His temper is good and he's plenty of tact;
He's master of *Bradshaw*, he always has change,
His knowledge of cab-fares hath infinite range!
Each Cabby will find himself bound to defer
To the rare common sense of our Hall Por-ter

A dun at a glance he'll detect, and a bore.
They'll find him polite, but they'll find nothing more!
He knows all your friends, and you're never annoyed
By people you're anxious to cut or avoid:
A careless observer would never suppose
The wonderful things that the Hall Porter knows!
He's 'cute as a Cabinet Min-i-ster,
So cautious and cool is our Hall Por-ter!

He'll send out and get you good stalls for the play,
Your letters he'll forward when you are away;
The smallest commission he'll never forget,
He'll whistle up cabs when it's terribly wet:
He's thoughtful and thorough, and anxious to please,
And might write a novel from all that he sees!
The whole of the members will doubtless concur
In the heartiest praise of our Hall Por-ter!

A CROWE PITCH.

MR. A. GWYLLYM CROWE seems to have made a good pitch—concert-pitch, of course—this season at Covent Garden. One evening



Study of Crowe-Bara.

last week, when there was no particular attraction, we found the house crammed full with a most attentive and highly appreciative audience that didn't promenade until the Concertists were well into the second part of the programme. There was a judicious selection from SCHUMANN, well and clearly rendered on the piano by a young lady whom Mr. CROWE might introduce as "My Waud,"—the name of the fair pianiste (whose costume of sky blue with silver

trimmings was, it occurred to us, a trifle too suggestive of a heroine at Astley's in the palmy days of the Equestrian Drama) being Miss FLORENCE WAUD.

Miss ROSA LEO appears here to far greater advantage than she did in some Strand *opéra-bouffe*, and we question whether, in spite of WEBER, WAGNER, and SCHUMANN, Master DONIZETTI's "*Il Segreto*" wasn't, after all, the popular song of the evening; while, undoubtedly, "*Ah che la Morte*," played on the cornet by Mr. HOWARD REYNOLDS, was the success of the orchestral selections.

Hurrah for DONIZETTI and VERDI, and long life to Italian Opera! Mr. HOWARD REYNOLDS knows so well how to play his own cornet that he hardly requires our assistance in blowing his trumpet. We only heard him do this solo, but should much like to listen to his performance of a theme and variations, which he might style "*Reynolds' Miscellany*."

A gavotte by LULLI, was very well played, but what a melancholy set of people must have danced to it! or, if they commenced gaily, what a damper this gavotte must have been to them!

They must all have burst into tears, and left the room before they reached the last figure. As the JENNY JONES of the Principality would say to Mr. GWYLLYM, "Gafotte intee!"—it's more of a Lalli-by.

The evening was enlivened by a sensational incident. After the performance of the *Lohengrin* "*Entr'acte*," there was a pause, and we were all anxiously expecting a certain Miss ELLA LEMMENS—who, however, in this instance proved herself to be an un-certain Miss Sella Genelums—to walk up and sing *Carmen's Seguedilla* song, that charming air hummed by the BIZET Bee. But no LEMMENS, no oranges—nothing! Evidently fruitless. Man, in rather dusty livery, stepped up and whispered to Mr. CROWE, who whispered to him in return. Man in dusty livery ducks his head, bolts in among the violins, and disappears. Pause. Audience impatient. Return of dusty-livery man. More whispers. Evidently something wrong somewhere. "The vocalist can't come," whispers, probably, the livery dusty man. "Well—will you sing something

instead!" whispers Mr. CROWE to the Liveryman. "See you blowed first," whispers the Liveryman, and bolts. Nothing for it, except that Mr. CROWE has to announce to the audience that Miss ELLA LEMMENS appears to be content with having her name in the programme, and considers personal attendance as a mere unimportant detail. Then, before the audience has time to express an opinion, Mr. CROWE wheels round, lifts his *bâton*, cries "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" and the band of the Coldstream Guards, which has combined itself with the orchestra to produce a big effect, comes out *fortissimo* with *Preciosa*.

Odd that the only bitter in the evening's entertainment arose from the absence of LEMMENS. As Mr. CROWE observed, "Where the juice could the Lemmens be?" We hope no serious accident prevented her arrival; that no tumble-down cabman caused the breakdown of *Carmen*; and trust that when she does sing there will be a crowd—quite a Lemmens-squash audience—to receive her in that appropriate Spanish market-place at the back of the Crowe Nest Orchestra, due to the ingenuity of Mr. BRUCE SMITH, where all the Toreadors, the Señoras, the Señors, the Grandees, Hidalgos, and Littlellos do mostly congregate, ready to listen to the notes of *Carmen*, and the orchestral music on a Gwyllym Crowe-matic scale of magnificence.

THE EGYPTIAN ALPHABET.

A stands for ARAB, put on his trial;
B is the Bondholder's beautiful smile;
C is the Caliph, who's not in the fun;
D denotes DUFFERIN—giving him "one";
E does for Egypt, pulled out of the fire;
F is the Figure the job will require;
G is "Grand GLADSTONE," who'll ask for supplies;
H is the Howl that he'll hear when he tries;
I is the Indian Force, fit to fight;
J is the Jingo, who jumps with delight;
K's the KHEDIVE, who his Ministers hail;
L is their Loyalty, bought with black mail;
M are the Mercantile tastes that abound;
N is a Notable, so much a pound;
O is Osiria, who looks on and winks;
P is the Puzzle, as good as the Sphinx;
Q is the Questioning Game others try;
R is our Resolute ring of reply;
S is the Service that holds the trump cards;
T stands for TECK, coming home with the Guards;
U is the Unified, ready to dance;
V is the Visible envy of France;
W's WOLSELEY, who'll soon hear our cheers;
X the Xpress that he takes to the Peers;
Y is the Yelp that Sir WILFRID will raise;
Z Zagazig—where he might end his days.

AN EARLY CLOSING CLÔTURE.

In answer to an invitation to stand for Finsbury in the Liberal interest on the next opportunity, Dr. B. W. RICHARDSON, L.L.D., F.R.S., has told the Executive Committee of the Finsbury Liberal Association, "that he shall be happy to meet them for the purpose of explaining his views as soon as his engagements will allow." Dr. RICHARDSON's reply might have been expected to be that he was very sensible of the compliment paid him by the Finsbury Liberals, and thanked them for their offer of a seat in Parliament as much as if he could accept it; but lamented that he couldn't. Not but that Dr. RICHARDSON may well be supposed quite capable of sacrificing his personal inclinations and professional interests to the public good; but it seems rather too much to expect him not only to sacrifice his health also, but, as a Sanitary as well as a Political Reformer, to set a bad example in so doing, by usually sitting up all night until two, three, or four, and still further on in the morning, during half the year, as he will have to do, if he consents to represent Finsbury.

It is, however, conceivable that Dr. RICHARDSON may be willing to undertake the task and the trouble of attending in the House of Commons, and sitting out nights of verbiage, for the express purpose of bringing his scientific authority and influence to bear on the Leaders of the House, and all the rest of the honourable and right honourable gentlemen, known by their much speaking, so as to induce them, if possible, to cut it short, and thereby enable the Legislature, every evening, to shut up at a reasonable hour. If so, then hooray for Dr. RICHARDSON, L.L.D., F.R.S! Dr. RICHARDSON for Finsbury! RICHARDSON for ever! Success to Dr. RICHARDSON in his struggle to induce the House of Commons to adopt a scientific and hygienic *clôture*. Finsbury will indeed have reason to be proud and happy, if the views above expressed shall prove to be those which Dr. RICHARDSON is going to explain as soon as his engagements will allow him. We pause for his explanation.

A DRAWING ON THE DEPOSITS AT DRUMMOND'S.



LONDONER OF THE PLEISTOCENE PERIOD, WITH THE BOS PRIMIGENIUS IN THE STRAND.

LONDONER OF THE VICTORIAN PERIOD, WITH THE BOS PRIMIGENIUS IN THE SAME LOCALITY.

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

MY DEAR BOYS,

S-andr-ngh-m, October, 1882.

I WAS most pleased to find your joint epistle waiting me on my breakfast-table this morning, and equally gratified to gather from the unusual facility with which I deciphered its interesting contents, that you had already made considerable progress in your latest curriculum of studies. Your excellent Tutor has evidently lost no time in correcting the nautical peculiarities of your illegible, but otherwise agreeable, handwriting, and I desire you to convey to him my sincere thanks for the kind manner in which he has already attended to my wishes in this regard. And while on the subject of your excellent Tutor, I wish, my dear Boys, particularly to impress on you the importance of keeping constantly in your mind the fact, that the most admirably conceived and effective practical joke proper to the gun-room, could scarcely, with any sense of propriety, be fittingly entertained in the study. And I must enjoin on you to reflect that the innocent and amusing ceremonial in which you may possibly have assisted King Neptune to welcome a messmate making his first acquaintance with the Equator, could under no circumstances be essayed in the case of a minister in holy orders, who had not even the recommendation of being at sea, but happened to be pursuing a quiet but important vocation on the shores of a classic lake. You have, my dear Boys, on more than one occasion crossed the Line. I trust that after my expressed injunctions on this subject you will let me learn that you also know where to draw it.

I am interested to hear that you are beginning to speak French with a Swiss accent which is as pure as the Swiss milk. I am also extremely gratified to know that you find the place a little more secluded than you expected. Believe me, there is no surer incentive to assiduous study than the absence of recreative distraction. If the length of this letter would permit, I could, by recounting to you the sombre experiences of my own Oxford and Cambridge days, reconcile you to the comparatively dull and colourless retirement to which you are at present consigned, and which you will some day acknowledge to have been so eminently beneficial.

But time presses. I am most happy to be informed that you have taken several long country walks. Try to cultivate a simple taste of this kind, for, believe me, in after-life you will find it almost invaluable. I will add, in conclusion, that while I am naturally anxious that your application should receive no unnecessary and demoralising check, at the same time I am not averse to your occasional indulgence in any innocent amusement. Should, therefore, a travelling Circus give a performance in the immediate neighbourhood, as you seem to anticipate, you have my full permission to attend one morning performance, subject, of course, to the programme meeting with the sanction and approval of your excellent Tutor, to whom I desire you to present my best compliments.

And now, my dear and merry Swiss Boys, as it is nearly half-past nine (my usual hour for retiring to rest), I must close this, and subscribe myself always Your affectionate Father, A. E.

THE PETS OF THE PLEISTOCENE.

[Fossil fauna have been found in excavating the foundations of Drummond's Bank, and Mr. ROWLAND WARD writes to the Times that "indigenous lions once roared where the electric light now shines at Charing Cross."]

How strange are the wild zoological dreams
That come from exploring old gravels and seams:
The animals must have been truly sublime
That were seen on the earth in the Pleistocene time;
And the Lion, we learn, was in those days "top boss"
Of the forests that flourished around Charing Cross.

Could they come back again, how the people would stare
To see Elephants walk in Trafalgar's wide square;
There the Irish and Red Deer would muster each morn,
And the mighty Rhinoceros raise up his horn;
While the *Bos primigenius* would come down the Strand,
Arm-in-arm with the Mammoth, to dine at "The Grand."

They'd stare at the statues, and wonder what great
Men had done to deserve so appalling a fate;
They'd see how the smoke-cloud, spread out like a pall
Over London, in darkness envelopes us all;
While the Thames of their time ran quite clear to the sea,
Lo! the Thames of to-day is as black as can be.

They would note crawling cabs, and see folks make a fuss
To get into that hearse on four wheels called a 'bus';
They would find when the snow came all vehicles stop,
And that traders in town might as well shut up shop;
They would see how the Rough was the lord of the street,
And the Peeler, when wanted, was not on his beat.

So the Mammoth would think, and the Lion would vow,
That the days when they flourished were better than now;
And that Man prehistoric was festive and fat,
Though his shin-bones they say were uncommonly flat:
Then the earth was far freer from troubles and crimes.
Oh, why can't we go back to Pleistocene times?

BREAKFAST FOR TWO.—Mr. J. T. BEDFORD, at the Court of Common Council, expressed his opinion that £500 was a very shabby amount for the City to fork out for a *déjeuner à la fourchette* to be given to Sir BRADCHAMP SKYMOUR and Sir GARNET. Quite right, Mr. J. T. B., and when we and two or three of our young men want something good in the way of a *déjeuner*, we know the host we shall choose. Breakfast for two eminent persons at £250 a head! Pahaw! Not worth mentioning.

"ON THE TAPIS."—Questions about the Holy Carpet. If our carpet were holey, we should cover it up with a drugget.



DISENCHANTMENT.

Dancing Man. "SPLENDID WOMEN!"
Cynical Friend (Dentist). "AH! BUT MOST O' THEIR SMILES ARE MINE, Y'KNOW!"

MR. GREENHORN'S EXPERIENCES.

THE LIBERAL HABERDASHER.

I HAVE just received a Circular from Messrs. ISAACS and LAWSON, Haberdashers, that has filled me with profound regret.

It is addressed to Mrs. GREENHORN, but as, fortunately or unfortunately as the case may be, there is no Mrs. GREENHORN, I took the liberty of opening it, and what do I find? A kindly intimation to a supposed Mrs. GREENHORN that, in consequence of the terrible and unprecedented depression in the Silk Markets, Messrs. ISAACS and LAWSON have been enabled to purchase an enormous quantity of the most costly Silks and Satins at such ridiculously low prices, that some of them are for sale at little more than a quarter of what they cost to manufacture!

That of itself is terrible enough to think of, for of course under such circumstances, there must be an end of all silk manufacturing for years to come, and consequent fearful distress among the poor operatives. But there is always a silver lining to a cloud, however black it may appear to us, and so it is in the present sad case. Having made this enormous purchase at such absurdly low prices, what steps do these patriotic Gentlemen next take? Do they endeavour to make enormous profits out of the misfortunes of their fellow-countrymen at Macclesfield, Manchester, and Spitalfields, or of their silky friends at Paris and Lyons? No, certainly not, but with a degree of magnanimity seldom equalled, never excelled, they desire to make even an imaginary Mrs. GREENHORN a partaker of their good fortune, and they actually offer her, in one tempting lot, "7,650 yards of good 22 inch silks, for evening wear, all in perfect condition, at 1s. 7½d. per yard, the usual price being 3s. 9d.!"

If that is considered too large a quantity for one lady, presumably of moderate dimensions, they offer her "2,152 yards of large check all silk Grenadines, at 1s. 10½d. per yard, original price 4s. 9d.!"

Again, supposing she requires but a very moderate quantity of these costly productions, she may possess herself of any quantity of Ombre Silk and Tinsel Balzarine, 20 inches wide, at 9½d. per yard,

which actually cost 2s. 10½d. to manufacture! Perhaps, when I add that Black Satins, in perfect condition, are to be had at 1s. 10½d. per yard, and other Black Satins, slightly damaged, at 2½d. per yard, I have reached a lower depth in commercial depression than was ever known since the days of EVE, who, presumably, would not have been tempted even by such bargains as these.

I don't know much about such 'mysterious matters as Ladies' dresses myself, but I was speaking at the Club yesterday to TOM ROBINSON, who knows all about everything, and he quite agrees with me that no Lady could possibly want such enormous quantities of silks, however cheap they might be, though, as TOM says, they do dearly love a bargain.

Of course, too, they must want largely increased quantities for what they call their trains, TOM calls them their dusters, and they certainly do keep the floors in capital condition.

However, be that as it may, as I have one or two female relatives in the country to whom I should like to show a little attention, especially a somewhat precise maiden Aunt from whom I have some considerable expectations, I have written to Messrs ISAACS and LAWSON, requesting them to forward a sufficient quantity of the "good 22 inch Silk, for evening wear, at 1s. 7½d.," to the Aunt in question, and to my other two female Relatives, sufficient of the "all Silk Grenadines at 1s. 0½d.," to make them handsome dresses. In each case I have also ordered a small quantity of the slightly damaged Black Satin at 2½d. for trimming, and I make no doubt my unwonted liberality will cause them as much surprise as gratification.

It is not often in these days of heartless competition, that we find Tradesmen coming forward with a spirit of liberality worthy of any age or of any race to ask the Public to share thus largely in their good fortune, and, not content with that, they advise their friends to come early.

TOM says laughingly that their reason for so advising is, that it is usually the early worm that is caught by the bird, and that they open their doors at the unearthly hour of nine for the purpose of taking in the early comers, such as the imaginary Mrs. GREENHORN; but, as usual, I don't quite see the joke. JOSEPH GREENHORN.

SONG OF THE OYSTER LAND.

By a Longing Fellow.

"Oysters are abnormally dear in the New York market."
Daily News.

INTO the Oyster Land!

Ah! who shall lead us thither?

Our hopes from the New World now pale and wither,

There is no joy in Chesapeake and the Strand.

Who'll lead us with a friendly hand,

Thither, oh thither,

Into the Oyster Land?

Into the Oyster Land!

To you, ye nameless regions

Of Native worth. Delicious daily visions

Of some Ostrea, beautiful and bland.

Where at the bar a man might stand

Gulping cheap bivalve beauties

Down, in the Oyster Land!

O Land! O Land!

No longer hopeful joy stirs

Within my bosom. Rubbish, tinned and potted,

Mocks one, by no bright herald now doth stand,

To lead us, with a liberal hand,

Into the land of the cheap good Oysters,

Into the Oyster Land!

Lotes-Eating Bumbledom.

THE Strand is knee-deep in mud, and half the streets of London are blockaded with inverted wheelbarrows and hillocks of wooden blocks, on which the exhausted labourer rests, with his pipe in his mouth, like a Neapolitan Lazzarone. In the meantime St. Pancras admits the possession of nineteen hundred able-bodied paupers, who are doing nothing and living on the rate-payers. How many less candid parishes are in the same position? Shall we be far wrong if we say there are twenty thousand able-bodied Lotes-Eaters, snoring their lives away, and eating something besides the lotus? If the paupers are able-bodied, their governors are not able-headed, or this shameful waste of labour would not exist another minute.

BUBBLE CONCERNS.—Aerated Water Companies.



"TIDINGS OF COMFORT AND JOY!"

Mr. Punch (Inspector of Nuisances). "HALLO, YOUR GRACE! GOING TO CLEAR OUT MUD-SALAD MARKET AT LAST, EH?"

"There are signs that Covent Garden Market and its approaches are to be improved."—*Truth.* (Is it?)

THE MEDDLEVELEXERS IMPROVING.

BRAVO, Meddlevex Magistrates! As that eccentric enthusiast, styling himself "General" BOOTH, could not or would not give a straightforward answer to your very plain question, you were quite right to decide that he should only be a Singing, and not a Dancing BOOTH.

There was some clause in the Eagle's agreement—the Eagle would be nothing without his claws, of course—by which the General hoped to procure the licence in question. But the Magistrates didn't see it; so the Eagle's claws were cut, and he won't dance. Quite bad enough for the Salvationists to sing—judging from the specimens given in last Friday's *Morning Post*—but should they also become dancing Dervishes, several new Lunatic Asylums would have to be erected for the benefit of the devotees.

The Proprietor of the Oxford Music-Hall must be delighted at having his licence renewed without a dissentient voice, the recommendation being the "decorous dulness" of the entertainment.

This is unfair: decorous, yes; but dull, no,—at least, not when ARTHUR ROBERTS was singing some of his lively ditties; but, of course, if "we're going to do without 'em," things mayn't be quite "what they used to was in that sweet singer's time."

Promise and Performance?

"The new domestic drama by the Laureate is said to be written in prose,"
Daily Paper.

WHEN ALFRED stoops to lower flight
And common diction dons,
One wonders if his prose will quite
Outweigh his critics' cons.

EUCLID à LA HOWARD VINCENT.—Q. What is a point?—A. A point is that which has position, but not magnitude. Q. What is a fixed point?—A. A fixed point is that which has a policeman in position, but is unknown to the vast majority of the citizens of London.

BY OVERLAND ROUTE TO LYCEUM.

THE OVERLAND ROUTE was written by TOM TAYLOR for a certain set of popular Actors associated with the Haymarket Theatre. It was a capital piece of work at the time, each Actor being correctly measured and perfectly fitted by our *Sartor Dramaticus*. It was such pleasant and easy work to write for BUCKSTONE, COMPTON, and CHARLES MATHEWS; and as long as they were fitted, the rest was mere detail, and mattered very little. What were the odds as long as they, the principals, were happy? The audiences of those days went to see BUCKSTONE and MATHEWS, and as long as these comedians amused them, the plot of the piece, its Author, its title, and even the names of the characters represented by their favourites, were matters of very little importance.



"Things isn't now as they used to was in my late husband's time."

But nowadays everybody is a Critic: the bill is carefully scrutinised to see who plays what, and we absolutely dare to expect that Actors shall sink their personal identity in the part each one may have to represent. We are not satisfied to see Mr. BANCROFT as *Tom Dexter*, but he must so impress us with the fact that his *Tom Dexter* is the only possible person of that name, that we must be positively unable to imagine any other. The audience that, years ago, saw CHARLES MATHEWS as *Tom Dexter*, would have been utterly disappointed had that rattling light Comedian ceased to be himself, and become the character he impersonated. No matter what the name of the character, as long as it was a "touch-and-go" part—anything with a "patter" dialogue—CHARLES MATHEWS, in spite of all disguise, remained CHARLES MATHEWS to the end. This, of course, only applies to him in this sort of impersonation, as his *Sir Charles Coldstream*, his *Affable Hawk*, and his *Lavater* were distinctly marked characters. But *Tom Dexter* in the *Overland Route* was simply another name for CHARLES MATHEWS in that play, and if he be made, what Mr. BANCROFT can scarcely help making him, an earnest, energetic, muscular Christian, but shallow philosopher, who tries to conceal his melancholy temperament by the assumption of a boisterous geniality, then the mainspring of the work is injured, and the mechanism halts. It is not that Mr. BANCROFT is not the Author's *Tom Dexter*, but it is that the Author's *Tom Dexter* was CHARLES MATHEWS—no one else. To institute a comparison would be unfair; there can be none. Mr. BANCROFT himself, in his most hilarious moments, would never have commissioned an Author to write such a part as this for him. He thought he could give a new reading of the character which should be equally true to the Author's intention, and equally as effective as CHARLES MATHEWS' rendering of it. He has given a new reading, but the character won't stand it. It might have fitted Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM, who would, perhaps, have overbusted it; but do with it what he will, act it as carefully and as well as he possibly can, Mr. BANCROFT remains Mr. BANCROFT to the end, as Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS remained himself, only that the



"Mrs. D." bright as Mrs. So-bright, between the Elders.

character was written for the latter, and not for the former. Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS could not have played *Captain Hawtrey* in *Caste*, and in this Mr. BANCROFT was inimicable.

Mr. DAVID JAMES is very funny as *Lovibond*, but the notion will haunt us that he is doing his utmost to avoid being like BUCKSTONE, and that the broad side-

splitters in which the old Haymarket favourite, as a chartered libertine, revelled—is perpetually entrapping him into a momentary imitation of the original exponent of this utterly farcical character.

Mrs. JOHN WOOD is excellent, and her scenes with Mr. D. JAMES are capital farce; but the dialogue, which has been written into (and

which since the first night may have been expunged) the Third Act, is weak compared with all the good things they have to say belonging properly to the piece.

Mr. BANCROFT, from beginning to end, is excellent, only once overdoing a scene with Mrs. JOHN WOOD until, brief though it is, it began to remind us of the quarrel in *Madame Angot* rather than a fencing-match between a couple of Ladies,—though, by the way, in what society these Ladies move (what was Mr. *Lovibond* professionally?) is not quite clear; so that, after all, a considerable latitude may be allowed both ladies—and they do allow it to themselves, and make the most of it.

Mr. ALFRED BISHOP, as the old made-up fop, with false teeth and dyed whiskers, gives a carefully considered bit of character; so also does Mr. BROOKFIELD, who certainly completely loses his own identity in his impersonation of the old Indian officer—a fact that will forcibly strike anyone who sees him first of all in his drawing-room monologue which precedes the comedy,—a plucky attempt, by the way, on which we congratulate him, and, in the words of Mr. *Sam Weller*, after his joke to Mr. *Blazes* at the Bath footmen's swartry, we hope that he'll "try a better next time."

Mr. SMEDLEY's card-sharper cowardly *Captain* was about as good as it could be; and Mr. EVERILL's *Major McTurk* wasn't.

The piece is marvellously well put on the stage. Those P. and O. steamers must be magnificent, judging from this specimen, and the height of the cabins must be equal to that of a Belgrave-Square drawing-room. The Deck Scene is admirably contrived: the stage-



"Masher" James. Very pale face effect of James's powder.



Tom Deck-stir. One of the Deck-orations at the Haymarket.

management admirable, and the way in which the finish of the Second Act of this very light comedy is suddenly intensified into a thrilling melodramatic climax, is strictly true to the life.

The piece, if never interesting, is at all events very amusing, and the new *Overland Route* at the Haymarket will be popular for some time to come.

The *Lyceum*.—We must defer till next week what we have to say concerning *Much Ado About Nothing*, but we have great pleasure in recording, *d'avance*, that, whether for acting or for *mise-en-scène*, this is the most thoroughly successful of all the pieces yet put on this stage under the management of Mr. HENRY IRVING, who, as far as he himself is personally concerned, has never been seen to greater advantage. He is essentially a comedian, an admirable comedian, and though there could be no doubt as to who was playing *Benedick*, yet the performance was so singularly free from all the Actor's familiar mannerisms of speech and action that we had before us the real



Taking steps in the right direction.

Benedick of SHAKESPEARE'S comedy, as, for the companion picture, we had the real *Beatrice* in Miss ELLEN TERRY.

Music.—We have no space left, and therefore no lines, for the Grand Opera at Toole's Theatre, nor for the New Opera at the Comedy. *En attendant*, as to the first, we strongly recommend every one to "catch the Speaker's eye"—"The Singer's I," says Mr. TOOLE—at 10 P.M. any evening. At the Comedy, the production of *Rip Van Winkle*, which, but for there being just something left of the good old story, might almost as well have been styled *Rip Van Pickwick*, or *Rip Van Snodgrass*, was preceded by a banquet given to the French Composer, Librettists, and foreign Journalists, by the Manager of the Theatre, whereat one of our principal English Musical Critics drank to the success of M. PLANQUETTE'S new Opera. We are not aware whether this entertainment, so thoughtfully provided by the Manager of the Comedy Theatre, was largely attended by our Musical and Dramatic Critics; but if *Rip Van Winkle*, seen through champagne glasses, was not, in the eyes of the Critics, at all events, a big success, it will not have been the fault of the Manager, who so judiciously applied Dr. MOWBRAY MORRIS'S "Chicken-and-Champagne" preventive treatment for Critical weaknesses.

HISTORY RE-VIEWED.

By Whyte Washcher.

NO. II.—OLIVER CROMWELL, THE MONARCHY'S DEFENDER.

THE subject of this sketch was born at Huntingdon, in 1599, and from his earliest years was distinguished for his devoted fidelity to CHARLES THE FIRST, of whom he was one of the most intimate friends and staunch supporters.

In 1626, CROMWELL, who had failed at St. Ives as a farmer, came up to London and entered Parliament. Here he was very much worried by the vagaries of his royal master, who was constantly playing idiotic tricks upon him. CHARLES and OLIVER were very unlike, but, by the aid of a clever theatrical *perruquier*, the former could "make-up" so exactly like the latter, that their closest intimates could not tell the difference between them. Taking advantage of this power of disguising himself, CHARLES (who was passionately fond of practical joking) used frequently to enter the House of Commons in the costume of CROMWELL. But this was not all. The King, once in his friend's seat, used immediately to rise and give vent to the most democratic opinions—sentiments utterly opposed to CROMWELL'S feelings. After one of these freaks, CHARLES would implore OLIVER "not to spoil the fun" by revealing the fraud to his colleagues. Thus bound over to secrecy, the poor fellow had to carry on the deception, and gained in time, in consequence, a reputation as a Puritan and a Republican. But his clothes, as well as his reputation, suffered by these proceedings. CHARLES was very careless of OLIVER'S doublet and hose, and often took them off in rags and tatters. Thus, OLIVER was known not only as a traitor, but a sloven. He was so persecuted by the Madcap CHARLES that at last he determined to set sail for America. The King, however, hearing of his butt's intended departure, immediately prevented the ship in which his berth had been taken from starting. So poor OLIVER was forced to return to Westminster, where, once more, the absurd freaks of his illustrious companion constantly got him into trouble. It was the favourite manoeuvre of CHARLES to lure OLIVER into taking a hot bath in the Palace. The moment the favourite was safely covered with water, his incorrigible associate used to annex his clothes, leaving him only an old dressing-gown in their place. Then CHARLES would tell OLIVER that he was off for a month, and that he (OLIVER) must represent him during his absence. Fearful that the joking of his royal friend should be discovered, the luckless CROMWELL had to consent. During these trips of CHARLES, OLIVER used to keep his room, under the pretext of a bad cold. He was forced to avoid seeing anyone for fear of identification, and would only sign what was given him by CHARLES'S Ministers, when the papers were pushed under the door of the King's bed-chamber. To make matters worse, CHARLES was constantly opposing Royalty in the character of CROMWELL, and, to use his own words, "mixing up things amazingly." Poor OLIVER, quite unused to affairs of State, signed everything recklessly, including the death-warrant of Lord STRAFFORD, who was thus beheaded accidentally.

In spite of this warning, the King grew fonder and fonder of his masquerading, and CROMWELL was nearly always established in the Palace. He remonstrated in the most solemn manner with his royal friend, and once actually refused to be a party any longer to his master's deceptions.

"On your allegiance, Sir," cried CHARLES, haughtily, "I bid you to remain as you are. I hate State, and infinitely prefer to be known as OLIVER CROMWELL to playing the part of the Monarch. Not another word. I command you, on your allegiance, to obey me."

Thus ordered, the young man could only submit, so great was his reverence for the royal dignity. But, as CHARLES'S absence became longer and longer, matters grew worse in the country, and CROMWELL, at length, after a series of adventures (resulting from a number

of very elaborate practical jokes), found himself a close prisoner at Whitehall. Here, in the character of his servant, the King visited him.

"Sire," cried OLIVER, falling upon one knee, "see to what straits you have brought me. I am actually going to be tried for you, and the probabilities are that I shall be beheaded in your place! With the greatest possible respect, may I suggest that this is too much, too much!"

"There is a great deal of sense in what you say, my dear NOLL," replied CHARLES, "but I could not help succumbing to the temptation of seeing you floundering about in my boots and crown. You made such a mess of the Scotch campaign; and, oh! you were perfectly killing when you ran away at Naseby! I wonder how you managed to keep up my character, and that no one discovered you?"

"I was forced to feign a toothache, Your Majesty," explained CROMWELL, "and consequently walked about for several months with my head tied up in a bundle."

"Ha, ha!" laughed CHARLES. "Well, my dear OLIVER, this is the last trial to which you shall be subjected, but you must let me have one joke more," and then he explained his plans.

In the character of the King, CROMWELL was tried and condemned. He was ordered to be beheaded. On the day before the execution, CHARLES (disguised as OLIVER) called upon him with a large bundle.

"See here!" said he, as he opened the package, "here is a pantomime head of myself. You will wear this to-morrow, and the executioner (who is in the secret) will chop this off instead of your own."



"The Great Block-Head Trick; or, that's how it's done."

The only person who knows of the little trick is good Bishop JUXON. Isn't the idea a humorous one?" CROMWELL was forced to confess that the notion was undeniably quaint.

"You are a good fellow, OLIVER," cried CHARLES, with some emotion. "I am sorry, by my thoughtless gaiety, to have put you to so much inconvenience."

"Say no more, Sire," replied CROMWELL, falling on his knees. "I would do anything in the sacred cause of Monarchy. Long live the King!" The next day the execution took place, and the "big head" of CHARLES THE FIRST was cut off with due solemnity. The King, who would insist upon "seeing the fun," was concealed beneath the scaffold. Suddenly His Majesty shouted out, "Remember!"—a proceeding which afterwards subjected JUXON to thousands of inquiries (by post and personal) as to what was the meaning of the word—and the ceremony was over.

It remains only to be said, that, after this, OLIVER retired into private life, and CHARLES (assuming his friend's name and appearance) took his place at Whitehall. The latter was a most successful Administrator, and was for many years honoured as "the Lord Protector." When they both died, there was some confusion about the sites of their respective graves, for reasons which, after this explanation, will be sufficiently obvious. The story is now lost in the mist of ages, but one thing is very certain, that OLIVER CROMWELL richly merited the proud title of "the Monarchy's Defender."

THE LONGFELLOW MEMORIAL.—Mr. JONES, the proprietor of the *Madborough Gazette*; Mr. HORATIO DELAMERE, of the Theatre Royal, Slushington; Mr. MOORE, of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels; Herr MEYER LUTZ, conductor of the Gaiety Orchestra; Mr. D'O'YLEY CARTE; General BOOTH; Mr. FRED ARCHER; Mr. ALFRED THOMPSON; Mr. DION BOUCHICHAULT, and Mr. J. L. TOOLE have joined the Longfellow Memorial Committee.



LOST ILLUSIONS.

WHEN AGATHA GOLDMORE FIRST MET HIM, IT WAS AT THE SEASIDE. HE WORE A WHITE FLANNEL SHIRT, AND KNICKERBOCKERS TO MATCH, AND SHE THOUGHT HE LOOKED LIKE A YOUNG GREEK GOD, FRESH FROM OLYMPUS!

MORAL.—Why not wear White Flannel Shirts and Knickerbockers every day, even in the City, and look like Olympian Gods (since it seems they used to dress something like that), all the Year round!

SHE NEXT MET HIM IN LONDON. GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT A SHOCK! HE LOOKED FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE A COMMONPLACE YOUNG CLERK IN SOME CITY BANK—WHICH, ODDLY ENOUGH, IS JUST WHAT HE HAPPENS TO BE!

WELCOME!

BACK! Welcome, and bravo!
Most believed, and now all know,
That the same old dash and go
Marked our men;

When it comes to battle's shocks
And exchanging of hard knocks,
You are chips of our old blocks,
Now as then!

Our Old Guards at Waterloo
Had some heavier work to do,
Yet they did the same as you—
What was wanted.

Praise from them you might have
got

For that twenty minutes hot
Ere poor ARABI's scratch lot
Quick levanted.

A short innings, as you say,
But a good one, all the way,
And it wasn't dandy play
Near the Nile.

Horse and man you had the laugh
Of quidnuncs too smart by half,
And too ready with the chaff
And the smile.

Not all holiday elation,
Yet within one short Vacation
You have rendered Queen and
nation

Service splendid.

Punch is pleased to lift his hand
In salute to the brave band,
And of what on Egypt's sand
Horse and men did.

MORE WAGGERY.

WE were delighted to see that a Museum had been opened by and in connection with the employes of the South-Western Railway. A glance at the Catalogue shows at once how important and interesting this Exhibition must be.

No. 1. "The Train that was Punctual."—An oil-painting representing one of those occurrences in the history of the S.-W. R. which are so curious and strange as well to deserve the attention of the Artist. Note the delirious joy on the faces of the passengers, and the dazed look of the officials.

No. 37. "We are Seventeen."—A water-colour. The painter has slyly parodied the words of the great Poet to give point to his humorous design. The interior of a first-class railway carriage is depicted, filled, as the picture's title denotes, with seventeen pas-

sengers. It is impossible to describe this work in detail, but the visitor should not fail to observe the young Lady into whose face a bullet-headed ruffian is puffing tobacco-smoke. We think that a race-day at Epsom, Goodwood, Ascot, Sandown, or Kempton is hinted at by the capital group in the far corner, where four men are playing cards over the body of an old clergyman. Can these men be Welshers? They look like it. By a happy inspiration which amounts to genius, the Artist has thrown up in strong relief the announcement, "This compartment to hold eight passengers."

No. 84. "A Model of a Third-class Carriage."—Though only on the scale of a quarter of an inch to a yard, so admirably is this model executed that as one looks at it, one can feel the discomfort that would attend a journey in the original; one can smell the close, dusty, dirty odour that would accompany one on that journey; one can conjure up the dawdling rate between stations, the long stoppages at stations, which would be an essential part and parcel of that journey. This model deserves more than a passing look.

No. 111. "Which Platform?"—This is a spirited little sketch. A Gentleman, whose luggage is labelled "Midhurst," is putting the question, "Which platform?" to a crowd of Guards and Inspectors who, by the good-humoured puzzlement on their countenances, are evidently unable to answer the conundrum. They give it up. The agony on the questioner's face is really comic; while the chagrin on the face of his wife, who fears missing the train, is equal to the best work of any of our satirical Artists. A delicious confusion is added to the *tout ensemble* by the delineation of porters carrying various articles of luggage, all labelled "Midhurst," to different platforms.

No. 200. "How Beautiful is Sleep!"—A tender, touching picture representing a signalman in his box, enjoying that repose which fourteen hours' incessant work has surely entitled him to.

No. 250.—Surely there is some mistake in the numbering here. "250" in the Catalogue is set down as "A Meeting of the Directors of the S.-W. R." "250" on the walls represents a drove of asses eating thistles in a field. We trust that before our next visit this mistake will be rectified.



SHORT SERVICE AND QUICK RETURNS.

F.-M. PUNCH. "GLAD TO SEE YOU BACK AGAIN, DEAR BOYS! YOU'VE SHOWN WHAT SORT OF STUFF YOU'RE MADE OF, AND WE'RE PROUD OF YOU! WELCOME HOME!"

LUNCH.



OLD STYLE.

NEW STYLE.

A PLATONIC DIALOGUE

For Oxford Readers.

Salisbury (subacidy). You, as Vice-Chancellor I'm sure will use
Your best Essays—ahem!

Jowett (blandly). When one Reviews

These twenty years—

Pray don't! As the Gamaliel

Salisbury (quickly). Of the ambitious neophytes of Balliol
Your eyes are on the future.

Jowett (meditatively). Ah! Time's merry tick
Soon spans the gulf 'twixt Chancellor and—heretic.

Its whirligig, as SHAKESPEARE says—

Salisbury. No matter,
We may be Gallios—to fanatic chatter.

Time teaches us placidity Platonic.

Jowett (drily). And the still trenchancy of the—Ironic.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

(Or, what they don't tell us. Pharmaceutical.)

MACKILLUM'S LIFE BALSAM.—Is a drastic, dangerous, deleterious, and deadly compound.

MACKILLUM'S LIFE BALSAM.—An extremely obscure and needy Physician writes:—"I find the Scammony present in sufficiently formidable quantities, but in combination with plaster of Paris, fuller's earth, soap, saffron, sugar, chalk and vitriol, in the large proportions you name, you will at least remove the Balsam from the category of ostensibly homicidal preparations. As to your Formula, it is commercially admirable. If you get your materials a little damaged, and wholesale, and sell at the stock price, you ought to work the thing at a profit of about two thousand per cent. Thanks for the cheque: I wish you all success. P.S. If the market-prices for saffron and yellow soap should get a little stiff, you can easily supply the place of the former by common ochre, and substitute for the latter coal-fat (to be had for the carting away, from any gas-works). You will find the above change in no way diminish the peculiar efficacy (ha! ha!) of the Balsam, while it cannot fail to prove a distinct financial advantage to yourself."

MACKILLUM'S LIFE BALSAM.—Instantly ruins the digestion.

MACKILLUM'S LIFE BALSAM.—Shatters the Nerves to pieces.

MACKILLUM'S LIFE BALSAM.—Infallibly destroys the Appetite.

MACKILLUM'S LIFE BALSAM.—Sets up frantic Neuralgia.

MACKILLUM'S LIFE BALSAM.—Is rich in Rheumatism.

MACKILLUM'S LIFE BALSAM.—Renders Life quite Intolerable.

MACKILLUM'S LIFE BALSAM.—NOTICE.—Notwithstanding the appalling consequences that have invariably resulted from even an occasional recourse to this well-devised scourge; yet, by a large expenditure in the shape of vulgar and impudent advertisement, and a deserving confidence in the boundless gullibility of an idiotic public, Messrs. MACKILLUM are happy to announce that they are keeping their carriages, purchasing their suburban villas, amassing substantial fortunes, and generally airing themselves comfortably on the proceeds of about as much human prostration, discomfort, and misery as it is possible to supply at the price.

MACKILLUM'S LIFE BALSAM is as good as an epidemic to a struggling cemetery.

MACKILLUM'S LIFE BALSAM, as a destructive agent, leaves the ordinary Medical Practitioner nowhere.

MACKILLUM'S LIFE BALSAM is the mainstay of people with expectations.

MACKILLUM'S LIFE BALSAM keeps the undertaker cheerful.

MACKILLUM'S LIFE BALSAM.—The following are a few specimens, taken at random from thousands of similar threatening and indignant communications received almost daily by Messrs. MACKILLUM & Co.:—

A GENTLEMAN IN LINCOLNSHIRE writes:—"When first I heard of your detestable Balsam, I had one leg in the grave. Now I have both. I am, thanks to you, you scoundrels, too ill effectively to wield a pickaxe; but if I can only at the eleventh hour manage to get carried up somehow on a shutter to your precious premises, I'll 'life-balsam' both of you, I promise you,—and the 'Co.' too—if it brings the whole lot of us to Bow Street."

MONOMANIA ESTABLISHED.—An Imbecile at Stoke Pogis writes:—"In an evil hour I was persuaded, as I have since discovered, for the mere purpose of being made the victim of a heartless and brutal practical joke, to try your abominable concoction for a slight attack of summer catarrh. Following implicitly the directions which enjoin on the unsuspecting sufferer the necessity of taking a gradually increasing dose until a 'cure be effected,' I am now reduced to the condition of a miserable monomaniac, who clings in despair to the hideous fetish he execrates. Three years ago I was the best shot in the county, rode straight to hounds, the Captain of my Eleven, and Stroke of my Club. I now wander about hedge-rows, lurching on your bottled poison, without lungs, brain, nerves, or appetite. But I have got a six-chambered revolver,—and some day I am coming up to town."

MACKILLUM'S LIFE BALSAM.—With the Public—Sold everywhere.

"OLD SOLDIERS."

Our young Soldiers have been doing well in Egypt. How many of those who will be eager to applaud them on their return, will consider what becomes of "Our Boys," when old or disabled, and compelled to leave the Service? The late Mr. WILLIAM WOODMAN—no relation of the Premier, we presume—*did* consider, and left a bequest of £10,000 to be applied to the relief of soldiers, of good character, worn out and disabled in the Service. That Woodman was a jolly good feller. A Committee has now been formed, under the Chairmanship of General Lord WILLIAM PAULET, to invite subscriptions with a view to carrying on the good work begun by Mr. WOODMAN. Mr. Punch doesn't in the least object to Lord WILLIAM PAULET "coming the Old Soldier over him" in this particular manner. Neither, he is sure, will JOHN BULL.

Walk up, British Public, your Punch will trouble you,
To follow the lead of good W. W.
Kind care for Old Soldiers can't surely o'er-tax you,
So stump up and do as the Woodman would axe you.

New Nursery Rhyme.

(Sung by Twofik.)

CAPITAL! Capital! BAKER's plan.
Make me an Army as fast as you can.
Dress it, and drill it, with cash from J. B.,
And then hand it over to Egypt and me.

"BOARD" AND LODGING.—A Plank Pillow.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 106.



GENERAL DRURY LOWE,

GENERAL OF DIVISION, ILLUSTRATING A HOUSEHOLD RECEIPT FOR "SPOILING THE EGYPTIAN," BY A STEEL CUT.

LION TO LION.

(From *Felis leo spelæa*, the Cave Lion of the Pleistocene Period, to the Landseer Lion of to-day.)

SLEEK slumbrous sentinel of high-perched NELSON,
Where is the "progress" vain
Mankind so dwells on?
Is't illustrated by this Square's yon gallery?
My fellow feline, you indulge in railway!
The prehistoric pleistocene was wildish;
But is *this* better? The assertion's childish!
Where is the progress of Creation's Masters?
From pools and palms to squirts and pepper-casters?
Far finer was my wild primeval lair,
Than the tame horrors of Trafalgar Square.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM tells us that her Nephew has just received an excellent appointment as Reviving Bannister, and she hopes by this means he will speedily mount the Ladder of Fame.

An Odd Conceit.

[The *Times* speaks of "Countries which cannot boast of Earthquakes."]

THOUGH national vanity strange guises takes,
Most lands are modest as regards Earthquakes,
Contented with the judgment, "No great shakes!"

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

ELECTION of The Vinerian Professor. Of course this ceremony takes place after dinner. *Io Bacche!*

FREE AND MERRY ENGLAND!

AN Englishman, theoretically, is the freest Citizen under the sun; but practically he is the slave of the Licensing System. The Tax-collector treats him as a full-grown man; the Licensing System treats him as a sucking child. He may pass his days in filling up Income-tax papers, or appealing against excessive rates, but his evenings are regulated by an iron rule that would not be tolerated for an hour in St. Petersburg or Siberia.

If he goes to any Music-Hall he must not see a play, although the proprietor is willing to give him one, and yet both he and the proprietor are twitted with the vulgarity of the entertainment provided. If he goes to one Music-Hall he may see dancing—dancing, of course, upon the stage; if he goes to another Music-Hall, in another part of the town, he is forbidden to see dancing.

If he tries to find a place where the audience dance together, as they do in every Continental city, he discovers that it is either closed by Act of Parliament or sold to howling Salvationists.

If he goes to a Theatre he must not smoke, although the proprietor is willing, and he must not drink without putting his head in a cupboard.

If he defers his smoking and drinking until after the Theatre, and wishes to add a little supper, he is in another difficulty. He may have filled up his Income-tax papers in the afternoon, for the third time, and paid his rates and taxes like a Christian, but, though he lives in a city of four millions of people,—the largest city in the world,—he cannot find a single tavern open where he would care to take his wife or his grandmother. He finds a few hybrid "restaurants," that are made rowdy by Act of Parliament, with flushed and

* This is a touching picture. We never took our grandmother about much at night, and, after this information, certainly shan't do so.—E.N.

perspiring crowds, and more flushed and perspiring waiters, and clocks that have got a full fifteen minutes' start into eternity. He scrambles for what he can get, while the waiter looks at his watch, and, before he has half eaten his supper, he is asked for the money and turned into the street, because no one must eat or drink after half-past twelve in merry England. He walks through an hysterical crowd, who probably pay their footing to certain representatives of authority for the use of the pavement, and sees more profligacy in ten minutes in the open London streets than he could find in all Europe in a twelvemonth.

He goes home to bed like a good little Citizen, and finds half-a-dozen rate and tax papers to fill up or attend to in the morning.

THE DIVINING ROD.

MY VERY DEAR SIR,

I OBSERVE, with some pleasure, that at the present time a correspondence is being conducted in the *Times* on the subject of the Divining Rod. That such a rod has powers of divination seems agreed to by the majority of the correspondents. No wonder. I had thought I had settled that matter years ago. You, at least, have every reason to remember that when one of my promising pupils, Master HARRY SANDFORD, declined to relate the story of Why Not Hang ARABI, or the Ungrateful Egyptian, to Master TOMMY MERTON, I invoked the magic of the Divining Rod with so great a success that Master MERTON could no longer protest he had never heard the story before. History repeats itself. My terms are what they always were to friends, and I have vacancies for a few boarders. I enclose a few cards to be distributed among your friends, and remain,

Your obliged Servant,

Birchington House.

WILLIAM BARLOW (Clerk)



CHARACTERISTICS.

Passenger (Political Economist, &c., &c.—to Driver). "YES, THE FRENCH AND GERMANS GET ON WELL IN THE COLONIES. I QUESTION WHETHER THE ITALIANS——"

Driver. "YOU SEE, SIR, THESE 'ERE I-ITALIANS 'AS SUCH A TASTE FOR THE FINE ARTS!"

THE NEWEST TALE OF A TUB.

"If by some magic spell England could wake to-morrow physically clean, she would wake pure also in spirit, and godly in comprehension of goodness."
—DR. RICHARDSON.

He read, and arose with a resolute air.

Quoth he, "If a man may so scrub himself
With soap into saintship, away with all care!
For my apotheosis I shall prepare."

And he straightway proceeded to tub himself.

He tubbed twice a day to begin with. He found

The results were not what he expected.

He sighed, "I suppose that the argument's sound,
My naughtiness surely must superabound,
It makes a man feel quite dejected."

However, he purchased a tub three times bigger,
And laved himself in it thrice daily.

The scrubbing he gave to his figure, with vigour,
Was hearty enough to have whitened a nigger,
Yet still wicked thoughts flourished gaily.

Said he, "Well, I must be a shocking bad lot!

However, I *won't* be defeated."

He bought tons of soap, had his bath scalding hot,
And it seemed that scarce out of one tub he had got,
Ere he in another was seated.

The soap seemed to permeate body and soul,

The heat made him squirm and ejaculate,

Yet though not entirely an ogre or ghoul,

As regards moral impulses he, on the whole,

Still felt himself far from immaculate.

He took Turkish baths every day for a week,
Until he could stand them no longer.

Said he, "Oh! I *ought* to be pure, now, and meek,
Temptations no more should my soul clutch and twak,
But, hang it! they only seem stronger."

"Although I'm as snowy as clarified lard,
My pulses at times flutter oddly;
I still like Burlesque and a secular Bard,
I feel I should like to hit RICHARDSON—hard;
All which I am sure can't be godly."

"Yet, stay!—'tis a grubby old world to be sure,
To keep dust and dirt out were clever.

I guess that to keep oneself perfectly pure,
And one's virtue from every assault to secure,
One ought to be tubbing *for ever*."

To be stuck to his tub, like DIOGENES, save
That the old Cynic's tub was a dry one,
Yet, do what he would, rub and scrub, soak and lave,
He found himself still very often a slave
To the wicked desires that so try one.

"Alas!" he exclaimed, "'tis the world that's in fault,
There always seems something to dirt you—
The least flying mite, I suppose, makes you halt,
And each falling smut is, I guess, an assault
On that sensitive substance—your virtue."

Unless—but, ah, no! from the thought one must shrink,
In view of the theory tubbish,
That RICHARDSON holds as perfection's pure pink—
Unless, ah! unless one could possibly think
Learned Doctors *do* sometimes talk rubbish.

"He bowled a maiden over," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM's Nephew,
describing a cricket-match. "Poor thing! I hope she wasn't much
hurt!" exclaimed his Aunt.



CAUSATION.

"WHAT A TIME YOU'VE BEEN ABOUT THAT EGG, MARY!"

"YES, MA'AM; BUT THE NEW KITCHEN CLOCK HAS SUCH LARGE MINUTES!"

LATEST FROM STAMBOUL.

(From Our Own Special Wire-Puller.)

Lord D-f-r-n to Lord Gr-ne-ll.—I say, when are you going to settle about Egypt? Sorry to hurry you, but Sublime Porte is getting *furious*. Have greatest difficulty in keeping SULTAN even passably polite, to say nothing about being in a good humour. Spent £500 (Turkish) yesterday in *backsheesh* on his *entourage*. *Entourage* has great influence over him. To-day, however, he's as bad as ever. Have just sent him soothing note, and promised him five thousand preference shares in Grand Central Trunk Asian and Arabian Railway, when made.

Lord Gr-ne-ll to Lord D-f-r-n.—You're the boy for the post! Nothing like a Paddy for a Padishah. Excuse me, this is one of GL-DST-NE's jokes. We're all in such high spirits here. Bless WOLSELEY! Your conduct as to *backsheesh* and preference shares highly approved. Keep SULTAN waiting just a *little longer*! Not quite made up our minds about Egypt. When we have, will wire at once.

Lord D-f-r-n to Lord Gr-ne-ll.—Sublime Porte quite unbearable to-day. Do decide quick! Where's the difficulty? Have just had to send five sticks of best liquorice and box of French chocolate-creams to each individual member of Harem. If this doesn't keep SULTAN quiet for a little time, shall take trip in Black Sea for benefit of my health, don't you know, and so keep out of way. Glad to hear you're all in such high spirits. Wish I were.

Lord Gr-ne-ll to Lord D-f-r-n.—GL-DST-NE's just made a screamer! Desires me to telegraph it to you. "In what condition is the Sublime Porte just at present? Why, *crusty*, to be sure!"

Lord D-f-r-n to Lord Gr-ne-ll.—Not bad, but how about business? Porte still very fractious.

Lord Gr-ne-ll to Lord D-f-r-n.—Business? Oh, ah! Government quite upholds your action about liquorice and chocolate-creams. But you *must* have patience. We're trying to get round France; only DUCLEUX is so unreasonable. He won't see that Tunis, Madagascar, and man-eating savages at mouth of Congo, are sufficient exchange for French rights in Egypt. Your cue is, "received no instructions." GL-DST-NE, who's just stepped in to Foreign Office, says this is "*curious*, but true." Begs me to wire this remark; thinks it may amuse you.

Lord D-f-r-n to Lord Gr-ne-ll.—In consequence of the chocolate creams coming to an end, Sublime Porte has just sent in "Categorical demand for explanations on subject of Egypt." Wants to know why we're still there, when

we're going to leave, &c. Have just tried SULTAN with promise of a first charge on North Borneo dividends, when declared. Don't know if this will have good effect. He threatens to appeal to Powers!

Lord Gr-ne-ll to Lord D-f-r-n.—PADISHAH *must* not appeal to Powers. Would give Russia just the excuse she wants for intermeddling. Can't you find somebody else who's got influence over SULTAN?

Lord D-f-r-n to Lord Gr-ne-ll.—Found a Circassian, who says he's related to whole Harem, and has *immense* influence. Tried him. First gave him, as *backsheesh*, some chocolate-creams. As he hadn't had anything to eat for five days, said he would prefer a beef-steak. This made me suspicious. Head Dragoon called in, who at once recognised fellow as low-class Levantine ticket-of-leave man, not a Circassian at all! S. P. peculiarly rampant to-day. Meanwhile, I advise Government to keep eye on Russia on Danube and in Armenia. *Verb. sap.*

Lord Gr-ne-ll to Lord D-f-r-n.—Why not go another £500 (Turkish) in conciliating *entourage*? Government will support you. Have got my eye on Russia; also on France; also on Germany, Austria, Roumania, Montenegro, Italy, and Spain. Trying position; and here's the Autumn Session just on, and SALISBURY's sure to be as nasty as he can. However, you must "keep the Porte a-boiling." This is GL-DST-NE's very last, and he has such good spirits!

THE NEW SONG OF JINGO.

(By a disgusted Imperialist. After Ingoldsby.)

THE Grand Old Man went out to fight,
Spite of Midlothian's lingo,
I with an I, N with a G,—L I N-go, Lingo!

THE Grand Old Man fought ARABI,
And gave him regular Stingo,
S with a T, I with an N,—S T I N-go, Stingo!

NOW, is not this the old, old song,
Once banned as being Jingo?
J with an I, N with a G,—J I N-go, Jingo!

"Common Sense about Women" is the title of a book lately published. GRAMPUS says it ought to consist of one Chapter, and that that Chapter should be in one sentence (after the manner of the celebrated Chapter on Snakes in Ireland), namely, "There is no Common Sense about Women!"

"When Port hasn't been decanted," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "I never recommend anyone to take the last two glasses, because there's such a lot of sentiment at the bottom of the bottle."

LITTLE CRY.



"The 'weeping' (of the Channel Tunnel) is very slight, and the accumulation of water . . . quite a minimum quantity."—Standard.



"EN PASSANT."

"WHAT ARE YOU ALWAYS THINKING ABOUT, IDA?"

"I'M ALWAYS THINKING ABOUT NOTHING, AUNTIE. I NEVER THINK ABOUT ANYTHING, UNLESS I HAPPEN TO THINK OF SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT."

FICTOR NOGO ON ARABI PASHA.

(Copy of the Original Rough Sketch.)

THEY are trying ARABI. What is ARABI? Is it something good to eat? Is it gum? Does it stick? "Yes," says the KHEDEIVE, loudly. "No," softly whispers the SULTAN. Is he a liberator? A liberator of whom? Also of which? Or, to put it more plainly, of where? When? How? By no means! Admitted! To continue. The Egyptian People shall be, and shall be great till the Twentieth Century. They shall be—what? Which? Why? At this time it has not come into being. It! Yes, it! What it? That it! Is he a belligerent? He! Yes, he! Then that implies war! Now at this moment war does not exist. To have war there must be peace. And peace, when properly understood or misunderstood, implies war. These are military facts as to which England will have to give explanations. When? With the Twentieth Century? May be! Perhaps! But England is not at war with Egypt. England is not at war with Turkey. But then she is at peace with neither. This is a mystery which has but one solution—when?

What, then, is ARABI? Is he gum? Pah! Or is he ARABI PASHA? This is trifling! He is a prisoner! We, the passers-by, the unknown, the first comers, the last comers, the too-late-for-diners, we exist, we live, and the Government labour close to us. What Government? When? Yes? Or, to speak more plainly—no? What then do they conceal from us? We do not know it! He does not know it. She or it does not know it. Perhaps they themselves do not know it—themselves! But we see what they do not see! We see before us the depths of the horizon, the comb of the North Pole, the nose of the equator! We know what the future is about. We see something or other crumbling away in the East, something else collapsing in the West, and Africa awaking to civilisation. This is what we see, and a great deal more. What more? Why? Which? The Government are in the dark—we are in the light! They do not know about what they are talking—no more do we. But we, yes, we, are content? Why are we content? Because the penalty of death has summarised the criminal jurisdictions of

THE SCHOOL-BOARD ELECTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THE Lords of the Committee of Council on Education have issued regulations for the forthcoming Election of Members of the School-Board, and I am informed that there is one of these of which, I am sure, *Mr. Punch*, you will cordially approve. No one is henceforth to be eligible as a Member of the School-Board unless he or she has passed the Sixth Standard prescribed by the Education Code. The necessity for some provision of this kind is so obvious that we are surprised their Lordships of the Council of Education never thought of it before. In this age of competitive examinations, when we insist on sending every little ragamuffin in the streets through the Education mill, those who are intrusted with the work ought surely to know something about it.

Now, the Board has from the first exhibited much enthusiasm, much eloquence (especially among the lady members), and a noble scorn of that sordid rabble, the ratepayers, who have the audacity to raise their voices against its extravagance. This is all right and proper. But could any of these Ladies or Gentlemen who talk so glibly of the advantages of Education pass the Sixth Standard? Could the worthy and laborious Chairman?—could the great *MURMELLA* himself pass it? Do they even know, or do you know, *Mr. Punch*, what the Sixth Standard is? I am sure I don't. I have a confused notion that the Fifth Standard means Literature and Mathematics; but whether the Sixth Standard means Astronomy or Gastronomy, or Sanscrit, or Hebrew, or Arabic, I cannot tell. But in these days of cramming much may be done in a month, and the Candidates for the School-Board have still a month before the election to qualify themselves as members.

Meanwhile, *Mr. Punch*, I am sure you will agree with me that the public are much indebted to the Education Committee for the very salutary provision which they have now for the first time introduced.

I remain, respectfully yours,
A DISTRESSED RATEPAYER.

* *Mr. P.* knows everything, but he doesn't tell.—ED.

"DEAR BOY."—Champagne at 15s. 6d. per bottle.

the olden legislations of the primeval developments of a glorious future concealed in a paragraph! Yes? No? To-day it is judged and condemned! When? Firstly! Secondly! And fourthly! Why not thirdly? Because there is not a single enlightened Jurymen who consents to sign it. Sign what? Here, people stop us! It is no longer an angel, it is a spectre! It is more, a bottle—an empty bottle! A bottle that was full thirty minutes ago! With what? With wine? It is empty now. Why? Has it been emptied by an old Poet? Perhaps! So little is it empty that it will be filled again! When? Soon! It is to be hoped so!

ARABI is going to be shot! That language surprises but does not disquiet us. All language would surprise us, but none would disquiet us! It is very curious! Civilisation does not kill without exactly knowing why. At least, if Civilisation does kill without exactly knowing why, Civilisation is an ass! Yes, an ass! A great ass! Never saw such an ass as Civilisation is if—you know—it kills without exactly knowing why!

To sum up. The Twentieth Century will be full of a deed which is an enigma for those who commit it, and a crime for those that look on! Pass it? Pass what? Why it? What? The bottle! Wherefore! When? Thus!

(Signed) FICTOR NOGO.
Alias the French Jack Bunsby.

From the "Pall Mall."

"A telegram was received in Dublin last night from a trustworthy source," announcing that Mr. BARRY SULLIVAN had consented to be nominated for an Irish constituency on Home Rule principles."

THE Home-Rulers have made a poor engagement. The eminent tragedian must take lessons from Mr. TOOLE how to catch "the SPEAKER'S eye." Perhaps induced by this example, Mr. J. L. TOOLE will feel inclined to stand for some constituency till he can get a seat. Good houses almost every night, and capital gallery to play to—especially the Ladies' Gallery. Perhaps this was a subject under discussion the last time Mr. J. L. TOOLE breakfasted with the PREMIER.

PUBLICAN-BARREL AND PHARISEE-PUMP.

"The publicans are getting into hysterics at the ruin impending over their trade; ruin to them, but bringing countless blessings to the people. When we get as far as Local Option for the Sunday, we shall be within measurable distance of the time when Parliament will give the counties the power of preventing the drink traffic during the rest of the week."—Sir Wilfrid Lawson at the Annual Meeting of the General Council of the United Kingdom Alliance.



Single Barrel (going off). "WHAT! THOUGH YOU BE VIRTUOUS, SHALL THERE BE NO MORE (CAKES AND) ALE?"

Pump (with a superior swagger). Aha! with sheer fright you're becoming hysterical.

Fancied my programme was purely chimerical!

Now what's your notion?

Barrel (indignantly). Fanatical Pharisee!

"Twixt us henceforth 'tis unqualified war, I see.

Pump (scornfully). War? Not a bit of it! Knocked out of time you are!

Barrel (grimly). Am I?

Pump. Sole cause of our national crime you are.

Barrel. Boah! Do I make you tell lies, for example, Sir?

Cockahoop prig! On my rights you would trample, Sir.

Pump (with pious horror). What! I tell—well, let us say un-

veracities?

Nay, you confound our respective capacities.

I, who ne'er bend o'er a frothing or bubbly can
Daily thank Heaven I am n^ot a Publican

Even as—

Barrel. Yah! What Tartuffian stuff it is!

Lies! Ah, I know that a little bit rough it is

On such a very alek party. But tracing all

Evil that happens to me, whilst erasing all

General good with which I should be credited

Clean from the score is—if truth must be "edited."

"Bearing false witness," at least. I'm no panderer

Simply to sin. To the way-weary wanderer

Proffer I wholesome refreshment, no trivial

Boon to tired millions. To blameless convivial

Hours I add bright honest cheeriness. Verily

Myriads through me face life's worries more merrily,

Neighbourly duty find heartier, easier.
You with lame logic and stomach o'er
queasy err,—

Err with a plentiful lack of bare charity,
Charging on me, with conceited hilarity,
All of excess's dire evils, denying me
Rights, because others do wrong by me,
trying me

On a false count, nagging, worrying,
jawing me,

And you would finish by simply outlaw-
ing me!

Punch (interceding). Right! I have rapped
you myself, good friend, BARREL,—
some,

When I have found you wrong-headed or
quarrelsome;

Likely shall rap you again; but right's
right, my boy,

And when you're wronged 'tis for you I
shall fight, my boy,

You and my Public. For, PUMP the
pragmatical,

You're far too bumptious, too blindly
dogmatical;

Cannot see far in advance of your spout,
I fear;

Do not quite grasp what you'd fain bring
about, I fear;

Crow far too loud, not much taste or much
ruth in it;

Premature, too, though your case has some
truth in it,

Only fanatic one-eyedness fooling you
Holds that it covers the field. Had you
ruling, you

Would play the tyrant, old breed, new
variety,

Freedom subordinate quite to sobriety,—
Freedom and justice; like donkeys

despotic,
Whose "moral natures," high-pitched
but chaotical,

In purblind zeal to make all men behave
aright,

Merge all the virtues in one—their own
favourite.

No, Sir! although you be virtuous, acidly,
Our cakes and ale you shan't put down so

placidly,
Innocent these, though fanatics loud
gibber. Tea

Has its own use, but won't supersede
Liberty!

An East Wind that blows Nobody Good.

DESPATCHES from Tiflis state that the
Sheikh OBEIDULLAH is threatening Van with
ten thousand men. This is rather sheikhy.
Were Pickford's Van—the Demon Van—
threatened, no one would complain—except
PICKFORD & Co.

Says the Sheikh OBEIDULLAH
To the young OBEIDULLAH,
Let us fight, OBEIDULLAH,
Let us fight, &c.

BALFE'S MEMORIAL, a Tablet of pure
white Carrara marble, is now in West-
minster Abbey. Quite right. No doubt
the Librettist had a prophetic glimpse of
this in his mind's eye when he wrote "I
dreamt that I dwelt in marble—" then
he added "halls," it is true, but the pro-
phetic spirit is never quite clear in its
utterances. "Then" (in 1882) "you'll
remember me"—and it will be a long time
yet before BALFE's work is forgotten.

THE REAL BARREL "ORGAN."—The
Morning Advertiser.



"COALS!"

Merchant (paying wages). "I DON'T SEE WHAT WE CAN DO WITH YOU, CHARLES, IN OUR
BUSINESS; YOU'RE SO STUPID! YOU DON'T SEEM TO LEARN ANYTHING."

Charles (Coal-deliverer). "I DUNNO. THERE'S ONE THING I'VE LEARNT ANY'OW—AS
SIXTEEN 'UND'WRIGHT O' COALS MAKES A TON!"
(His services are retained.)

A FINANCIAL SCARE.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is having what the Americans call a bad time.
The Revenue from drink is falling, and most of the journals are mournful. The working-
man is not quite such a sot as he was, and the Income-taxpayers are trembling. In a
country, like England, which draws one-third of its Imperial Revenue from national
drunkenness, this is a serious matter. Drink pays our Army and Navy, or it pays the interest
on our Rule Britannia Debt; and, without drink, we should have to look to what are pleasantly
called some "other sources of Revenue." Let us hope that this national sobriety is only a
passing cloud. We cannot, for a moment, think of reducing our expenditure.

ADVICE TO THOSE WHO THINK OF MEDDLING WITH THE MUSICAL PITCH.—Musical or not,
no one can touch pitch and come out of it with clean hands.

MUCH ADO AT THE LYCEUM.

THE Bard has said, "What's in a name?" And, evidently, he didn't care what title he gave to a piece, as long as his audience called it good. What a bad title is *Much Ado About Nothing*, and what a delightful specimen of the poetic Comedy.

This play is a Comedy of practical jokes, in which all the characters, with the exception of *Dogberry* and *Verges*, take part.



"I will go get her Portrait."

John, out of malice, sets on foot a cruel practical joke against *Hero*, which *Borachio* and *Margaret* successfully carry out: fourthly, the *Friar*, old *Leonato*, and his worthy brother *Antonio*, concoct another practical joke between them, originally suggested by the *Friar*, to play at burying *Hero*: and, fifthly, the same trio keep up the joke, by pretending that all will be forgiven if *Claudio* will marry *Hero's* cousin, who, on the removal of her veil, turns out to be *Hero* herself.

Now, out of all these practical jokers, old and young, there is but one who has the decency and the good feeling to regret, as a gentleman, his share in the transaction which was fraught with such serious consequences to the unfortunate *Hero*. *Barachio*, as played by Mr. TYANS, commands our sympathies, and, when he is walked off in custody, we sincerely hope that he will only be reprimanded, warned against keeping bad company, and let off after giving something to the poor-box.

There are few more difficult parts to play, in the villainous line, than that of *Don John*, who, apparently, hasn't a redeeming point. Mr. GLENNY made this bad character as good as possible, and as little melodramatic as it can be.

The two old Fools, *Leonato* and *Antonio*, are turned into respectable elderly gentlemen by Mr. FERNANDEZ and Mr. HOWE, who do their best to give them all the dignity to which their rich costumes should entitle them.

Mr. MEAD, as the *Friar*, is a model ecclesiastic of the period. He is serious and impressive when professionally engaged, sensible in an



The real Hero of the Piece, who at Tyans himself as Borachio.



Extraordinary Scene in a Church; or, In-a-Mess at Messina.

unforeseen emergency, and the life and soul of an evening party when everything ends happily. It is the *Friar* who, with a strong sense of humour, suggests the practical joke of pretending that *Hero* is dead, as a retaliation on *Claudio* and *Don Pedro*. This ecclesiastic's

influence with the other members of his own religious community serving the Cathedral at Messina must have been so great that he could actually induce them to join him in the practical joke, and to carry it so far as to sing a dirge at the family vault, where they pretend *Hero* is buried; and, further, he must have squared it with them satisfactorily, to prevent their informing his Bishop or the General of the Order, or even the Pope himself, of his slightly eccentric conduct. This *Friar* was a Regular Rum'un.

The scene in the Cathedral, representing a splendid side-chapel, was simply as effective and in as excellent good taste as an Artist like Mr. TELBIN, and a Stage-Manager like Mr. IRVING, could possibly make it.

The scene between *Benedick* and *Beatrice* in the chapel couldn't have taken place if the Vergers or Beadles had done their duty. English tourists, however, generally behave worse than this in any Continental Cathedral.

SHAKESPEARE created some low-comedy characters, such as *Dogberry*, *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*, and *Bottom*, whose fun has hitherto been looked upon as independent of the Actor; characters, in fact, which "played themselves." Such, as regards *Dogberry*, was our firm conviction until this revival of *Much Ado about Nothing*, at the Lyceum, utterly dispelled the cherished illusion.

Here Mr. IRVING's *Benedick* and Miss ELLEN TERRY's *Beatrice* are everything, about whom there will be much ado for some time to come, while the immortal *Dogberry* is one of the class set down by *Hamlet* as "tedious old fools." Mr. LIONEL BROUGHT, Mr. HILL, or Mr. PAULTON could have done something with it, specially Mr. HILL, whose *Dogberry* should be a thing to see and to remember, second only to ROBERT KENLEY's, which we did see and shall never forget. Ye gods! how we laughed!—but then, you and I, Ben Bolt, were "boys together."

We must not forget to mention Mr. F. ROBERTSON's Musical Entertainment *al fresco* in *Leonato's* garden, where *Balthazar*, the Arthur Roberts, or the Great Vance of the period, was hired, with some wandering minstrels as accompanists, to oblige old Fozzle's guests with his evidently popular song and its popular (because idiotic) chorus of "Hey, Nonny, Nonny." He sings it most artistically, and throws such a sly-dog expression into the refrain that we doubt whether a Medieval Meddlexex Magistrate would have granted a licence to any Hall where the Great *Balthazar* was announced to



"Write me down an Ass." S. Johnson's Shakespeare.



The Arthur Roberts or Great Vance of the period obliging the Company with a Comic Song. Private Parties attended.

give his "Hey, Nonny, Nonny" every evening. In the nineteenth century we should soon have seen him outside a two-and-sixpenny song printed in colours. He sings it most artistically, and the acting of his auditors is one of the best individualistic character-bits in the piece. Mr. TERRIS, the Prince, listens politely, on account of his old host, but is evidently bored, and has heard it frequently before. Mr. ROBERTSON, as *Claudio*, a rather æsthetic young man, follows the air with his head and appears patronisingly interested. Old *Leonato* thrums the tune with his fingers, nods and smiles at all the points,

* That this tradition about *Dogberry* is pretty generally held, is accidentally apparent in Mr. TRAILL's monograph of *Sterns* (one of the *English Men of Letters Series*), when he says, "It is not the repartee of *Benedick* and *Beatrice*, but the immortal fatuity of *Dogberry* that the name of *Much Ado About Nothing* recalls." Now, had Mr. TRAILL seen *Much Ado* at the Lyceum, with Mr. IRVING and Miss ELLEN TERRY as *Benedick* and *Beatrice*, and Mr. JOHNSON as *Dogberry*, he could never have honestly written the above sentence.

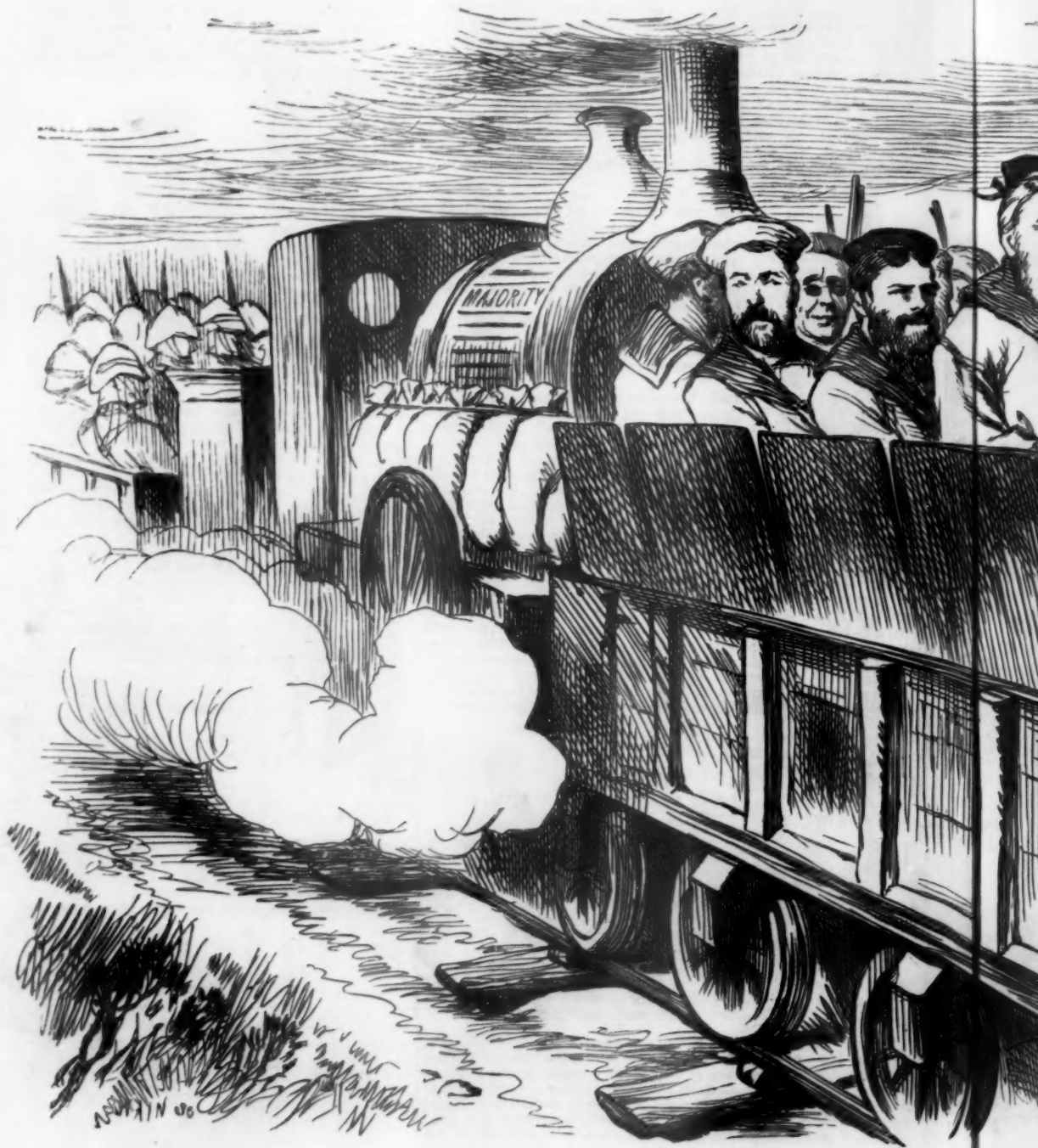
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THE PARLIAMENT

GOING TO THE



THE PARLIAMENTARY

GOING INTO ACTION OCT



RY ARMoured TRAIN.



ARMOURD TAILOR

107 N. 3rd St. N.Y.C.

and would like to join in the chorus, but is evidently afraid lest the Prince should think him vulgar.

Mr. IRVING's *Benedick* is the performance of a genuine Comedian, and almost entirely free from over-accentuated mannerisms. It is certainly about the best thing he has done. As for Miss ELLEN TERRY as *Beatrice*—well, all we can say is, that Mr. IRVING is nearest perfection when he is quite close to her.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

(Or, what they don't tell us. Sporting.)

RAMPINGTON RACES.—Wednesday and Thursday.

RAMPINGTON RACES.—The London and Slow Weary Railway have great pleasure in announcing that, in order to suit the convenience of the Public, they will, on these days, run special trains, not one of which will start or arrive at the advertised times.

RAMPINGTON RACES.—The London and Slow Weary Railway will call attention to the fact that, on Wednesday and Thursday, the fares charged for every class of carriage will be the ordinary first-class fares doubled.

RAMPINGTON RACES.—£500 added.

RAMPINGTON RACES have long enjoyed a notoriety as being absolutely the most ruffianly and blackguardly meeting held under the rules of the Jockey Club.

RAMPINGTON RACES are the only races of which it can be said that, during the last five years, not one single Steward has set foot on the Course.

RAMPINGTON RACES.—Read the Sporting Press. "The usual crowd of wenchers, thieves, pickpockets, and the lowest class of London rough was assembled here, yesterday." "The Turf, perhaps, has fallen on evil days, but to understand deliberate roping and bare-faced robbery, it is necessary to first visit Rampington."

RAMPINGTON RACES.—Absolute Encouragement to Crime.

RAMPINGTON RACES.—Read what the Police say:—"We were utterly powerless to cope with the dangerous mob."

STALLION.—WINDBAG, by Orchestra, out of Whitefeather, is now located at Puffandblow Farm. Fee, 25 guineas. This splendid Stallion, now twenty-two years of age, never ran himself, but his sire was well known as the most hopeless roarer on the Turf, while his dam's cowardice and cunning are doubtless still fresh in the memory of all who ever backed her. Windbag is the sire of Rum-ti-Foo, who ran forty-three times without ever winning a race; Jock o' Scott, who was the absolute last in the Derby of his year; Silver Doctor, who has been highly spoken of by many journals in connection with his performances in Mr. BUTLER'S Circus; The Grilse, who cost 1150 guineas as a yearling, and was sold as a two-year-old for £5; Orange Grove, who in three months savaged four stable-boys, two of them fatally; and many others too numerous to mention.

WINDBAG is the only horse in England which combines all the worst possible strains of blood.

MR. ROBERT MACAIRE, Boulogne-Sur-Mer.

MR. ROBERT MACAIRE pays especial attention to all Double Event Bets.

MR. ROBERT MACAIRE.—Established since 1882.

MR. ROBERT MACAIRE calls attention to this letter:—"I sent you on the Wednesday before the St. Leger, £5 to be put on Dutch Oven. On the day after the St. Leger I received a voucher from you indicating that you had placed my money on Geheimnis, who was second. Several of my friends have been treated in a similar manner. Surely there must be some little mistake on your part here."

MR. ROBERT MACAIRE has just received this:—"I sent you £10 to be put on Corrie Roy for the Cesarewitch at starting price. Since then I have heard nothing whatever from you. I shall be over in Boulogne during the winter, when I intend doing myself the honour of giving you the severest thrashing you ever had in your life."

MR. ROBERT MACAIRE clips the following from the "Notes to Queries" of a sporting paper:—"AN ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.—ROBERT MACAIRE was a notorious thief while in England, and we do not confidently expect that a sojourn in Boulogne has improved his morality."

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.

SOMETIMES when bizzyness is rayther slack, when, for instans, the Copperashun and the Livery Cumpnies is all out of Town a-washing themselves in the briny Hoshun, so to have a alastick skin and a dean consanese for the coming hard work of Nowember, I sets myself down before the fire in our privet dining-room, suttlenly the kosiest and the comfortablest little dining-room in all Yourrope, as far as I knows, and amuses myself by trying to unravel sum of the missterrys of my exshequered existense; sumtimes turtel and wenson and '47 port, sumtimes a mutting chop and a harf of bitter! What a change is there, my fellow countrymen! And there's this most remarkabel suckenstance about this striking contrast. Wen I has the luxuries,



I pays nothink for 'em, wen I has the common food of the mere working-man, I has to pay for it. Tho' I'm told this applies to others as well as to me.

Another remarkable fac forces itself on my atenshun. When in the full bloom and blossom of the Season, when the hole hatmosphere seems perfumed with the scent of Wenson and high living, and I am a-partaking almost daily, in the shape of waifs and strays I means, of course, of the exquisit dellyceases above eluded to, I am one of the staunchest Conservatives as ever looked for'ard with pleasure to nex t day, but when I'm redooosed to the meen fair as I feels too ashamed to menshun again, I feels creeping over my constitootional feelings a sort of hungry Raddicle nooshun that things ain't quite as they ought to be, and requires great holterations to make 'em just as I should like 'em.

Leaving the unwalling of this puzzle to some great Feelosopher, such as MARWOOD TUPPER, or Mr. BADLAW, or to some hungry Irish Land Leaguin M.P. when he hears as how as the Ameriken supplies is stopt, and that conseqwently the Dry Hideandseek and the Sweet Click Oh! is stopt too, I turns my thorts to another Pint.

What kind and bountiful provisions of Natur they do seem, that when she sends us somethink spechally good she sends us such a jolly lot of it! Take '47 Port for instans. Ah! if all Port Wine was like that, we shouldn't be much troubled with the unnobel Army of Blue ribboners. But of course it tizzent.

Well, now I've been a member of, and I trust a ornymnt to, my dextinguished perfession a matier of nearly 20 year. During the entire hole of that long period, all reel Gentlemen, that is to say, all them as can afford it, or can get somebody else to pay for it, has all a-bin calling for '47 Port, and has all got it, as they thinks. And in all the many Hottels and Taverns which has awailed themselves of my, I trust, usefool services, I never knew but one as had the pluck to say they hadn't got none.

Well, then, as nobody could think of douting anybody's veracity as moved in so high a spear of life as a Tavern Keeper and went to Church of a Sunday, where on airth did it all come from? Everybody of course says O, Port oh! which seems only natteral, but BROWN has the ordassity to say that as in other sillybrated cases we says, "Any Port in a Storm," so in this werry puzzling case he says, and they says, any Port will do after about the second bottle, so there isn't so werry much drunk after all. And, he adds, there's werry old orthority for the same thing having been done long ago.

But what I prinsepully complains of is, that while the Govner gits all the profit out of a grand feast of reason, that is, the best that can be had, and the flow of wine of the finest wintages, we poor Waiters gits all the abuse. And how heartfully it's all manidged. Up comes the Govner just after the soup's over, when everybody's just had his glass of punch or mydeary, as the case may be, and is having his fish and a-thinking of the coming joy of a hontray, and is of course in capital humour and good sperrits, and he speaks just a few bits of gammon to the principal swells about how well they looks and how glad he is to see 'em again, ansetterer, and the swells all smiles and looks jolly pleased, and then away goes the Govner and out he gos for a walk, and takes preshus good care not to come back till they're all gone.

Ah! what we has to bear when the Port Wine goes round nobody can tell but a Hed Waiter. A junior can plead hignerance, and truly so, but that wouldn't do for me. A confession of hignerance would be fatal to my carackter. So I has to go through the hordeal as best I can, and to indulge conshunally in a amount of unwerrassity that I really thinks ought to be considered in my wages.

ROBERT.

THE LONGFELLOW MEMORIAL.—MAID MARIAN, the Giantess of the Alhambra; ROSALIND (The Poets' Corner) of the *Pedlington News and Dulborough Advertiser*; Mr. R. BIGNELL, Signor ROMANO, Mr. GEORGE SMITH of Coalville, Mr. EDWARD DOWKELLY, Mr. EMMETT HART, Mr. JOHN CONNY, Misses STEEL and PRACH, Mr. BIGGAR, Dr. RICHARDSON, and Dr. PARKER have joined the Longfellow Memorial Committee.



AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

SCENE—A Subscription Ball at the Sea-side.

Mrs. Mundy. "DECIDEDLY MIXED, MY DEAR COLONEL! LOOK AT THAT VERY DREADFUL YOUNG MAN DANCING WITH MY DEAR EMILY! A VERY WORTHY YOUNG MAN, I'VE NO DOUBT, BUT SUCH SHOCKING BAD STYLE, YOU KNOW, WITH HIS HAND SPREAD OUT ALL OVER HER BACK!"

Our Gallant Colonel. "OH, HE! HE'S EVEN A WORSE OAD THAN HE LOOKS. I DON'T THINK HE'S FIT FOR ANY YOUNG LADY TO DANCE WITH!"

Mrs. Mundy. "OH, GRACIOUS HEAVENS! MY DEAR COLONEL, PLEASE GO AND TELL THE SILLY CHILD I WISH TO SPEAK TO HER IMMEDIATELY! WHO IS HE?"

Our Gallant Colonel. "YOUNG GORGIOUS MIDAS. I'LL GO AT ONCE."

Mrs. Mundy. "OH—ER—STOP! NEVER MIND JUST NOW. SHE'S BEEN SO ADMIRABLY BROUGHT UP, YOU KNOW—SHE—ER—SHE MAY IMPROVE HIM!"

ARRIVAL OF THE HOUSEHOLD TROOPS.

(By Our Own Special Old Soldier.)

You had ordered me out to welcome the Householders on their return. Enthusiastically I obeyed. I prepared to receive Cavalry in the morning by dining on the previous evening with a distinguished warrior, who was keeping watch over the sovereigns of England at the Bank, where at 11 P.M. they first turn out the visitors, and then turn out the guard. We drank to the health of the Householders, and sang about the glorious consequences to ourselves, "When Johnnies come marching home." Well, Sir, it was a splendid sight. Unique! A thing one only sees once in a lifetime unless one lives to see it again, but as the John Gilpin Bard exclaimed, "And when they next do ride (home from) abroad, May I be there to see!"

Your order was, "Be up early." I was. Very early. I waited up till even the waiters could wait no longer, and the hall-porter was fast asleep in his old arm-chair. I confess I did not see the use of being up so early as it involves late rising; still, you had commanded, and I did it.

The morning of Friday (4 A.M.) opened with the ringing of bells and shouting, as I had forgotten my latch-key, and my own Household Brigade was fast asleep. I pass over the remaining few hours, and come to the time when I started to see the triumphal progress of the Blues. I had a bad headache, and such a depressed feeling that I began to think I was in the blues myself. But I pulled myself together like one man, and whispered in my mind's ear, Horatio Nelson, the one word, "Duty."

To do full honour to the occasion, I mounted the charger, which I had bought, on your account, Sir, at a recent Circus sale (where the Auctioneer said to me, "It was Myers', and now it's Yours"—not bad for Mr. R-M-LL), and assuming my celebrated attitude of the Commendatore Status in *Don Giovanni*, I gave my steed his head (a little birthday present), and, carrying his own tail, he bore me proudly on, showing, by his paces, that he was conscious of carrying CESAR and his fortunes. I do not know what CESAR without his fortunes rode, but it is my fortune to ride about sixteen stone, and as light as a fairy at that—only on *ne badine pas avec a sixteen-stoner*.

Arrived at Fitzroy Square, I saw that to attempt to charge the crowd and the policemen in the New Road would have been glorious—but impossible. So, with a great knowledge of country, I got round by the side-streets to Portland Place. Sir, what a pretty sight! All along those streets the balconies were crowded by maid-servants! "*The Maids of Merry England how beautiful are they!*" I sang, as my eye caught their smiling faces. Upon my word, I never saw so many female domestics gathered together before. And this, too, in the bye-streets, where not a glimpse could be obtained of the procession, and scarcely a note of the martial music, or even the faintest echo of cheers of the populace could be heard. I was really glad for their sakes, poor dears, that one solitary horseman was seen passing along, so as to present in a sketchy manner to their imaginations the equestrian triumph which they were totally unable to see.

Then, along the streets the crowd poured, more nursery-maids, and such a number of perambulators, as to suggest the idea of there being a grand baby-show somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park. But, on second thoughts, this was, of course, the Infantry preparing to receive Cavalry.

FROM OUR BEWILDERED "SPECIAL."

THIS has been about the dullerest week I have known for many years—even in the dull season. There is absolutely nothing stirring but stagnation. The war is over, and very little is to be made out of the return of the troops. The comet has disappeared. There are several murders, but none having any romantic features or public interest. A fog appeared for a few hours—a tolerably dense fog—but it cleared off as rapidly as it came. One or two slight railway accidents have been reported, but nothing worthy of a special visit. The Ship-Canal at Manchester and the Channel Tunnel are rather shadowy at present. A jocular friend says that neither of them will hold water. He is wrong about the Tunnel. A diamond robbery has been spoken of, but there is nothing in it. There has been no fire worth mentioning. For want of anything better to do, a lot of us have had to go to a sale by auction of Circus effects. The proprietor, like many philosophers, tried to square the circle, and failed. His properties fetched very little. He might have thought of that maxim of PROUDHON'S "*La propriété c'est le vol*," which, being theatrically translated, means "the property-man is a thief." Several elephants and lions were knocked down by the auctioneer for fairly good sums. He was a slight man, but appearances are deceptive.

THE BEST ADVICE.—Never offer any.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 107.



H. M. STANLEY.

PORTRAIT OF THE EXPLORER LOOKING OUT FOR M. DE BRAZZA. "I'LL LET HIM KNOW IF HE CON-GO ON LIKE THIS!"

"So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
Another Lion give a grievous roar,
And the first Lion thought the last a bore."
From that classic "Bombastes Furioso."

A TRUE BISHOP-MILITANT.

FOR fighting the "lie which is half a truth," commend us to the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH. The fanatics who would promote a good thing, temperance, at the expense of a better, reasonable liberty, and the spiritual charlatans who would corrupt religion at its very springs by associating it with hysteria, sensationalism, irreverence, and the most blatantly vulgar self-assurance, find in Bishop MACHES that most formidable foe of fanatical muddleheadedness—a man who can distinguish. The most insidious of evils are bad things done in a good cause. Confused minds fail to discriminate one from the other, good hearts shrink from attacking the evil lest they should be suspected of opposing the good. So the spurious often escapes detection, like base coin which, flourished in the cause of charity, many shrink from nailing to the counter. Men who, like Bishop MACHES, are down on this base coin "like a hammer," do the Public a greater service than the Public is always ready to acknowledge.

Song of the Thames Conservators.

(A little after Antelopeus.)

Joe on, jog on the tow-path way,
If you meet with spills,
don't mind 'em;
Our Notices say—'tis our humorous way—
You must take our paths as you find 'em.

SONG FOR THE IMPECUNIOUS.

—"Always a Loan."

At a bold trot I rode through the Regent's Park-gates furthest removed from the crowd, and passed up by Coliseum Terrace. The first opening, near Chester Terrace, was blocked by cabs and carriages—so was the second. Again I urged on my wild career, and made a dashing advance on the gate that leads on to the "York and Albany." Here gallant Policemen were stopping all traffic. I tried to explain that I was not traffic. I told them that I had a cousin in the 10th Lancers; that I was only going to see a friend in Albany Street; that I had a message for the Prince of WALES; that I was sent on urgent business, and that it would be fatal to a dying relative in Albany Street, just opposite the Barracks, if they didn't let me pass. I told them I was bearing a reprieve; in fact, Sir, I told them everything that a man of probity and unsullied honour could without bringing the blush to the cheek—or without making anyone blush for the cheek,—but they were firm; and, as at that moment the first strains of the distant band were heard, and my steed began to show by his manners that he was familiar with the air, I thought it best to retrace my steps, and make another dashing charge in a different direction. By the way, I don't buy a six-guinea circus-horse again, even on your account—at least, if I do buy him for you, I won't ride him.

Then arose the cheers—vociferous, loud, and long; and then, with the cheers, arose my horse on his hind legs, and just as the great event of the day was coming off, I took the initiative, and came off first. A gloomy-looking person collared its head, and said he'd hold it if I liked to dodge in among the carriages, and see what I could see. I thanked him, and dodged.

I was just in time to cheer the last trooper as he rode in; and as I made a dash at the gallant fellow's hand, he said something to me

in a language which I fancy was Egyptian, and before I had time to obtain a translation, I found myself fainting, from excitement, in the arms of two policemen. It was a glorious day.

I am still looking for the gloomy man and the noble steed. Should you see a pale sawdusty-coloured horse with weak eyes, looking as if he'd been up for several nights, and a pinkish guinea-piggy sort of nose, that's mine.

Of course I must include his loss in my expenses out of pocket as your Special Correspondent, sent out in your interests; therefore you can advertise for him yourself, and when you get him, he's yours—his present owner having no further use for him. In fact he's not much good to anyone who does not keep an orchestra and a Clown. Off to Windsor. Hooray!

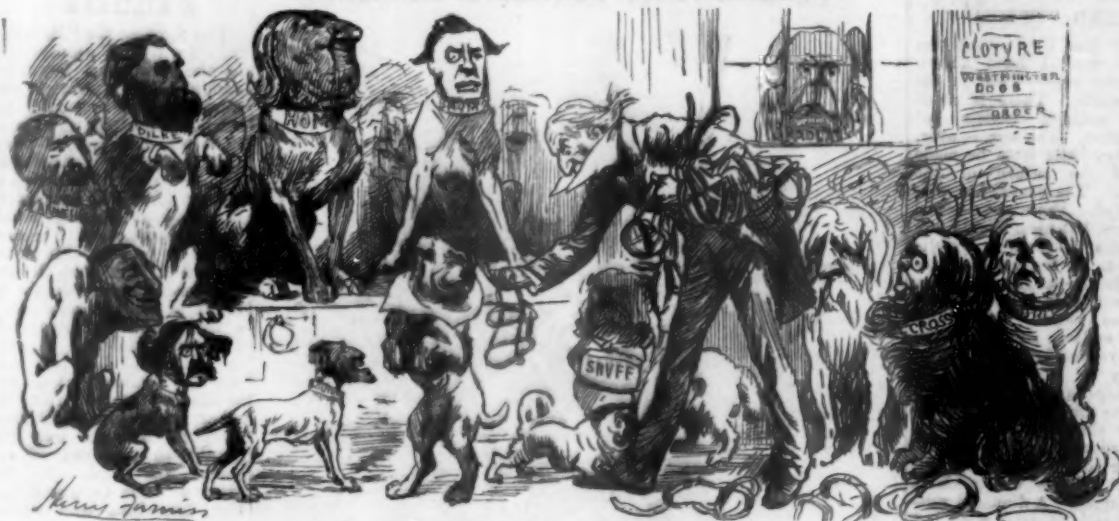
COMFORT FOR CHURCHMEN.

CHURCH and Dissent shake hands, zealots affrighting;
But then foes often do so,—before fighting!

"Something in the City."

"A BIRD of vast proportions," so runs the report, "was seen, a few days ago, flying between the Bank and the General Post-Office." The Police were called in to regulate the crowd of spectators, and a handy tradesman, with a telescope, discovered the bird to be a huge vulture. We believe that, eventually, the bird was caught, and now has a seat at the board of one of the Financial Companies.

OPENING AND CLÔTURE OF PARLIAMENT.



TOBY AND THE MUZZLE-LOADERS.

BETTER THAN HIS PROMISE.

THE announcement that the Laureate has determined once more to tempt dramatic fortune, and this time not in the flowery meads of his own accustomed verse, but in the comparatively barren wastes of unfamiliar prose, has, naturally enough, occasioned considerable stir in literary and artistic circles, and Mr. Punch has already been asked numerous questions on the subject. As the play is now definitely set down for production next month, he thinks, perhaps, he will not be held guilty of any very grave indiscretion in publishing the following items of correspondence bearing directly on the origin of what is really a remarkably interesting and novel essay. It will at least satisfy the curious.

It will be seen that the first document, a letter apparently from the Lessee, is of the ordinary business kind.

DEAR BOY, *Globe Theatre.*

WOULD you be disposed to write us a thoroughly slap-up Sensational Drama, in as many Acts as you like, and let us have it in at an early date? One proviso, however, it must be in prose. Don't make it "Cuppy." You understand: domestic and all that sort of thing. A line by return, stating lowest terms, will oblige, Yours, &c., &c.

To the above the Laureate replied as under. It is curious to note the difficulty he evidently experienced in penning an unrhythmical reply. Indeed he appears to have given it up. Subjoined is his answer:—

DEAR SIR,—Your favour just to hand;
And thus I haste in hot reply
To own I am disposed to try
Another venture in the Strand!

And you would have my play in prose?

Well, well—I'm game for anything!

I only ask that I may sing
Until the house I fairly close.

And yet I somehow trust that chaff
May find no place in papered
Stall;—

That I may get, at least, a "call,"
And erode the lights without a laugh.

So count that you shall have your will;
While I once more to all make plain
That I subserve no other's gain
Although I figure in the bill.

Then make the most you can of me;
Believing though in downward flight
I shall expect so much per night,
I'm yours sincerely,

ALFRED T.

This effusion of the Laureate's, though eminently polite and straightforward, was not considered satisfactory from a purely business point of view; no reference being made in it either to the date of delivery, style and title of the play, or even to the leading lady to be engaged. A rather sharp letter from Mr. KELLY, the Stage-Manager, however, was at once promptly answered by the following telegram:—

From Tennyson, Freshwater, to Kelly, Globe Theatre.
IN October you shall have the play quite early, KELLY dear:
And I'm going to write the leading part for Mrs. BERNARD BERE:
For Mrs. BERNARD BERE, KELLY,—a genius in her way,
And I've called it the *Promise of May*, KELLY, I've called it the
Promise of May.

This, still failing in making any proposition as to terms, elicited immediately the following rejoinder:—

From Kelly, Globe Theatre, to Tennyson, Freshwater.
THANKS for yours just received. Title a trifle weak. Sounds like a Criterion Screamer. As we are already billing the thing all over the place with Sandwiches, how about terms? What do you say to five hundred for all rights? Think I could get B—to run to this. Wire back. Answer paid.

The above appears to have brought the highly gifted author to the point. He dispatched the following forthwith by the boy:—

Sandwich to right of you,
Sandwich to left of you,
Sandwich in front of you—
Then you've not blundered!
As to the sum you name—
"Five?"—come—it's rather tame.
There—you shall have your game—
Make it six hundred!

This closed the business, and the play is now in active preparation. Contenting himself with remarking that after perusing this preliminary correspondence, he looks forward to the first great prose effort of the Laureate with much interest, Mr. Punch, for the moment, reserves any further comment. He, however, hopes to return to the subject at a fitting opportunity.

"Look always on the Surrey Side"—

THE man who lives in Kennington or Bermondsey, and wants a music and dancing licence, is happy. He gets it, as a matter of course, without trouble, question, or the expense of counsel. The Surrey Sessions are got through quietly, without scandal or injustice, and it might be of some advantage to the public if the Meddlevex Magistrates were to attend and watch the proceedings of Mr. HANNMAN and his brethren. There is no Hash-Wednesday on the Surrey side of the river.

THERE is much talk at present about Egypt as "the Gate of India." By-and-by we shall hear more about what may be called the "Gate Money."

TELL IT AT TEL-EL-KEBIR.—We no longer say, "Tell that to the Marines," with an incredulous sneer and a shrug of the shoulders. But we tell that of the Marines—and that is a tale of bravery and glory not to be surpassed by any in the recent campaign.



"AGAINST THE GRAIN."

Widow Woman (to Chemist, who was weighing a Grain of Calomel in dispensing a Prescription for her Sick Child). "MAN, YE NEEDNA BE SAE SCIMPY WIT—'TIS FOR A PUIR FATHERLESS BAIEN!"

IN THE BEST OF SPIRITS.

THE bi-monthly Meeting of the Society for Psychical Research was held yesterday, and, as usual, attended largely by the supporters of the movement.

The President took the chair, punctually, at midnight; and, on opening the proceedings, remarked with much sombre and gloomy humour on the excellent and appropriate arrangement of the Committee Room, the doors and cupboards of which had all been provided with skeleton keys. A blue fire burning on the hearth, and agreeably harmonising with the dim light of several lamps, accompanied by their own shades, also helped to throw a pleasant flicker over the assembled company.

The Chairman then proceeded to read the report in a hollow voice. He said he had several important statements to make to the Meeting, and some really very interesting evidence to lay before it. In the first place, he believed, he was correct in assuming that it was pretty well known to the general Members of the Society that the Committee, in taking over an assignment of the remainder of the lease of the premises they at present occupied, did so on a distinct understanding, from the late tenant, that they were admirably haunted. (*Cheers.*) They might say that they had paid a high premium of several hundred pounds, not for a few old Venetian blinds, gas-fittings, and a meat-safe, which were the sole fixtures, but for the ghost—(*laughter*)—that was said to appear nightly, under most remarkable conditions, in almost every room in the house. (*"Hear, hear!"*) But where was it? (*Loud laughter.*) No one had seen it. (*"Shame!"*) Yet the Committee had done all they could to induce it to appear. (*"Hear, hear!"*) They had got a nervous housekeeper, subject to hysterical fits on the slightest mention of an apparition, unconsciously to occupy chamber after chamber, but he regretted to say she had invariably slept excellently, and had never even once been disturbed. (*Uproar.*) Yes, he could understand that manifestation of feeling; for the ghost, according to the tradition of the premises, was said to be an exceedingly satisfactory one. It was nothing more nor less than a little decapitated old man in knee-breeches, and a figured blue-satin coat, with somebody else's head under his arm. (*Prolonged cheering.*) His coming was attended, too, always with most encouraging manifestations. A rumbling sound, as of coal-porters in chains, and skates tumbling downstairs, overloaded with too much luggage, was often heard, mingled with irritable shrieks, and a curious noise like the squeaking of a pig, for hours together. (*Laughter.*)

And if you adjured the unhappy little old man to tell you if there was anything you could do to help him, he only shook the head belonging to somebody else which he held under his arm violently, and said, in an inexpressibly mournful voice, "*Brompton and Islington!*" Then he disappeared. (*Roars of laughter.*) This was certainly a most interesting psychical development, and the Committee had naturally considered a ghost of such exceptionally first-class character as cheap at the figure. But still they could not help asking themselves the question, "What had become of it?" (*"Hear!"*)

Professor PORSUM rose. He said he did not believe in these hereditary spectres, and his experience had been quite in a different direction. He had had remarkable things happening in his own house, but he had never seen an apparition of any kind. He should be glad to furnish the Society with some of his personal experiences. (*"Hear!"*) The gas had of late suddenly gone out several times as he ascended the stairs, and while a rope seemed to catch his legs and precipitate him backwards into the hall, a waste-paper basket would be quickly thrust over his head by some unseen agency. Entering his room at night, a jug of water would frequently be poured mysteriously over his head, drenching him to the skin, while busts would topple off the book-cases as he passed, and sometimes explosions take place, apparently quite capriciously, inside the Early English clock on the hall-landing, as he went up to bed at night. (*Cheers.*) He thought these curious phenomena ought to occupy the attention of such a Society as theirs, especially as they were all well attested on unimpeachable evidence. He happened to have had four youthful, but intelligent, nephews staying with him on a visit at the time, all of whom could corroborate every word of what he had related, and bear conclusive testimony to the interesting but continued psychical annoyance to which he had been subjected almost from the very moment of their arrival. (*Cheers.*)

Mr. KNIGHT FLYERS wished to ask the Chairman a question. He had a most exciting and thoroughly well substantiated case of after-death apparition to communicate to the Society—(*cheers*)—but he had just received a letter from the solicitors of the executors of the whole family, threatening him with several actions for libel if he revealed a word of what the unhappy spirit had imparted to him. (*Roars of laughter.*) He was quite at a loss what to do. (*A Voice:* "Send it to a *Christmas Number.*") That was not a bad idea, and he thanked the speaker. He would consult the Company's legal adviser. (*"Oh! oh!"*)

At this point a stranger, who obstinately refused to give his name, but insisted he had been spending an evening with the very best spirits, until he found himself gifted not only with "second," but also with "double sight," created considerable confusion by "reading" the thoughts of the Subscribing Committee, and endeavouring to enliven the meeting with a ribald commentary on their reflections. An effort to raise a police in-spectre by incantation to put the intruder out having signally failed, the Chairman adjourned the discussion *sine die*, and drove off from the premises in a vampire trap.

A DIFFICULTY.—While the Mayor of Windsor was concealing his address to Colonel EWART, he was, of course, a trifle puzzled as to how to use the second person singular, as "Thou art" wouldn't come well after "EWART." "You are" would have sounded like a spoilt joke, and "Thou art" would have been ungrammatical. These considerations were the reason for the omission of the following very telling point, "Who," the Mayor was going to ask in declamatory tone, "Who is a first-rate soldier and a dashing leader? Fellow Citizens, I turn to Colonel EWART and I say, *Thou art!*" This is where the applause was to have come in; but the sentence was omitted, and Old Brown Windsor Soap was tried in another form. The great merit of the address was, that it elicited one of the manliest and most telling replies as yet made by any of our gallant warriors.

"THERE is no cause for alarm," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "the Doctor examined my chest thoroughly with the stethoscope, the other day, and pronounced my lungs to be perfectly sound."



THE "MODEL" SCHOOL.

Working Model of Board School in case. Usual Money-box opening with inscription, "Put THREEPENCE in this box, and the Model will work."

John Bull (to Mr. Forster). "WORKS WONDERFULLY WELL, EH?"

Forster. "Y-E-S. BUT I THINK YOU'LL HAVE TO PUT IN ANOTHER PENNY OR TWO IF YOU WANT TO KEEP IT GOING."

COMING AND LEAVING CARDS.

AUTUMN leaves—and Christmas Trees are approaching—in fact, Father Christmas has already left his cards at our door, and gone away to call again, we suppose, later on.

Such cards, too! most of them quite too-too beautiful for anything except a glass-case and admiration; and, at the same time, about as appropriate to Christmas as strawberries and iced-cream. A notable exception to the un-Christmassy character of the cards, generally, are Mr. GEORGE CRUKSHANK's "*Past Times and Our Times*," which are spirited etchings, quaint, humorous, and quite appropriate. Their appearance, too, has the charm of novelty, on which the publishers, Messrs. HORROCKS (so like the name of "Jorrocks," which is eminently Christmassy and sporting) and HETHERINGTON

(a name associated, like that of "Jorrocks," with horses) are to be congratulated. Here are "*Cat and Dog Cards*." Title certainly not suggestive of a happy Christmas, unless the cat-and-dog life is the happy one passed by two pets, feline and canine, curled up before the fire. And to think we've scarcely commenced fires yet, and it wants just two months to Christmas Day! Very polite of Young Governor Christmas to call so soon—at present he is small and early, and we look back to the Christmas of 1881 as Old Father Christmas—or one of the Fathers now.

"*Pigs in the Snow*." By B. B. LAWRENCE. Capital and Christmassy. So are Mr. BIRBECK's prize designs of birds in the snow, which go beyond Christmas time and chirp out wishes for a "Happy New Year." May we happily finish the old one. For ourselves, we won't hurrah till we're out of the wood.

Mr. J. MUCKLEY's Flowers are beautiful in colour, Marguerites



"RALLYING."

Doctor (*sotto voce* to his Colleague). "WE MUST REDUCE THE FEVER AND ABATE THE THIRST!"

Patient (*who had overheard*). "IF YOU 'LL REDOOCE THE FEVER, GEN'L MEN—I 'LL ULD'TAKE—TO ABATE THE THIRST MYSELF!!"

Christmas Roses and no Lack-o'-daisies. The best samples of Christmas Cards, for practical purposes, are those with lines on the back, and the words "From" and "To" printed. These we strongly recommend in the interests of the Christmas Card trade, because such cards cannot be used twice. Thus, Miss NELLY GUSHER sends one of these to HORATIO SKINFINT, Esq., and at the back is written plainly, *From NELLY GUSHER to HORATIO SKINFINT*, and the latter is thus prevented from sending it on to anybody else; and, if he wants to send one, he must buy a new one on his own account. Hooray! Had him there!

Then there are four designs by Miss AUMONIER, beautifully executed, but, being Summer Landscapes, how can they have the face to pass themselves off as Christmas Cards, unless our seasons are to be utterly changed? For example, "Wishing you a Merry Christmas" is written under a July scene. All sorts of prize designs for Christmas Card Flowers by Miss M. LUDOVIC, and Figures by J. M. DEALY in the Kate-Greenaway style.

Mr. H. G. WILLINK took the £50 prize for three designs—"I know a Maiden fair to see"—but where the £50 prize comes in is a puzzle to us. So for Mr. HATHERLEY who, apparently, obtained the £100 prize for some very pretty designs, but not, to our thinking, worth such a high prize. If he did obtain it, then it was a very lucky drawing. For the £75 prize, Miss LEMIE WATT, *à propos* of a Merry Christmas Card, shows us some children pic-nicking in a wood, while one of them reads a book. So Christmas!

All published by HILDERHEIMER AND FAULKNER, who are among the first early birds in the field, ought to attract considerable attention: their series of "Shooting the Cats," by H. J. HODGSON, is a relief to the pretties, the beautifuls, and the sentimentals.

The first Almanack for 1883 to reach us is Miss KATE GREENAWAY's, published by Messrs. ROUTLEDGE AND SONS. Being small, quaint, and prettily got up, it will be a very nice present on New Year's Day, so we won't mention the price. But oh, don't hurry us into 1883 before we're quite ready! In July we hear of the Illustrated Christmas Numbers being in preparation, and at Christmas we shall see samples of the coming Summer Holiday Numbers. We're getting by far too much in advance of our time. Hold on!

Then last, but far from least, comes a Book of Old Songs, or Pan-Pipes, by WALTER CRANE, who drew the pictures, to which THO MARSHALLS of "Twickenham Ferry" wrote the Pan-Pipes accompaniment, while ED. EVANS engraved and printed them in colours,—and the whole comes off with flying colours.

Mr. Randolph Caldecott's *Graphic Pictures* (ROUTLEDGE AND SONS) we have seen before. Very amusing collection, but letterpress not wanted. The one-shilling Picture Book by the same artist, illustrating the ballad of "Where are you going to, my Pretty Maid?" is capital, and very novel in treatment.

Mr. JOSEPH MEADE's "Confession Album" deserves its mead of praise from us. It is on the plan of— But our readers had better get it for themselves, as we haven't time to describe it, as we are going to stir the pudding, hang up the mistletoe, and take seats for Boxing Night— No, no—bother the Christmas Cards coming now—we haven't got as far as hot chestnuts yet, and it's only just on Guy Fawkes' Day!

LITERATURE ON LEASE.

THE following advertisement appears in the *Athenaeum*:—

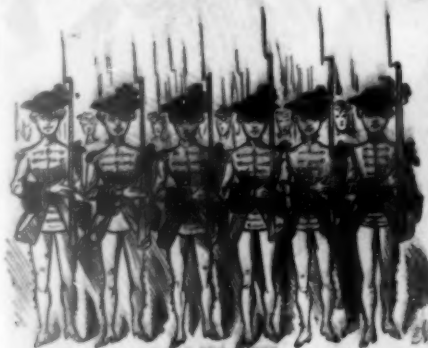
ESSAYIST TO LET, Weekly or Fortnightly.—Scenes from Foreign Travel, Sketches of Persons, Essays, "Keyhole Studies."—Address, &c.

There are so many irrepressible people, who, by reason of their entitling an article "On &c.," or "Concerning &c.," think themselves permitted to bore the British Public with many pages of tedious verbosity, and dub themselves "Essayists," that it is a pity the above Advertiser did not state more distinctly what his qualifications might be. There is a wide difference between the Essays of CHARLES LAMB and *Plausible Platitudes* by Mr. DRIVE-MORE, and a considerable gulf between the work of Lord MACAULAY and *Pinchbeck Prosings* by Mr. TWADDLER. It is a novelty to hear of an Essayist being to let. It would perhaps be more satisfactory to know whether he is to be let furnished or unfurnished, or to be let alone.

A "MERRY WAR" AND A LIVELY PIECE.

If the *Merry War*, at the Alhambra, were played by the Lively-Piece-Comedy Company, and if *Rip*, at the Comedy, were played by the Alhambra Company, the first would gain considerably, and the second would not lose much. If the cards of both houses could be shuffled a bit, both would benefit.

How did the *Merry War* after its great continental success come here?



Army and Leggy.

get a popular KATE SANTILEY; it's quite good enough to have a people's Katerer."

"There was no error about KATE," signed an eminent Shareholder.

"Well," objected WILLIAM the Dutchman, "you can't make bricks without straw."

"Tiens!" cried M. JACOBI, "but you cannot make Opera without STRAUSS!"

WILLIAM the Dutchman grasped him by the hand. It was an idea. STRAUSS's *Merry War* by all means; "and," added the eminent but still dismal Shareholder, "if that fails, it's the last STRAUSS that breaks the camel's back. Why not try PLANQUETTE?"

"Cher ami!" exclaimed M. JACOBI, affectionately slapping the despondent Alhambraist on the shoulder, "I ask for STRAUSS, and as Signor ALFREDO THOMPSON, our colleague at the Pandora, would say, you throw quite a 'wet PLANQUETTE' on it."

"Well, but wet PLANQUETTE's a success, isn't it?" asked the Director.

"So so," replied Mr. REECE, who had just looked in 'on the job,' "I can't say *Rip* goes Rippingly."

"Wish you couldn't say it," growled the despondent one.

So terms were arranged with Mr. REECE, who said he wouldn't "split STRAUSS" over a pound or two, and he undertook to write the libretto of the *Merry War*. But what a weak title! and especially just now, when the Public are associating war with anything but merriment.

However, there it is, and we may say, at once, that rarely, if ever, has the *miss-en-scène*, specially the scenes, been more effective than in this Opera. The music is tuneful, but not eatheing: the cast is not strong, the story weak, the characters good; but in spite of all the STRAUSS melodies, the strength of the piece lies, not like SAMSON's in his 'airs, but in the Military Ballet in the Third Act, for which M. JACOBI has written music that makes dancing easy even where Ballet has reigned supreme. Mlle. DE LABRUYÈRE and MARIE VALAIN divide the honours and share the applause which they most thoroughly deserve. Miss LUZIE PERCIVAL, leading her dashing comrades in their dancing musketry drill, would take captive the most ferocious enemy, and evoke a rapturous *encore* from him into the bargain. Mr. BRIGHT, himself, could not object to a *Merry War* carried on by such troops, and, of course, he would, on the quakereast principles, admire the *Merry War* as a *Merry Peace*.

Could Mr. BROUCH, who is playing a dull Dutchman at the Comedy, have visited Holland—Mr. W. HOLLAND, we mean—and taken the part of *Balthazar*, a very lively Dutchman, here, and could M. MARIUS have played a character whose catch-line, "I don't

think I ought to have said that," bears a striking resemblance to his leading question in *Les Manteaux Noirs*, "Am I going too far?" the cast of the piece would have been far stronger than it is at present.

Miss LOSEBY is as bright as ever, and Madame AMADI makes a capital Military Duchess, recalling the *AA, que j'aime les militaires*, as she leads her warrioresses.

Instead of Mlle. LORY STUBEL, who was associated with the success of the *Merry War* abroad, as *Elsie*, we heard somebody *Elsie*—and that somebody was Miss KATE SULLIVAN, who, considering she took the part at very short notice, and must have been horribly nervous, played capitally, sang well, and looked the character of the Dutchman's wife most thoroughly.

Those who do not care to see the entire Opera should on no account miss the Military Ballet, with which the Third Act commences, at ten o'clock.

After the War at the Alhambra we come to the Piece at the Comedy—which, as we have said in our title, is lively—on account of the brightness of the costumes, the pretty looks of the wearers, the general excellence of the acting and singing, both too good for the music and words,—the former being graceful but commonplace, and the latter only commonplace—and lastly, the scene in the Second Act in the Katakil Mountains, which is a veritable *chef d'œuvre* of Mr. BEVERLEY's painting. The delightful old story of *Rip Van Winkle*, which WASHINGTON IRVING adapted from the German tale of *Peter Klaus* and made his own, has been taken by two Frenchmen and one North Briton, and, if not absolutely butchered to make a London holiday, at least, so spoilt for operatic purposes as to cause regret that the International Librettists, Messrs. MEILHAC, GILLÉ, and



Gretchen, wife of Rip,—quite a Peri-Winkle.

FARNIE had not nudged their brains to devise an original story between the three of them, and have found for M. PLANQUETTE, the French Composer, something as congenial to his talents as was the really first-rate plot of *Les Cloches de Corneville*, of which the Composer gives us, in *Rip*, occasional reminiscences, but to the level of which, in his present effort, he never once rises.

Rip Van Winkle was a story worthy of the genius of a MEYERBEER, a WEBER, or a WAGNER, could the last have stuck to his *Flying-*



A Change of Vedder. Yet Vedder and Finer Vedder.

Dutchman style. But the International Librettists and their Composer have frittered away all the picturesque, robbesque, and pathetic character of the tale to suit what are supposed to be the tastes of the Public frequenting the Comedy Theatre which goes in to rival the Gaiety and the Avenue with its dresses, pretty faces, shapely limbs, light sparkling music, catchy tunes, and catch-word dialogue. The pathetic simplicity of the story is entirely destroyed, and instead of poor, careless, wittish *Rip* being driven out of his house and home by his vixenish wife, he leaves a loving spouse, charmingly represented by Miss VIOLET CAMERON, and his child, and goes to seek for treasure in the Katakil Mountains; where, instead of being encountered by HEINDEK HUDSON's ghostly crew of grimy old Dutch Salts playing at bowls, whose thunder reverberates through the hills, he assists at an entertainment given by an amiable tenor and a number of musical young ladies belonging, perhaps, to Miss LILA CLAY's Company from the Comique; and here also he sees Miss ADA



M. Jacobi making Bricks with plenty of Strauss.



"Ome, Sweet 'Ome." Rip bringing up the Children in the way they should go down a Back Street.

WILSON dance a *pas seul* in a very limited space; and the entire show has such a soporific effect on him, that it absolutely sends him to sleep for twenty years, and when he wakes he finds his hair turned white, and, on looking into a bucket of water, the truth must strike Mr. LESLIE that he closely resembles the photographs



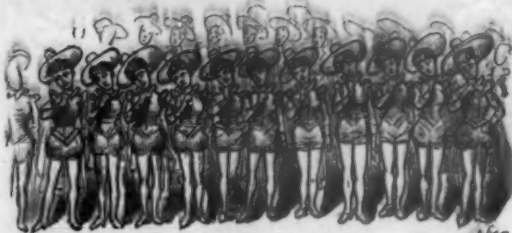
Goblin and Drinkin'.

of the late Mr. DARWIN. In his native place he finds everything changed, as in the original story so well dramatised by Mr. BOUCHOUX, and so marvellously played by Mr. J. JEFFERSON as Rip.



End of Act II.—It's Dark without action.

LIONEL BROUEN's part was, on the first night, a very stupid one; his one joke, which he shared with Mr. LESLIE, as Rip, being, "Chal-neck it up"—a catch-word which, if repeated often enough, may stick.



The Kittens of the Catskill Mountains; or, "All among the Ballet!"

Miss VIOLET CAMERON's sole chance is with the Letter Song (wasn't there a far superior Letter Song in *La Perichole*?) in the Third Act, which may become popular, though it is not "catchy"—indeed, there is so little for an audience to take away with them that the slightest removal of a tune would endanger the entire Opera.

Miss SAIDI MARTINOT is pretty and lively, but on the first night, though probably improved by now, she could scarcely be heard beyond the third row of stalls.

The dialogue is generally dull, occasionally enlivened by a selection from Joe Miller; as when the Lawyer wants to be paid by Rip "for the opinion he had of him the other day," and Rip returns that "he never had any opinion of him"—for which overhaul not only Joe Miller but SMITH's *Irish Diamonds*, &c., &c. No doubt the French collaborators were delighted with this *jeu de mot* when it was explained to them with the aid of a grammar and dictionary.

One good thing in the dialogue we record: "You know what a person ought to do who lives in a glass-house?" "Yes," is the reply, "pull down the blinds." This, whether new or old, whether Mr. FARIN's or Mr. Anybody Else's, is excellent. But it stands alone, as does the Letter Song.

Mr. BROUEN has little to sing, do, or say, except the already mentioned phrase "Chal-neck it up," which applies to Rip's score for drink chalked up on the tavern shutter; and Rip's score on the shutter closely resembles Rip's orchestral score, being of a very even character throughout. That it will have a fair run is probable, but that it will never rival the popularity of *Les Cloches* is absolutely certain.

It was reported that M. PLANQUETTE refused £20,000 for Rip. If it was a music publisher who made this offer, he must have been Boosey. But M. PLANQUETTE, being a devout man, went to Chappell, and was able to wire to his friends, "Chappell closed!"



Duet—Rip and Derrick—with a real good shake.

SCHOOL-BOREDOM.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

YOUR Correspondent is mistaken as to the number of Standards which Candidates for the School-Board will be required to pass. There are now seven instead of six, and I suppose the number will be seventeen before the next School-Board Election. Meanwhile, I send you two letters, both from Lady Candidates, who solicit my vote at the ensuing Election. The first is as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,

"I beg to inform you that I am desirous of obtaining a seat in the School-Board at the forthcoming Election, and for the following reason:—I wish to see the brutal and barbarous practice of corporal punishment entirely abolished. I desire to see the Board Schools supplied with sugar-plums instead of birch-rods. 'Hope springs eternal in the human breast,' &c., and the hope of reward is a far more powerful incentive to exertion than the base fear of the rod. Having no children of my own, I can devote my entire attention to this great question; for I do not hesitate to say that our practice of flogging is a national disgrace.

"I am, dear Sir, Your obedient Servant,

"TABITHA TANTRUM."

Another Candidate, Mr. Punch, takes an entirely opposite view of this vexed question. She writes as follows:—

"I trust, Sir, you will not allow yourself to be led away by the ridiculous theory lately started that corporal punishment should be abolished in all Board Schools. I have seen the letter of Miss TANTRUM. She says she has no boys of her own, and, I presume, is not likely to have any. What, then, is her opinion worth? I am proud to say that I am the mother of six children, and, I tell her, that boys will be boys, and that boys that never require a licking are never good for anything. Abolish flogging, indeed! You might as well abolish the Ten Commandments, trial by jury, fox-hunting, cricket, or any other established institution of the country. I always thought Miss TANTRUM was a sensible person until now, what I think of her now I shall leave you to guess. Hoping for the honour of your support at the forthcoming election.

"I am, &c.

WILHELMINA WHACKUM."

Between these rival Candidates, Mr. Punch, I am somewhat puzzled, but before committing myself to either I shall wait to see whether they can qualify for a seat in the School Board by passing the seventh standard. I am, &c. A PERPLEXED RATEPAYER.

CONSERVATIVE ORSONS ENDOWED WITH REASON.

IF what Lord CARMARVON has publicly stated is true—or nearly true—we are within what, in cultured slang, is called "a measurable distance" of the Millennium. He says that three-fourths of the literary power of the country, and four-fifths of the intellectual ability, are on the Conservative side. The mere statement of such a fact, if it is a fact, is enough to send the sternest Radical delirious with joy. The Conservative Orson is at last endowed with reason. A political Party which has acted for centuries as a drag on social progress—which did all it could to stop the introduction of gas and railways, which believed in waggons and a four days' ride from London to Manchester, which hated cheap newspapers, and fought hard for stamp and paper duties, which still has a sneaking kindness for dear bread, and an outspoken love for dear clothes, dear wine, and dear land,—is glorying in the possession of nearly all the literary and intellectual power in England. We will not inquire too closely into the origin of this power. It may be a divine gift—a sudden inspiration—or it may be the result of long, earnest, and observant education. The Conservatives may have followed the example of their late lamented leader, and have learnt wisdom even from their enemies. Let us hope that they will use this wisdom for the public good, and do something in the future that will make us forget the wretched past. Passive, not to say obstructive, ability is not a quality likely to meet with general admiration.

WHAT WILL YOU TECK?—At the banquet given to the First Life Guards by the Knightsbridgians, the Duke of Teck is reported to have said, in returning thanks for himself, that he had "turned up in Egypt like a bad shilling, and now trusted that the Army would regard him as a comrade." Why? Are the enlisted Queen's shillings all bad ones, that they should regard false coin as a comrade? Surely, His All Serene Highness did himself an injustice. "We would not hear his enemy say so." He went out in the Postal Telegraphic Service, didn't he?—and was employed as an in-and-out post when not engaged in keeping his eye on a distinguished Russian visitor.

PARALLEL TO A PROVERB.—'Tis the early bird that beholds the Comet.



MRS. PONSONBY DE TOMPKYNS LOSES HER TEMPER.

Mrs. P. de T.'s last new Duchess (graciously unbending). "WHEN I CAME HERE BEFORE, MADAME GAMINOT WAS HERE; BUT SHE WOULDN'T SING—SHE 'TOOK HER HOOK,' AS CADREY CALLED IT—WENT AWAY, YOU KNOW!"

Mrs. P. de T. "YES; AND SO DID YOUR GRACE AND LORD CADREY, IN CONSEQUENCE."

Her Grace. "A—JUST SO. WHO'S THAT VERY FUNNY PERSON TALKING TO MR. WHATHISNAME—THINGUMMY YOU KNOW—YOUR CLEVER WRITING FRIEND, FROM AMERICA? IS SHE A COMIC SINGER, AND WILL SHE SING?"

Mrs. P. de T. "NO, I DON'T THINK SHE 'LL SING. THAT VERY FUNNY PERSON IS MY FRIEND, LADY MIDAS."

Her Grace (who always speaks her mind). "WHAT! AND PRAY, MRS. TOMPKYNS, ARE THERE NO LADIES LEFT IN ENGLAND, THAT SHOULD BE ASKED HERE TO DINE WITH THE WIFE OF A SUCCESSFUL SAUSAGE-MAKER?"

Mrs. P. de T. "YOU WERE ASKED HERE TO DINE WITH MR. WHATHISNAME, DUCHERS—(THINGUMMY, YOU KNOW)! YOU YOURSELF ASKED ME TO ASK YOU TO MEET HIM; AND I'M ONLY TOO GLAD TO HAVE SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY OF SHOWING MY CLEVER WRITING FRIEND FROM AMERICA THAT THERE ARE SOME LADIES STILL LEFT IN ENGLAND, AND VERY GREAT LADIES TOO"—(Her Grace bows stiffly)—"WHO CAN'T EVEN BEHAVE AS DECENTLY AS A SAUSAGE-MAKER'S WIFE! BUT PERHAPS YOUR GRACE WOULD PREFER TO—A—TAKE YOUR GRACE'S HOOK! SHALL I RING AND ORDER YOUR CARRIAGE!"

[Her Grace reflects that her Carriage is gone—loses her head—stammers—dines—apologises, and is quite civil to Lady Midas after dinner.]

OIL ON THE WAVES.

AIR—"Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!" PREMIER sings:—

<p>FLOODS of talk-talk close not o'er us, Leave our cumbered course awhile; NORTHCOTE'S plan will not restore us Progress, peace, the country's smile. Still my fancy can discover Sunny prospects through my spell; Down wild waves! break clouds that hover! Oil of Clôture, work thou well! Ah! those hours when angry faces Scowl around and us affright,</p>	<p>Sitting heart-sick in our places Half the day and all the night! Through the noise that rages round us Dully booms the monster bell!— Hush the talk-storms that con- found us! Oil of Clôture, work thou well! On the waves around me breaking I may pump it, I alone. An experiment worth making; Should this fail, all hope is gone! Will it, will it work, I wonder? Will it still the billowy swell? Patiently I pump and ponder. Oil of Clôture, work thou well!</p>
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MOTTO FOR "THE LARGEST CIRCULATION."—England expects every man to do his D. T.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

TUESDAY Night, October 24.—House met again to-day after ten weeks' holiday. Boys came back very well, looking as if they liked it. Head-master early in his place, with clean collar on, stiffer and larger than ever. Doesn't look as if he had got much out of his holiday. HARTINGTON looking horribly bored. CHILDERS in high state of self-content. CHAMBERLAIN away ill with the gout.

"Gout!" growls Mr. HICKS, in a stage-whisper, across the Gangway, to Sir WALTER BARTHELOT. "Never heard of a Radical having the gout. Believe it's only tooth-ache."

STAFFORD NORTHCOTE looking cheery and rosy as a Devonshire apple before the wrinkles come. Everybody makes a point of shaking hands with him. Been remarks by naughty young men who want to depose him. Everybody anxious to show that he has nothing to do with conspiracy. So shakes hands with Sir STAFFORD, who holds a *levée* something like SPEAKER on last day of Session.

Below the Gangway, a thin black streak of Irish Members. Mr. HEALY at the head, Mr. PALMELL at the tail, and JOSEPH GILLIS in the middle. Sitting turns out a little tame; but, yesterday, JOSEPH presided at a Meeting where Landlordism was denounced. Recol-

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—NOVEMBER 4, 1892.



THE LATEST EXPERIMENT.

OIL ON THE RAGING WAVES!

THE LITTLE LAMBERTS

(BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LITTLE LAMBERTS")

lection of this cheers him, and is accountable for the pleased smile with which he surveys the House.

RANDOLPH back again; takes earliest opportunity of advertising fact. SPEAKER scarcely in Chair, when RANDOLPH on his legs.

Two new Members waiting to be sworn in. RANDOLPH bubbling on behalf of an outraged Constitution. Cannot wait till they take the oath. Jumps up whilst Mr. CRAIG SELLAR is walking to the Table. Mr. BRADLAUGH, under the Gallery, pricks up his ears. Is RANDOLPH going to object to a good Scotchman taking the oath? No; it's the Constitution that RANDOLPH is concerned for. His own being repaired, has now time to think of the country's.

Enormous excitement among the Fourth Party. Big Ben having suddenly stirred within his bosom curiosity as to "What you are going to do with the Reserves?" comes down early and steers for his old place, the corner seat front bench below the Gangway. Finds a younger craft already moored at his anchorage. Bears up alongside the old hulk. Lieutenant and Captain excitedly consult across his bows,

till B. B. can stand it no longer. "Where's your Reserve?" he growls, and chuckling at his own joke, elaps on sail, slowly forges ahead, and so out over the bar. Thus were the interests of the Navy sacrificed, and the great question B. B. has been propounding for forty years again postponed.

GLADSTONE made fine play with RANDOLPH, House mightily enjoying the diversion. Growing excitement among the Fourth Party. DRUMMOND constantly running out and coming back with fresh leaves from the library—"Noah's dove nothing to him."

as Mr. HEALY observes. Mr. CONST looks increasingly wise, whilst Mr. BALFOUR stretches his legs further and further across the floor, till they look



Grand Old Giant giving the Sprightly Young Midget a hearty welcome on his return to the House.

more than ever like notes of exclamation.

Little farce took two hours to play; then real business commenced. Got through with surprising smoothness. GLADSTONE forestalled Irish row by moving for Committee to inquire why Mr. GRAY was imprisoned. Result deeply interesting to Mr. GRAY since his imprisonment is now over. Mr. CHAPLIN made a magnificently eloquent speech against Resolution giving precedence to procedure, at which rude Radicals laughed.

Sir WALTER BARTHELOT intimated his intention to die on floor of the House in resistance to the First Resolution. As anybody desirous of laying a hand on Mrs. DAWSON must stride over the dead body of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, so CHAPLIN can pass as a Standing Order only over the corpse of Sir WALTER BARTHELOT.

After this nothing more to be said. Resolution passed, and House adjourned at a decent hour.

Thursday, House of Lords.—Very good House to-day, considering it's foggy, and no Noble Lord, either when raised to the Peerage or when born into it, contemplated an Autumn Session. Was not in the contract, and Lord DENMAN, to whom a case has been submitted, gives the opinion that attendance is only an act of grace.

Lord BRABOURNE more than ever disturbed in mind. Earlier in the Session confided to sympathising House that if, when Mr. GLADSTONE conferred Peerage upon him, he had known that the new Irish Land Act was in his mind, would have declined the honour. Lord SHERBROOK says there is little confusion of terms here. A thing can hardly be said to be "conferred" when a man has been pestered into giving it. But that is the worst of these young Peers. So jealous of each other.

BRABOURNE now says, if he had known of an Autumn Session, would not have accepted Peerage. "Glad he didn't know," says Sir WILLIAM HARBOUR, who still sits in the Commons. In perturbation of mind, his distraught Lordship boldly takes his seat on Conservative Benches.

"My dear BRABOURNE," says Lord ROSEBERRY, who, as he sometimes lives in Scotland, no one suspects of joking, "have you seriously considered this step? Whilst you sat on the Cross Benches, you were ready to take advantage of anything that turned up. Might have got a lift from either side upon occasion. Now, you know, you have thrown your chances away. You've lost anything more that might be got out of the Liberals, and are not sure of getting anything out of the Conservatives."

"All right, ROSEBERRY, my boy," said B., putting a lordly forefinger parallel with a baronial nose, and winking a contingent

viscountly eye, "trust me for knowing what I am doing. Don't you see the Session's short, and not quite in a regular way? Don't commit myself by anything I do now. If I find I have made a mistake, can quietly go back to Cross Benches next February, and return to the look-out. If things are promising, here shall stay."

Rather surprised to find Lord SALISBURY up again.

"Thought you were having a good time down at Hatfield, dancing 'Sir Roger de Coverley,' rollicking in the placid joys of Blind-man's Buff, making yourself ill with boar's-head, and otherwise playing the Fine Old English Gentleman."

"So I was, TOBY," his Lordship said, with a yawn, "and glad I am to get out of it. Bored to death. CRANBOURNE's a nice boy—perhaps a little quiet. But I do hope he will never come of age again in my lifetime."

My Lord Marquis found some compensation in sparring with Lord GRANVILLE, and thoroughly enjoyed himself. GRANVILLE delightful with his genial smile, his rapid fence, and his graceful thrust, which, however, sometimes draws blood.

House of Commons.—History repeats itself, or so I fancy I have heard it said, or seen it written. To-night presented remarkable example. A little difficult to hit upon authorised description of recent proceedings in Egypt. Mr. GLADSTONE a short time ago protested it was not a war. To-night in a vote of thanks it is called a "military rebellion." Irish Members, who ought to know, demur to this description. Whatever it may have been, to-night we have had in the House of Commons a very precise reproduction, barring, of course, bombardment and bloodshed. ARABI RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, rising from below the Gangway, has moved Amendment to First Resolution of Procedure. His Highness STAFFORD TEWFIK NORTHCOOTE has risen from his throne above the Gangway, and opposed the Amendment, which, he says, would be confusing. In a well-regulated State TEWFIK's word would be law, and his Lieutenant, ARABI, would, with profound salaam, obey. But Opposition not in well ordered state just now. ARABI tugs at inadequate moustachio, and frowns upon TEWFIK. ALI-STANLEY-FENNY LIGHTON (sometime known as "The Man from Shropshire") beards TEWFIK, and declares for ARABI.

ARABI hoists the flag of rebellion, and determines to divide. Consternation in the Palace. TEWFIK thrusts his hands up his coat-sleeves, bends his head, and leaves everything in the hands of Allah.

Lord JOHN MANNERS, with the vigour of youth, jumps up and flees. TEWFIK moves uneasily on his throne. Begins to think Cairo too hot for him, and retreats to Alexandria, which is no further than his room in the corridor. Sir RICHARD CROSS heitates, and is of course lost—that is, he finds his way out—amid mocking cheers from the Liberals. Between ARABI and TEWFIK W. H. SMITH's manly bosom is torn. If he goes and ARABI triumphs he will be bowstrung; if he stops and TEWFIK comes back he will be put in a sack and dropped over Waterloo Bridge. Whilst wondering what he shall do, opportunity of choice gone. Question is put. He must vote, and perforce throws in his lot with ARABI.

Very funny scene, especially for those who are not Conservatives. "Reminds me," says Sir CHARLES FORSTER, "of that beautiful poem of Sir WALTER SCOTT. How does it begin—The first to go was little Jane, —No:—

The first to go was little JOHN, Apt often for the fray, But now he takes his hat and gloves, And then he goes away.

Business done.—Vote of Thanks to Soldiers and Sailors passed in both Houses.

Friday Night.—Still harping on First Resolution. All the talking left to the Tories. Find it's not so easy as it looks when Irish Members are at it. An hour of ARTHUR O'CONNOR, or even twenty minutes of T. P. would be gratefully accepted. TEWFIK, who has come back again as if nothing particular happened yesterday, wilyly gets a speech out of DILLWYN. But that doesn't go far.

Business done.—Talk.



Muzzling the Sphinx.

Between ARABI and TEWFIK W. H. SMITH's manly bosom is torn. If he goes and ARABI triumphs he will be bowstrung; if he stops and TEWFIK comes back he will be put in a sack and dropped over Waterloo Bridge. Whilst wondering what he shall do, opportunity of choice gone. Question is put. He must vote, and perforce throws in his lot with ARABI.

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Business done.—Talk.



OUR HEROES AT HOME.

"AND OH, BY THE BYE, MY SON TELLS ME YOU DON'T MAKE HIS SHIRT-COLLARS STIFF ENOUGH. HE'S IN THE GUARDS, YOU KNOW, AND THEY GO IN FOR BEING VERY PARTICULAR!"

"WELL, MA'AM, ALL I CAN SAY IS, I'VE GOT A SON IN THE GUARDS MYSELF, AND I ALLERS WASHES FOR 'IM WHEN HE COMES 'OME, AND HE DON'T MAKE NO COMPLAINTS!"

THE MODEST OTHELLO.

(Our latest Modern Drawing-room Edition.)

"Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hairbreadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach."

Othello. I think we got through that pretty well.

Desdemona. We didn't make any glaring mistakes. But ought we to take very high credit to ourselves for having walked through a quadrille?

Othello. Certainly, as nobody else is likely to give us any. Besides, I never thought I should stay the course with my lameness. I have at least every reason to be proud.

Desdemona. I noticed you walked very lame. Have you met with any accident? Was it serious?

Othello. Serious? Well, the Doctor Johnnies said I should never stand another preparation, but I feel all right now.

Desdemona. Was it an accident, then? Was it out hunting or shooting?

Othello. In a way, both.

Desdemona. What, foxes one day and pheasants another?

Othello. I wish it had been. It was all on the one day, and what we hunted and what we shot were Egyptians.

Desdemona. Then you are a soldier?

Othello. For my sins.

Desdemona. And have been in Egypt?

Othello. For my—what shall I say worse than sins?—my bad luck.

Desdemona. How wonderful! So you have been in Egypt? It must have been very terrible.

Othello. It was. We had nothing to drink for thirty-six hours.

Desdemona. And the swarthy, savage Egyptians must have looked terrific!

ADVICE TO STREPHON.

PERHAPS the most dire, insurmountable bar
To youth who will worship a popular star,
To his appetite's rapid reduction,
Is, though one's intentions be perfectly pure,
One can't, at eighteen, in a moment secure
An eligible introduction.

Your wholly inedited love's novel force,
If you could express it, would strike her, of course,
She must fall to your spirit's near wailing;
But it's hard to exhibit one's pathos or wit
From a haphazard row in a two-shilling pit,
Or a perch on a common park-railing.

But here is a remedy ready and ripe
For STREPHONS of *Titlback Titmouse's* type:—
Instead of exhaling vain vapours;
Instead of pursuing and pestering all
Your friends for a four-hundredth card to her ball,
Just study the day's morning papers.

You hung o'er her hands in your juvenile hope,
You'll know them now, even right down to the soap—
Browns' Patent—which saves them from blisters;
Her hair!—how your rash fancy caught at each curl!—
She deigns to inform you, the generous girl,
That they're twisted by SMITH'S Patent Twisters.

The dark darling depths of her toilet once seemed
Sacred things that a venturesome demigod dreamed,
How they charmed a mere lad who could see a
Divinity in every beauty that floats
To Court, let him hear of her proud petticoats,—
JONES'S Starch does the *patuit dea*.

And that loved lovely face limned in your lover's heart,
You need no more depend on photographer's art
For a portrait—less faithful, but faster;
There isn't a journal of note that don't place,
Life-size, at its back her delectable face,
With her views on the theme of court-plaster.

And a young swain may know all his idols, their tastes
In the matter of curls, and the manner of waists,
As to cocoa, and crinoline cages,
May find that the "Bloom of Albania's" their bloom,
Their pets as to pug, prince, pursuit, and perfume,
If he reads the advertisement pages.

THE RED TAPE ARMY.—Government officials.

Othello. They did,—terrifically dirty.

Desdemona. You are the first of our heroes I have seen. So you must forgive my curiosity. Where were you wounded?

Othello. In the leg at Tel-el-Kebir.

Desdemona. At Tel-el-Kebir! And did you charge at the trenches?

Othello. Well, everybody seemed to be going the same way, and I went, too.

Desdemona. And what did you think of as you engaged in this magnificent charge?

Othello. What they would say if I stuck my toes in the ground, and cut it.

Desdemona. Cut—your toes or the ground?

Othello. Eh? No, you don't quite understand. I mean if I ran away.

Desdemona. Of course you never thought of that. You weren't frightened.

Othello. Wasn't I? I haven't been in such a blue funk since the day when I first put the gloves on with NED DONNELLY.

Desdemona. Is he an Egyptian?

Othello. No, I never heard so. I think he's Irish.

Desdemona. Nearly all the Egyptians seem to be some other nation. They say that ANABI PASHA is a Spaniard. What is he like? How often did you see him?

Othello. Never. You had to look very nippy to see him. As soon as anything went wrong—that is to say, as soon as we got near him,—he offed it by the special.

Desdemona. So you never saw him? What were the officers like?

Othello. Well, you know, we didn't see much of them. Tel-el-Kebir reminded me of Croydon in the old days, when all the Welshers used to bolt before the last race to catch the next train back to Town. These Egyptian officers did a guy just like them, and in their long great-coats looked just like them.

A CATCH ON THE COMET.

TUNE—Popular and Concivial.

WE wouldn't go home till morning,
Till quite the early morning,
So early in the morning
That daylight didn't appear.
The sky of clouds was clear;
All right were we—no fear!
And then we saw the Comet,
Distinctly saw the Comet,
Had a capital sight of the Comet,
In the cloudless atmosphere.

Down south-east, near the horizon,
Our homeward way a surprise on;
The finest we ever set eyes on,
With glowing nucle-us.
And tail in the sky up-streaming,
A goodly distance gleaming,
With roseate radiance beaming,
So splendorife-rous!
With a hip, hip, hip, hooray!
Before the break of day.
For that's a jolly good Comet!
For that's a jolly good Comet!
Yes, that's a jolly good Comet!
And so say all of us!
Hip, hip, hooray, &c.
(*Da capo ad libitum.*)

SUGGESTION FOR THE LONDON-CHATHAM-AND-OVER-WE-GO CO.—Painting in oils. Successful attempt in Aberdeen Harbour. Why not the sea-passage between Dover and Calais with oil-cloth? Then, in the very roughest weather, there will always be peace between the two countries. On the other hand, as any Tunnel must be draughty, the existence of the Channel Tunnel would imply a continued coldness between England and France. The oil by oil means. Let the London, Chatham and Dover start this olive-oil-branch line.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 108.



M. GOUNOD,

THE POPULAR COMPOSER OF FAUST. "CHACUN A SON GOUNOD."

GLORY!

THE Immediate Beneficial Results of the Recent Campaign are Banquets, of course, with Head-aches to follow.

The Household Troops will be invited to see a morning performance of a Shakspearian piece, with a new Actress in it, at the Imperial.

The Guards will be given free admissions to see a Sensation Drama at an East-End Theatre, and *Fun on the Bristol*, at the Olympic.

The Household Troops will be invited to see the *Giantess MARIAN*, and to a performance of *Pluck*, in the second week of December.

Professor PHIBBLE will invite the Guards and Household Troops to hear his entertainment (with piano accompaniment) at the Storr Street Hall.

Wearers of the Queen's Uniform will be admitted, on payment of the usual price, to the Pavilion, Trocadero, and other Music-Halls.

Such Rewards as these are indeed worth fighting for.

FINE SUBJECT FOR WAGNER.—"The School-Board Ring and the Hoard of John Bull." Mrs. MILLER would probably be pleased to supply a vigorous libretto, and the opportunities for cacophony and crashing effects would delight even the author of the Music of the Future. Imagine what a startling development of the new Art of Scientific Shindy might be suggested to "the Master" by such a theme as "*The Saving of the Rates.*"

Desdemona. Then who fought against you? Who wounded you?
Othello. Oh, the men. They were capital chaps,—stood up and got shot like bricks. The Johnny who potted me was only two yards off.

Desdemona. Did you fall on him?

Othello. I fell, but not on him. I fell on my own face.

Desdemona. Then he escaped?

Othello. No. A sportsman behind me shoved his bayonet in him.

Desdemona. Then he was killed?

Othello. Well—he didn't seem to be going strong at the finish.

Desdemona. Did you really kill enemies yourself?

Othello. Couldn't help it. If I hadn't killed them, it was about six to four they'd have killed me.

Desdemona. Dreadful! How delighted you must have been to get back to London!

Othello. One is always delighted to get back to the Village.

Desdemona. Of course your family were awfully proud of you on your return?

Othello. I don't run to a family; I only keep a father.

Desdemona. His joy must have been the greater, then, at welcoming home an only child!

Othello. I dare say it really was; but the old boy has been soldiering himself, and doesn't think the present lot of Generals within 21 lbs. of a really good one. He is under the idea that if Sir GARNET had had really the interests of his men at heart, he would have kept them in Egypt till after the Houghton. And, mind you, the old boy is about right as far as I am concerned; for whether it was the heavy going, or whether it was the postponement, I backed about a hundred and fifty horses for the Cambridgeshire, and didn't get in the first three.

Desdemona. Oh, that is the horse-racing at Newmarket you are talking about. But to return to this dreadful war. Did you, when you came back home, find many alterations, many changes, in those you had left behind?

Othello. Rather. Little CONNIE GILCHRIST isn't playing at the Gaiety. ARTHUR ROBERTS, you know, isn't at the Pavilion, and the Sisters LEAMAR have left the Royal.

Desdemona. Do you know, by the bye, that all the time we've been talking I have not known your name. One always hears one's own in an introduction, and that's all.

Othello. I am generally called BILL, but I was christened ALGERNON FITZROY PLANTAGENET CROWNDALE.

Desdemona. Oh! Why I read of you, and of the great brave thing you did at Tel-el-Kebir, in saving the life of a wounded private. I read about your arrival at Portsmouth. Weren't you proud to read how the papers spoke of you?

Othello. Well, perhaps I should have been if I had been the only Johnny able to read; but unfortunately they over-educate the Jews, and there was a regular army of writers to meet me.

Desdemona. But what are writers?

Othello. Why, sportsmen with writs.

Desdemona. I don't know what writs are.

Othello. You must lead a very sad and lonely life.

Desdemona. Why?

Othello. Well, you can't have a father or any brothers, or—

Desdemona. I have. (*Music recommences.*) Oh, there's that stupid Mr. SMITH; and it's a quadrille—

Othello. Let's sit it out!

[*Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA. Subsequently OTHELLO goes home, hit hard, and wondering how he can contrive to live within his income.*]

New Reading.

(*By a Member of the Farmers' Alliance.*)

WHAT moves the Tory Nobs, the cold Whig Cowards?
Alas! not all the Bills of all the HOWARDS.

THE PROMISE OF MAY!

(An Old Song re-set, and specially dedicated, for purposes of recitation, to Mrs. Bernard Beece, Managersess of the Globe Theatre.)

You must call rehearsals early, call them early, KELLY dear!
November 'll be the merriest month of our dramatic year;
November I have fixed it for the Laureate's new play,
And I'm to be Promise of May, KELLY, I'm to be Promise of May!

There's many a chosen priestess in the wild æsthetic line.
There's ELLEN! and there's MARION! whose fingers intertwine!
But all the Grosvenor Gallery think none like me, they say;
So I'm to be Promise of May, KELLY, I'm to be Promise of May!

I'm thinking of the night, you know, both sleeping and awake,
And I hear them calling loudly till their voices seem to break;
But I must fashion lots of gowns in Liberty silks so gay,
For I'm to be Promise of May, my Lad, I'm to be Promise of May!

I went down into Surrey—don't laugh, it is no joke—
And found the great Bard dramatist wrapt in a cloak—of smoke!
He handed me his manuscript, and read it yesterday;
So I'm to be Promise of Maytime, I'm to be Promise of May!

He said I was ideal, because I kept it up,
This mixture of his *Dora*, and his *Camma* in the *Cup*.
They call me a *replica*, but I care not what they say,
Now I'm to be Promise of May, you see, I'm to be Promise of May!

They say he's pining still for fame; but that can never be.
He likes to roar his lyrics, but what is that to me?
I'll fill the Globe with worshipping, in the old Lyceum way—
For I'm to be Promise of May, my Friend, I'm to be Promise of May!

My sisters of the *cultus* shall attend me clad in green:
All the poets and the painters must hail me as their Queen!
The great dramatic critics of course will have their say,
Now I'm to be Promise of Maytime, I'm to be Promise of May!

The Pit with wild excitement will tremble, never fear,
And the merry gods above them will greet me with a cheer!
There will not be a ribald line in all the Laureate's play,
For I'm to be Promise of May, you see, I'm to be Promise of May!

All the Stalls will sit in silence, or with cynicism chill
Will pick the Bard to pieces and work their own sweet will;
And HAMILTON CLARKE in the orchestra he'll merrily pose and play—
For I'm to be Promise of May, my Lad, I'm to be Promise of May!

So call rehearsals early, call them early, there's a dear!
Bid gipsy-tinted ORMSBY and VEZIN to appear.
November 'll see what "gushers" call the "sweetest, daintiest play,"
And I'm to be Promise of May, KELLY, I'm to be Promise of May!

THE FOOD EXHIBITION.

WE believe that up to the time of our going to press no applications for vacant spaces wherein to show the following articles of food have been made, or, at any rate, have been granted:—

Poisonous fungi, which, owing to the strong resemblance which they bear to the edible mushroom, can be sold as such.

Decayed carrots, watery turnips, and rotten potatoes, which, with the disguising aid of sugar, colouring-matter, and a small quantity of real fruit, can be converted into strawberry or raspberry jam, according to the customers' tastes, at a very slight cost.

American beef, which, with a little skilful trimming, can be altered into English beef at a profit of some 200 per cent.

Alum, as employed in the manufacture of "pure wholesome wheaten bread."

London water as filtered for the Public. The rights of fishing for *animalculæ* in these waters are strictly preserved by the Water Companies.

Putrid meat, before being highly seasoned and spiced and disguised in the form of fresh Cambridge Sausages.

The homely Filehard as he is, and as he appears as the Sardine of the Mediterranean.

Not Generally Known.

THAT the Æsthetic Movement is nothing but an enormous scheme of a commercial Company to advertise the capabilities of the Sunflower, that a large manufactory is being erected for its development in Bedford Park, and that Mr. OSCAR WILDE is now travelling in America with samples of Sunflower Soap, Sunflower Oil, Sunflower Silk, and Sunflower Cattle-Food.

ONE LAW FOR THE RICH—

EATON SQUARE.—The Duke of BLOOMSBURY applied to-day for a summons against the Rev. WHITE CHOKERLY, on the grounds that the Defendant had grossly assaulted Plaintiff's son, the Marquis of TORRINGTON. His Grace said that early in the present year he had placed his son, a delicate boy of ten years of age, with the Defendant, who had been recommended to him as a humane man, especially skilled in "coaching" backward boys, such as his son, who through ill-health, undoubtedly was. Finding that the lad seemed timid and nervous, he questioned him, and learnt that he was frequently flogged three or four times a week, and sometimes every day. He had been so severely thrashed the day before, and his body was so covered with weals, that his father thought it was only his duty to apply for this summons.—The learned Magistrate said that in his opinion boys were all the better for a sound flogging. He knew he had been thrashed enough when he was at school, and had no doubt his Grace had shared a similar fate. He should grant no summons, and felt bound to state that he was astonished at a person of the Duke of BLOOMSBURY's experience wasting the valuable time of the Court over such a trumpery matter.

—AND ANOTHER FOR THE POOR.

WHITECHAPEL.—Mr. HENRY TEAUCHAMP, an Assistant-Master at the Moriarty Court School of the Whitechapel School-Board, was this day charged, on a summons, with assaulting WILLIAM CRACK CRIB, a pupil at the school. The Complainant, a sturdy lad of fifteen, deposed that on the 27th he was called out from his place in the school, and severely beaten, his alleged offence being talking to the boy who sat next to him. His body was still covered with bruises, and he was so ill the following day that he wasn't able to go to church.—On behalf of the Defendant several witnesses deposed that the school in question contained as unruly and troublesome a lot of boys as were to be found in London; that the Plaintiff was of notoriously bad character, and was one of a gang of young thieves known as the "Terrors of the Neighbourhood;" that his talking to the boy next to him was in reality using, at the top of his voice, most foul and disgusting language; and that the "severe beating" was a slight caning over the hand with a light wooden paper-knife.—The Defendant was fined 40s. and costs, at which decision he seemed thunderstruck, and hastily ejaculated that such a sentence meant his dismissal from his post, and consequent ruin.—The learned Magistrate said he ought to have thought of that before ill-treating his pupil, a lad who, if well and kindly used, would doubtless become an honour to his country. He was perfectly satisfied that the Defendant was a man of ungovernable temper, and wanted a sharp lesson to teach him that the children of the poor and humble were not to be knocked about out of sheer wanton caprice.

Squaring the Circle.

(By a pestilent pooh-pooher of the Press.)

IMPOSSIBLE? Pooh, Sir! Examples abound.

(One at present seems being prepared.)

Explain? When a Journal comes suddenly round,

You may bet it has somehow been "squared."

The Missing Link.

MILITARY Authorities, like the Duke of CAMBRIDGE and Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, have reported dead against the Channel Tunnel, and for some time, until another little war sends Egypt into oblivion, Sir GARNET's verdict will be law. The French half of the Tunnel, however, which is progressing rapidly, appears to be forgotten in these discussions, and one day, not very far distant, the French, having completed their share of the work, will want to know why we have lagged behind with ours. A *casus belli*, or a *casus diving-belli*—may arise—touching the submarine right of way. It will add one more to the grim farces of history, if we quarrel over a work which we were afraid to complete for fear of a quarrel.

Liberal Linen.

AN enterprising Hosiery has, we understand, obtained one of Mr. GLADSTONE's shirt-collars. He has manufactured an enormous quantity of the same pattern, and it is expected they will be extensively worn during the ensuing Session. The design is registered, and the trade-mark is G.O.C., or the Grand Old Collar.

TRUE BLUE!

UNSURPASSED both for courage and conduct in perilous scenes!
Marines! Nay, we'll call you our true *no plus ultra* Marines!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamp. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



THE PLEASURES AND PAINS OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

PITY THE POOR SHERIFFS!

Now, Mr. BULL, that the parties liable to serve as High Sheriffs are about being named, perhaps you may ask why, when nominated for the High Shrievalty, they are said to be pricked?

Answer:—Because pricking them means sticking it into them, as it were, and making them bleed—and hurting them. Yes, Sir, bleed to the amount of from £500 to £600. This in many cases is bleeding them *ad deliquium*, as the Doctors used to prescribe in the good old days of venesection. To fainting, Sir.

The puncture for High Sheriff was a mere fleabite formerly, when Landowners, as a class, were "Bloated Aristocrats." But now, what with rents reduced almost all round, or else not paid at all, they may remain aristocratic, but they are attenuated.

What should we hear said on platforms at public meetings if reverend Dissenting Ministers and respectable Shopkeepers were subject to be stuck into, and bled, and put upon like Landowners?

And, mind you, your High Sheriff has nothing personally to do whatever except to sit at the Assizes beside the Judge in a droll and uncomfortable costume, almost as uncomfortable and as droll as my Lud's, and to escort their Ludships to and from their lodgings in a state-coach. He is not permitted to have them wheeled in perambulators, and, even if he offered to send them in a cab, would get himself committed for contempt.

He pays the Under Sheriff to perform the real duties of his office. Couldn't an Under Sheriff, always "One, &c.," detach a clerk or some other sufficiently gentlemanlike and well-behaved young man to attend my Lud's? And shouldn't the Under Sheriff be paid out of the county rates, instead of his poor superior's pocket?

Landowners, to be sure, mostly aspirate their h's, and own armorial bearings which they have really inherited; but surely not even the most outrageous anti-Gentleman will assign those things as reasons why they should be liable to have it stuck into them, and be bled, more than many other people very much better able to bear it. Even if they were, as some of their inveterate enemies object, "orty," would it be fair to fine them heavily for mere ortiness?—the poor beggars!

Perhaps, Mr. BULL, ruinous appointments have been, by this time, improved away in Siam; but if not, now isn't the office of High Sheriff about our nearest equivalent to a White Elephant? A very useless office, but how very much the reverse of a sinecure!

KNIGHT THOUGHTS (ON THE NINTH).



A Knight-Mare.

I say "Good day!" to Greatness. FINNIS, HADLEY, Hope you don't think I bear my honours badly. Come to my Civic birthright! STAPLES, NOTTAGE, I wouldn't sell it for a mess of pottage. Gold chains and gorgeous garb! DE KEYSER, SAVORY, 'Tis rather nice this glittering civic bravery. The point of the procession! CHAMBERS, CHARLEY, With Fame's fair proffer one were fool to parley.

Choked streets and clamorous shoutings!

MORCKTON, NELSON,

This is a scene that memory fondly dwells on. Some folks pooh-pooh processions. GABRIEL, LAWRENCE, Can't say that pageantry is my abhorrence. The cynosure of thousands! TRUSCOTT, OWDEN, Is't not a thing a man may well be proud on? How the boys shout! MCARTHUR, HANSON, FOWLER, I feel a fondness for each urchin howler. This something my great-grandchildren to tell is. Really, most pleasant! How do you feel, ELLIS? Well, when my fleeting year hath taken flight, May all—and in two senses—say good KNIGHT!

SUNDAY IN SOMERSET.—An agitation in the county of Somerset for the purpose of obtaining a Sunday Closing Bill, to add to the agreeableness of that day in that shire, is being fomented under the auspices of the Bishop of BATH AND WELLS. Just the proper Prelate to promote the restriction of the Public to pump-water.

THE "PREMIER PAS."—Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE's pet name for his father.

THE TROUBLESOME TRIO

APPEARING NIGHTLY DURING THE PERFORMANCE OF "IMPASSIONCE" AT ST. STEPHEN'S.



SAMPOSON

Lord R-ND-LPH CH-RCH-LL, Sir DR-MM-ND W-LFF, and Mr. ASHM-D B-RTL-TT, ensemble—

We've long opined the House should prove a sort of hornets' nest;
 At least to turn it into one we've done our little best;
 And though our pranks upon ourselves no credit seem to bring,
 Still, when the Grand Old Man's our game—we're up to anything!

We gibe at him like this, we snap at him like that;
 We yawn or laugh: sometimes we chaff, or contradict him flat;
 And, if he make a slip,
 We roar and yell and skip,

And trust our brass may muster pass
 Somehow for Statesmanship!

If you should think our posturings our Party but degrade,
 Reflect, "Our Party's" but ourselves, and we're all ready made:
 Tact, reason, judgment to their work wise politicians bring,
 But when the Grand Old Man's the butt—why, fools can have their fling.

ALMANACK TIME.

[The innumerable Paris Almanacks have just appeared.]

AUTUMNAL leaves, autumnal leaves,
The autumn's red blood in their veins
The asphalt fleck with sanguine stains.
The coco merchant mutely grieves,
And his last sickly heeltap drains;
And each bookseller's shop contains
New-born autumnal leaves.

Autumnal leaves, square-cut, but not,
Not more square-toed than *DUMAS fils*,
That air a fair *effronté*-space
Described by *GRÉVIN*'s dash and dot,
Which don't recall the lines of *Greece*—
Figures whose lips suggest a crease,
Whose eyes suggest a blot.

The *Charivari*? Bless each curl
The dear familiar letters take;
Its pleasantries may be opaque,
And limp the bolts it used to hurl,
It's welcome for its old sire's sake—
Sire who made *PHILIPPE*'s gold cocks quake,
And *CHARLES*'s white flags furl.

Ah, happy little calendars,
That show the gladness of the years,
Enforce their smiles, suppress their tears,
With jovial scorn for their worst scars;
How smooth your sea of life appears,
Full of fair freights and frolic cheers,
While ours seems full of spars.

Your dates look sweet and good of hue,
Our dates seem only rind and stone
In stony Arab deserts grown;
Yours tell what's nice, if not what's new;
Ours tell the nasty, too well known.
You have a *billet-doux*'s best tone:
Ours say when bills are due.

Spiritualism in the Suburbs.

In several suburban public-houses (we are informed)
is posted the notification that—

"Our Annual Spirit Club has commenced."

Here is clearly a case for the Psychical Research Society. They might find their account in looking in here and there at an establishment where a Spirit Club may be holding *séances*, a resort probably constituting a "House of Call for Mediums." There would doubtless be no difficulty experienced in raising the Ghost of "Old Tom."

So, we gibe at him like this, we snap at him like that;
We yawn and laugh: sometimes we chaff, or contradict him flat;
And, if he make a slip,
We have him by the hip!
By Jove, our brass, though not high-class,
Is all our Statesmanship.

It isn't that we really mean to irritate the Chair,
Or worry old Sir STAFFORD till he's fit to tear his hair.
Nor o'er our friends do we desire our party mud to fling,
But when the Grand Old Man gets up—we're up to anything!
So we gibe at him like this, we snap at him like that,
We yawn, we laugh; sometimes we chaff, or contradict him flat;
And if he make a slip,
Like Cannibals we skip,
And show the House what depths of *nous*,
Has Jingo Statesmanship!

DOWN PARNASSUS.

THAT the Laureate has been doing his very best to fit himself for his great forthcoming dramatic effort in everyday prose, may be gathered from the following unrhythmical version of one of his own well-known poems, recently picked up in pencil, on a fly-leaf, at the stage-door of the Globe Theatre. There is perhaps a little too much redundancy of expression observable; but the determined effort to get rid of poetic form at any cost, is highly praiseworthy, and augurs well for the distinguished Author's latest venture.



"NO ONE IS A HERO TO HIS VALET."

Sir Arthur Pillson, Bart., M.D., F.R.C.P., &c., &c., &c. "AND ARE YOU BETTER, SIMPSON, AFTER THAT MEDICINE I GAVE YOU LAST NIGHT?"

Cook. "WELL, I CAN'T SAY AS I HAM, SIR HARTHUR; AND TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, IF YOU'VE NO OBJECTION, SIR HARTHUR, I SHOULD LIKE TO CONSULT A REGULAR MEDICAL MAN!"

In addressing you, I admit, somewhat incoherently, O Sea, I must most emphatically reiterate my request that you will not only break upon what are vaguely termed "your cold grey crags," but even, if possible, splash up on to the very Marine Parade; and must add, while preferring this simple request, that I most heartily wish I could in the least convey, in any intelligible language, what on earth it is I'm thinking about.

It is extremely fortunate for the Fisherman's Boy that, while engaged in athletic recreation with his sister, he finds his lungs in more than average condition! It is also a matter of real congratulation to the Nautical-Yahting Young Man, that, whatever apparently may be the state of the weather in the Bay, he finds himself, when once on board, equal to a song!

AND what is really a remarkable bit of seamanship, the vessels in the immediate neighbourhood, vessels, too, apparently well conducted and officered with some dignity, somehow or other blunder away, and, very possibly to escape pier-dues, manage to come up alongside—I should say a great deal too close in—*right under the hull*! But notwithstanding the peculiarity of this artful marine manoeuvre, I am still anxious to play a game at blind-man's buff conducted without noise on the new and approved Silent System rules.

AND so, once more, O Sea, please break upon the crags I have already referred to. At the same time, I may mention in confidence, the anything-but-tough experiences of an agreeable season, which I feel it is morally impossible to resuscitate, I must, like a sensible man, regard henceforth as fairly and hopelessly wiped out.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

THE NEW RULES OF PROCEDURE PRIZE PUZZLE; OR, HOW TO FIT IN THE SPEAKER.

House of Commons, Monday Night, October 30.—More than ever impressed with the business capacity of House. Spent two hours and a half to-night on thrilling discussion as to whether the Closure Question should be put by the SPEAKER or by a Minister of the Crown. Had a dim fancy that had heard something of this before. Possibly in some previous state of existence. Still, so entrancingly interesting that no one could grudge repetition, and would look forward with satisfaction to expectation of renewal away in the ewigkelt.

At the end of two hours and a half, STAFFORD NORTHCOTE made surprising and pleasing discovery that in May last a similar Resolution been before the House, and debated at great length. The SPEAKER admitted the fact, but ruled that since the terms were enlarged, the Motion was not out of order.

Glad to hear this. Shall tack on another half-yard, and we'll have it all over again next week.

Whilst away in the dining-room, drawing up terms of my Amendment, Captain AYLMER moved to restrict speeches to ten minutes' duration. Captain a little mixed as to where his Amendment to come in. Got, as it were, between the legs of the First Resolution. Apart from this little maladroitness, gallant Captain has hit the bull's-eye. What we want is shorter speeches. Ten minutes won't do, but twenty would admirably. Remember late Mr. DISRAELI saying to me, "Take my word for it, TOBY, there's no man in the world, except Mr. GLADSTONE, who cannot say everything he has to say, and say it at his best, in twenty minutes."

Exception to disadvantage of WEG, a little spiteful. "Verbosity," as Mr. THOMASSON says, "is like drink. It grows upon a man. Just as one begins with a nip a day, and goes on to nineteen, so some men begin with short speeches, and go on to windy orations."

But WEG can, and he will, make telling speeches within limits of twenty minutes. See how, last week, he, in a single sentence, showed absurd impracticability of RANDOLPH's Amendment about Chairman of Committees consulting SPEAKER before putting Closure question. Pity of it is GLADSTONE won't. His example most pernicious. Debauches ingenious minds like those of JOSEPH GILLIS, and once led him to make a speech fully four hours long.

Business done.—Members in remarks varying from twenty minutes to three-quarters-of-an-hour, urged the primal necessity of strictly limiting the duration of speeches.

Tuesday Night.—Grand Old Man made grand old speech. Didn't think it possible for any one to impart life into dulness of debate. GIBSON tried. Uplifted his voice, and moved Alderman FOWLER and Mr. WARTON to tears by reference to "this grand old House of Commons of ours." General effect little pulpy. Such a speech as might have been made from a brief. WEG, on the contrary, was mightily in earnest, glowing with eloquence, and took the House by storm.

"What's matter?" said CAVEDISH BENTINCK, wobbling in with that remarkable stride, which suggests that his left leg wants

to carry him over to the Liberal majority, whilst his right is true to the principles of the Constitution. "What's matter? Has G. O. M. disestablished another Church?"

Well might the uproarious cheers recall greater debates.

"It is gratitude makes them so jubilant," said HICKS-BEACH, in his genial way. "They weren't sure after what GLADSTONE said last Tuesday, whether he was going to stand by First Resolution or not. Now they know it, their minds relieved from great weight. When a Party's got a Leader, it likes to be led."

He was talking to W. H. SMITH and quite sorry that STAFFORD should have overheard him. "Michael-and-all-Angels" Mr. JAMES LOWTHER calls him, in reference to angelic sweetness of his temper.

After Mr. GLADSTONE's speech, House emptied. Members positively declined to hear any more. Thereby missed a good deal of soothing eloquence. Amongst others Mr. WHITLEY was put up by Mr. WARTON, and smiled with unvarying sweetness upon the Opposition, as he showed them how hopelessly they were in the wrong. Mr. WARTON had been carefully priming him all night. Rations of snuff served out regardless of expense. On the whole, result not quite commensurate with preparations. If WHITLEY has



Guying him; or, The Fourth on the Fifth.

a fault, he's a little bit too mild. Mr. WARTON goaded him, as it were, with cheers, and in the excitement of the moment took more snuff than was good for him. Mr. WHITLEY had also observed precaution of placing himself immediately before his leader. Relying upon this moral support, and assisted by the material support of the Bench, he got advantageous start, but could not make the running.

"I wonder," said Sir CHARLES FORSTER, one of his few hearers, "that a man who calls himself the Universal Provider could not provide himself with a better speech."

Very odd how the good Baronet mixes up people and things. But the strain on his mind is enormous. Highest Authority in the House, who is sometimes startled by finding Sir CHARLES forlornly wandering about distant corridors, suggested he might wear a cloth-cap which he could put in his pocket. But Sir CHARLES says he is sure he'd put it in somebody else's, and it would come to the same thing. "No," he says, with a far-away look in his eye. "Man and boy, I've been looking for my hat for thirty years, and I'll go on—I'll go on."

Business done.—Mr. GIBSON's Amendment moved.

Wednesday.—Most affecting scene in the House to-day. Lord RANDOLPH came out in new character. Hitherto has found the Present and the Past sufficient for the searchings of his great mind. Now takes the Future under his wing, and comes out as a Seer. Solemnly warns Conservative Party of what is in store for them. They will curse the day on which they were betrayed. "Aye," says Lord RANDOLPH, raising a prophetic hand, and bending a glowering glance on the shrinking form of Sir STAFFORD, "and the Leader who betrayed them!"

DRUMMOND WOLFE, who has a proper pride in his Leader, says, "Reminds me of the warning given to LOCHIEL before the fatal day: 'LOCHIEL, LOCHIEL, beware of the day, When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!' and that sort of thing, doncha know?" DRUMMOND says with glistening eye and heightened colour.

Certainly is something in that style, though don't remember myself ever to have seen a Seer with his hair parted in the middle, carefully oiled, and brought to in little bows at the forehead. As far as hair goes, CAVENDISH BENTINCK or Mr. FORSTER would do the Seer better. Also, RANDOLPH might learn a lesson from Mr. CHAPLIN when arranging his features on these occasions, and in manipulating his voice. The troubled brow, the drooped lips, the humid eye of Mr. CHAPLIN, combined with low and solemn tones tremulous with suppressed emotion, are recommended to RANDOLPH's attention next time he comes out as a prophet. Also, he really must rumple his hair.

Business done.—Conservative Party Warned.

Thursday.—More speeches to-night, though everyone admits the thing is thrashed out.

"Wish the Speakers were, too," says Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR, with yawn as long as list of Amendments to First Resolution. "What do people want making speeches? Quite enough for a man to vote."

One thing to be said is that if Members will speak, others won't listen. House empty all night till eleven o'clock. Then Clans gather, Members turn up from various places, far and near, NORTHCOOTE makes gentle little jokes of astronomical order, at which the House genially laugh. HARTINGTON makes strong straight speech which would have been straighter and stronger had it been shorter. Everything that can be said has been said, Marquis observes. What use is unlimited prolixity in debate? Excellent idea, only might have been expressed in less than forty minutes.

When HARTINGTON sits down, Mr. CALLAN gracefully rises, and is impartially howled at. Old joke this, to wait till Leaders have wound up debate, and then appear. Riles the House, and temporarily makes you personage of importance. Difficult to say which side Mr. CALLAN declares for. Is very distinctly heard to denounce "this coercible Government." After which he sinks back gently, but firmly, on the crown of his hat, which is coerced into flattened shape.

Business done.—Mr. GIBSON's Amendment rejected by 322 votes against 238.

Friday.—House nearly empty all night. Nevertheless, speeches made on various subjects more or less nearly connected with Amendment before House. Irish Members show signs of waking up.

Business done.—None.

Rival Nostrums.

To right human wrongs and make all the world well, Would the world but attend, there are two would have taught her:

"Land for the People's the cure!" cries PARNELL, Whilst RICHARDSON swears it is Water.



"THE POSTMASTER ABROAD AGAIN."

Pat (to Clerk). "SURE! I SENT TEN SHILLINGS TO ME BROTHER THROUGH THE POST, AN' HE TELLS ME"—(fuming)—"HE NEVER GOT 'T!"

Clerk (calmly). "AT WHAT OFFICE DID YOU GET THE ORDER?"

Pat. "SHURE, THEN, IT WAS TO YOURSELF I GAVE THE MONEY, AN' BE JABBERS I'VE GOT YER RECEIPT FOR 'T!" (Produces Money Order in a fury.) "LOOK AT THAT, NOW!"

DIARY OF A SABBATARIAN À LA MODE DE LONDRES.

Sunday, October 29.—Went to church, and found the choir very imperfect. Made a note to write to the Rector about a new tenor that I heard at a proprietary chapel.

Went to the Fogey Club and had lunch. Had occasion to complain of the quality of the claret. Wrote several letters to the *Daily Waterbutt* in favour of strict Sabbath observance—the closing of public-houses, the stoppage of bands in the Park, the cessation of railway, postal, and telegraph service, &c. Read the money article in the *Observer*, and wrote to my Banker to buy Egyptians, Turks, and other Infidel Stocks at present low quotations. Wrote to my Member of Parliament to vote against the admission of Mr. BRADLAUGH, on pain of losing my vote and interest at the next election.

Dined at home, because the Sunday dinners at the Fogey Club are really too unbearable. Dressed, and went to an evening party at Baron MIDAS's. Several royal personages were present, and, in their company, I enjoyed a very clever performance by Madame CAMEMBERT, the French Actress, and her Company. Fancy I heard somebody say that the piece had been refused a public licence. Glad that we have officials who know their duty, and do it. One was present at this party. Found a difficulty in getting a cab when I left the house. Made a note to complain to the Home Office of the disgraceful way in which the public are neglected by Cabmen.

An Echo of the Week.

A REUTER's telegram in the *Daily Telegraph* on Friday, from Alexandria, says:—

"SALA PASHA, during his short stay here, has formed five companies of police of 110 men each."

And all this time he is writing books, inditing columns of gossip for the *Illustrated News*, countless leaders for the *Daily Telegraph*, taking the chair at dinners and Societies, scampering about the world generally, and going to see every new piece at the theatre. They may well call him "the versatile and ubiquitous."



MORE LOST ILLUSIONS.

AGATHA GOLDMORE IS INTRODUCED TO YOUNG POULBURY, WHO TALKS TO HER OF ART AND CULTURE. "WHY," THINKS AGATHA, "HE LOOKS LIKE A GREEK GOD EVEN IN HIS EVERY-DAY CLOTHES! WHAT MUST HE BE WHEN HE'S PLAYING LAWN-TENNIS!"

NEXT DAY SHE HAS AN OPPORTUNITY OF JUDGING, FOR SHE MEETS HIM AGAIN AT MRS. MATCHAM'S, IN HIGHGATE. ONCE MORE HE TALKS TO HER OF ART AND CULTURE—BUT ALAS, POOR AGATHA! THE SPELL IS BROKEN, FOR EVER!

THAT INFIDEL EARL!

(Plain Language from Artless Ahmed, Istanbul.)

AIR—"That Heathen Chinee."

SULTAN sings—

I—ASIDE—may remark,—
And I mean to speak plain,—
That for games that are dark,
Masked by manners urbane,
That Infidel Earl licks me hollow—
And I am no novice inane.

DUFFER-IN is his name,
But I'm bound to deny,
In regard to the same,
What that name might imply.
Though his smile is so pleasant and placid,
A Sheitan there lurks in each eye.

Istanbul was the spot
Where we played, and you'd guess
That the Giaour got it hot—
Found himself in a mess.
Yet he played it on me, did that Giaour,
In a way that was loathsome—no less.

We sat down to the game,
DUFFER-IN took a hand;
I felt sure that the same
He could not understand;
But he smiled as he sat at the table
With the smile that was placid and bland.

My cards were well stocked,—
As no doubt you'll believe,—
And I felt—don't be shocked!—
I'd "a bit up my sleeves."
For when playing with sons of burnt fathers
Our duty's to dupe and deceive.

But the hands which were played
By that dog DUFFER-IN,
And the tricks that he made,
Were a shame, and a sin,
Till at last I was "bested" completely,
And the Giaour scored a palpable win.

Then I felt that my guile
Was but simple and slight,
And he rose, with a smile,
And he said, "That's all right!
Think I'll take the next turn with dear
TEWFIK!"

And he started for Cairo that night.

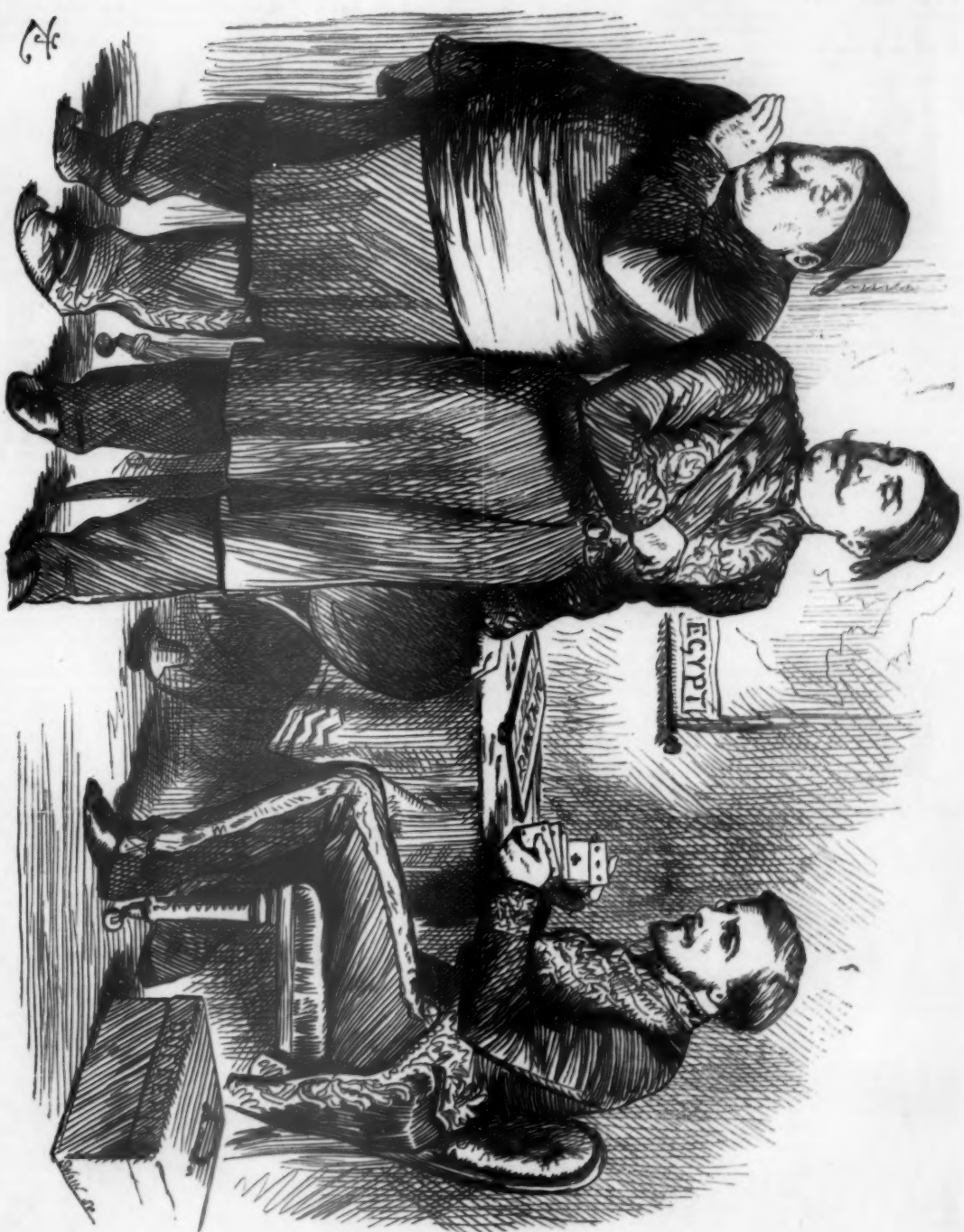
In the little game there
I may not take a hand;
But, my TEWFIK, beware!
He is gentle and bland,
Yet he'll probably give you a hiding,—
Few games that he'll not understand.

Be the game short or long,
He's ne'er flurried nor stuck.
His lead is so strong,
He has Sheitan's own luck;
And you'll find in this goose—as I thought
him—
What occurs to geese—sometimes—that's
"pluck."

Which is why I remark,
Though I own it with pain,
That for games that are dark,
Masked by manners urbane,
That Infidel Earl licks me hollow,
And I don't want to play him again!

OUT OF PLACE.

THE person who declined to contribute to a fund—say for presenting a golden warming-pan to Mr. GLADSTONE—would hardly be looked upon as ungracious. He would decline, not, probably, as grudging a tribute to the PREMIER, but on the grounds that the fitness of things was violated by the form of the proposed offering. The pure and pleasing American poet, whose loss all English-speaking people lament, is worthy of all suitable honour. It is because admitting an American Singer to a place so specially set apart for English celebrities as Westminster Abbey does not appear to Mr. Punch to be a suitable honour, that he feels little sympathy with the proposal for placing a bust of LONGFELLOW in Poet's Corner. Let genial Earl GRANVILLE, and the well-meaning Committee devise a memorial to the honoured Author of *Hiawatha*, which shall enable us to give free and glad play to our sympathy with genius, and with our American kinsmen, without feeling that the grace of the tribute is marred by its singular inappropriateness.



A FRIENDLY GAME.

SERIME PORTE (*also* to KHEDIVE), "YOU'LL HAVE TO DO ALL YOU KNOW! HE'S BEST-ED ME!!!"

A CHORD OF THREE



"BOYS AND GIRLS;" OR, A PIECE WITH HONOR.

MR. PINERO, who, when he brought out *The Squire*, explained that he wished to "bring the scent of the hay across the foot-lights," must be careful how he uses what seems likely to become his stock-in-trade. Already there is a musty smell about his hay, and the conventional countryman soon becomes a mere bore,



Our Johnny Lecturing on Art.

especially when he finds himself in company with such very unconventional persons as a testy, gouty old guardian, an adopted son who incurs his "guardy's" wrath by failing in love with a young person who, strange to say, is actually beneath him in station, and all these appearing in such perfectly unconventional situations as that of a young man preferring beggary to obeying his guardian in an affair of the heart, going out into the world to seek his fortune, after taking his guardian's curse, and the unconventional situation of his return on the very day of

the young person's marriage with somebody else, when his arrival upsets all the arrangements, and the obdurate "Old hunk" (our venerable friend of many a Farce and Melodrama) relents, chucks away his crutches, and cries, "Come to my arms, you young dog, and say what a blackguard you've been,"—and then all ends happily. Mr. PINERO may think that this will do for "Girls and Boys," but he makes a mistake if he fancies it will suit grown-up playgoers. As to likening it, as some of the Critics have done, to *L'Ami Fritz*, except that a Pupil, or Pupil-teacher, marries the bald-headed Schoolmaster who is old enough to be her father, much in the same way as the *ingénue* discovers her love for *Fritz*, there is not nearly so much resemblance between this piece and Mr. CRAVEN's *Meg's Diversions*, which holds its own because of the strong female interest of the story. Much of Mr. PINERO's dialogue in this piece, except where it is melodramatically stagey, recalls Mr. CRAVEN's style in *Meg's Diversions*, which had far more of the "scent of the hay" about it than has this latest effort of the Author of *The Squire*, who must get over his hay-fever as quickly as possible, and when he does so, we trust he will find himself in clover; but, in the meantime, the rustic soul of Mr. PINERO must be content with the fact that he has evoked his *Girls and Boys* to come out and play in the Toole-house, that though there is very little plot, there is a part well laid out for a first-rate Garden, and an air of "Holme sweet Holme" pervading the entire scene.

Mr. TOOLE, as *Solomon*, the Cobbler-Schoolmaster, is immensely funny, and his performance will probably carry the piece, and work it up into a success. No matter how good the others are—and they are exceptionally good—the audience are impatient till Mr. TOOLE is on the stage, and then they only care for what he has got to say or do. A plot must be of absorbing interest to struggle against such a comic presence as the favourite comedian represents as *Solomon Protheroe*.

Mr. BILLINGTON, as the peppery old curmudgeon kind of character out of an old-fashioned farce, is that and nothing more; while of Murch, his body-servant (whom Mr. SHELTON makes up more like a body-snatcher), there is, on the whole, a trifle too Murch. It is just such an outrageous character as CHARLES DICKENS was fond of introducing, and we seem to remember his prototype in one of his novels—in *Little Dorrit*, we fancy—when his name was *Flintwinch*.

Mr. E.W. WARD plays the adopted son with great care and discretion; and it is immensely to his praise as an actor, that no one could possibly recognise in the eccentric character of *Collingwood*



The Sticking Point; or, Mr. Pinero's Squire on his Last Legs in the Country, supported by Sticks. The other Figure, with a catch phrase, suggests a little too March of a good thing.

Sampson, in the afterpiece, who makes hideous noises with his tongue, and plays the bones wonderfully on his fingers while joining in a comic duet with that eminent vocalist, Mr. T. L. TOOLE, the representative of the young lover in the comedy. Mr. WARD is evidently something more than a mere character actor, which line does not differ much from the art of the "entertainer," and should have a very promising career before him.



Holme-opathy; or, a Cure for the Heart-ache. This is Mark Avory's opinion, and, mark, avory-body else's too.

Mr. GARDEN's *Joe Barfield*, the Country Carpenter, gives us what they call a "good little bit of local colouring," which only means that he has to represent the commonplace stage yokel, who grins through the proverbial horse-collar.

The school children are well drilled. Miss ELIZA JOHNSTONE as *Honor*, the Spinster, is magnificent in her wedding costume and bonnet, and, as usual, gives most efficient support to the "Johnny" who is the Boss of the Show.

Miss ELY KEMPSTER's *Jenny Kibble* is, doubtless, very good. We felt sure of that, because she is "such an artless thing." Only we could not understand the character, either what it was, or why there; and until *Solomon* proposed to her (just like *Solomon*), just by way of bringing down the curtain merrily, we thought the figure had made some mistake, and had come out of some other piece. This, however, is only against the character, not against Miss KEMPSTER, who seemed to us to be playing it perfectly—however it got there.

Miss MYRA HOLME has to play the very difficult part of a character without a character, *Gillian West*, the circus-rider, who is an adventuress or nothing; and ceasing, as she suddenly does, to be an adventuress, she becomes absolutely a colourless nothing. Is she to be loved or disliked? Is she intended to excite our sympathies? Well, Miss HOLME manages this last admirably by herself, and without any help whatsoever from the character, beyond what may be called the merest hints of the Author's hidden meaning, which, we fancy, he himself would find it somewhat difficult to explain lucidly to anyone's satisfaction, including his own. Miss HOLME's performance suggests the idea that *Gillian West* has been forced into being an adventuress—not that this is what the Author meant—that she is of anything but a Bohemian temperament, and that all her circus-slang is assumed. There is no reality in the horse-rider, but it is in Miss HOLME pretending to be an adventuress that the audience find themselves interested.

Guffin's Elopements is still, and still is likely to be, the "laughable farce to follow," in which Mr. TOOLE sings, with any number of *encore* verses, "*The Speaker's Eye*"—words by Mr. LAW, and music by the Great Too-Tooting GEORGE GROSSMITH. Of Mr. WARD's performance in this farce we have already spoken. For several hearty laughs we recommend the bill of fare at TOOLE's Theatre, till further notice, to all young and old Boys and Girls who like to go out to (the) Play.



Sacrificing the Honor of the Family for a "Joey."

There is no reality in the horse-rider, but it is in Miss HOLME pretending to be an adventuress that the audience find themselves interested.

TECH-NICAL INFORMATION.—It is said that on account of his gallant services in Egypt, when acting as Honorary Colonel of the St. Martin's-le-Grand Volunteer Corps, the Princess MARY's husband will shortly be promoted to be a General-Postman!

"My Uncle the Dean, who is quite a gurnet in his way," said dear Mrs. RAMBOTHAM, "came to luncheon. I gave him some Philistine Soup, Ham with Aspect Jelly, *Char-à-banc à la Fancier*, a *Sansmy* of Partridges, some *Harangues à la Crème*, and Macaroni on the Grating."

OBVIOUS PRECEDENT FOR MR. GLADSTONE'S CLOSURE RESOLUTIONS.—The En-closure of Commons Act.

A BEAR MAJORITY.—The Inhabitants of the North Pole.



"ON THE ALERT."

Parson (catechising). "AND WHAT IS YOUR DUTY TOWARDS YOUR NEIGHBOUR?"

Sharp Boy. "TO KEEP YOUR EYE ON 'IM, SIR!"

ARABI'S CASE.

(Brief on Behalf of the Defendant.)

ARABI Pasha, the Defendant in this case, is accused of being a rebel, a coward, an incendiary, a thief, and a murderer. For some time he was in the Egyptian Army, and, during his service therein, he rose to be a Colonel, a Pasha, an Under-Secretary, a Secretary of State, and a Dictator. He also was awarded the highest Oriental Decoration by the SULTAN, avowedly because he was a rebel, a coward, an incendiary, a thief, and a murderer. The Defendant denies the accusations, and answers that all he did was for the benefit of his native country, in the interests of the British, with the consent of the KHEDIVÉ and at the instigation of the SULTAN.

Proofs.

The Defendant is at present a prisoner in the hands of the Egyptians, supervised by the British Army of Occupation. He will prove that he is, and always has been, passionately attached to practical joking. He remembers having frightened the present KHEDIVÉ into fits by asking him riddles at the head of half-a-dozen battalions of negro troops. He also has some recollection of causing the bombardment of Alexandria by good-humouredly preparing to blow the English Fleet off the face of the waters. He will produce telegrams proving that he did not take a step without the consent of the SULTAN, and that the idea of firing under cover of a flag of truce was suggested by the KHEDIVÉ at the instigation of the French Controller-General. He will also hand in a letter from Prince Von BISMARCK approving of the murder of M. DE LESSEPS with a carving-knife labelled, "SIR GARNET WOLSELEY." He will prove that the torches used in causing the conflagration at Alexandria were furnished by M. GRÉVY, President of the French Republic, and that the guns used in the defence of Tel-el-Kebir were officered by Artillery, kindly lent by the Czar. He will explain that the rough sketch of the campaign was furnished to him by the King of ITALY, after consultation with the Emperor of AUSTRIA and the King of the BELGIANS. He will give an account of the arms, ammunition, and accoutrements lent to him by the President of the Swiss Republic and the King of the NETHERLANDS. He will finally declare that he

was not at war with the English, never fired a shot at an European, and only remained in Egypt during the disturbances, because he was employed as a Special Correspondent on the staffs of *The Record*, *The St. James's Gazette*, and *The Sunday at Home*.

Call

The Sultan of TURKEY, who will corroborate the evidence of the Defendant. The Witness will also prove (under pressure) that he was present at the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir in a balloon, from which coign of vantage he directed the movements of the Egyptian Army. He will also admit (under pressure) that he loved ARABI as his own son, destined him as his successor on the Imperial Throne, in consideration of a promise of £E.90,000,000 (a promise already sold to the Galata Bankers for £50 British) and undertook to present medicated coffee to Sir E. COLVIN, the Duke of CONNAUGHT, and Admiral SKYMOUR.

Call

The "False Prophet," a gentleman of uncertain identity. This Witness will prove that the Defendant had no intention of organising the Egyptian Rebellion, having arranged (in the event of the Soudan becoming an undesirable resting-place for the Witness) to enter into partnership with the Witness, under the title of "ARABI, SMOOKS, & Co.," to carry on a Wine and Cigar Commission business in or about the neighbourhood of the Haymarket, London.

Call

The Khedive of EGYPT, alias TEWFIK (pronounced "TOOTHPICK"), who will corroborate the evidence of the Defendant. This witness will also prove (under pressure) that he advised the Defendant to take the steps of which the English Government complain, being desirous of retiring from Egypt. He will admit that he offered to abdicate in favour of the Defendant, on the latter undertaking to purchase a house for him in South Kensington, and a perpetual right to occupy a Stall at the Gaiety. He will allow (under pressure) that the idea was repudiated by the Defendant, on account of a trivial dispute about the purchase of some gas-fittings.

Call

Prince Von BISMARCK, who is Chancellor of the German Empire. This Witness will put in a long correspondence in cipher between all the Crowned Heads of Europe (with the exception of Her Britannic Majesty), clearly proving that the Defendant was merely an agent

SAFETY IN SMOKE.

[A Bremen chemist, named KIRSLING, has announced that the poisonous substances found in cigars are very volatile, and pass off with the smoke.]

TIME was when the Chemist told us

Nicotine was strong and bad,
And the clouds that oft enfold us

When we smoke might drive men mad.

Then Intimidat or Villar,
Or the Larranaga rare,
Surely was not worth the "siller,"

Since a poison lingered there.

Now the weed may cheer and warm us;

KIRSLING vows it's safe and right,

Says no Nicotine can harm us,
Volatile it is and light.

And all other poisons vanish
With the rings of smoke, as far;

Every thought of danger banish.

Waiter! Ho! A fresh cigar!

"ALADDIN PASHA has been appointed as Head of the Military Expedition to the Soudan." This begins to look like Christmas time, indeed! Here he is again! ALADDIN is immortal: here he is again, lamp, ring, and genie, turning up all of a Soudan!

THE LONGFELLOW MEMORIAL (PROPOSED COMPANION FOR).—A Shortfellow Memorial. A statuette of General MITE, the Midget.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 109.



THE NEW LORD MAYOR.

HE CAN'T BE MADE A KNIGHT, BECAUSE HE IS ONE ALREADY. HE HAS, AS LORD MAYOR, A FINE-KNIGHT EXISTENCE OF ONE YEAR. NOW, "GOOD DAY!"—THEN, "GOOD KNIGHT!"

THE LOGIC OF THE STARS.

THE Meteorological Forecasts issued by the scientific Weather-Office have lately on several days been curiously confuted and flatly falsified by the actual weather. A really remarkable contrast to those prognostications is presented by the "Weather Predictions" of jolly old ZADKIEL. The Meteorologists' prophecies embrace several specific districts as to which they respectively more or less differ. Those of ZADKIEL relate to nowhere in particular. Consequently, they are most of them tolerably sure to prove correct somewhere. Right you are again. Another case of fulfilled prediction every day. Diurnal witness to the veracity of the Voice of the Stars. A fig for Meteorology, and Astrology for ever! Hooray for Astrology! Sold again! Meteorologists, and Zadkiel's Almanack.

"'Lancet' says I Mustn't."

DEAR OLD CHAPPIE,

The *Lancet* informs me I mustn't go to Brighton, that I mustn't drink soda-water, that I mustn't smoke cigarettes, and that I mustn't have my head shampooed. This is all very well, don't you know? but how is a fella to amuse himself at this season of the year? The Gaiety isn't open all day, and my favourite *solitaire* is lost. Life is a blank.

Yours most dolefully,

MARMY MASHER.
To BOSS PUNCH, Esq.

for the SULTAN, the KHEDIVÉ, and the Rulers of Russia, Austria, Portugal, Sweden, Denmark, Greece, Italy, the Brazils, China, Servia, the Transvaal, and the Argentine Republic. The Witness will also prove that the President of the French Republic begged his good offices to secure the completion of the Tunnel between Calais and Dover, with a view to a French annexation of the Bank of England. He will also produce letters from Messrs. GRÉVY, GAMBETTA, LÉON SAY, and VICTOR HUGO, all speaking in abusive terms of Mr. GLADSTONE, and the Marquis of SALISBURY.

Re-call

The Defendant, who will prove anything and everything, and finally (with the consent of the Bench) sing his own version of that popular song, "They all do it!"

EGYPTIAN NAMES WITH ENGLISH VARIATIONS.

THEY still talk of Arābi Bey
(Though his title's Arābi Pashā);
Khe-dī-vē, Khe-dī-ve, Khē-dī-veh
Can't all be consistent with law.

Kas-ās-in some mention with pride,
Kas-as-ēn more correctly we hear,
Tel-el-Keebir's triumphantly cried,
Though it's really Tel-el-Kebir.

Yet what are the odds, after all,
Mispronounce them, JOHN BULL, as you may?
He has surely best right to the call
Of the tune, who the piper will pay.

"UNSATISFACTORY COMMERCIAL RELATIONS."—Our "Uncles."

HAMBURG, NOT HUMBAG.

THIS is a city where the sale of drink is practically unrestricted. The basement of about every third house in the most frequented streets is a drinking-shop; and there are plenty of cafés and restaurants, where the people sit, and read, and drink, and smoke in comfort. There are no fixed hours of closing, and yet the taverns are quiet and orderly, and liquor is good and cheap. A drunken man is rare, a drunken woman rarer. The fact that two hundred Police are found sufficient to control 400,000 people, including a large maritime population, may be taken as a proof that grown men, if not British slaves, can occasionally be trusted to look after themselves.

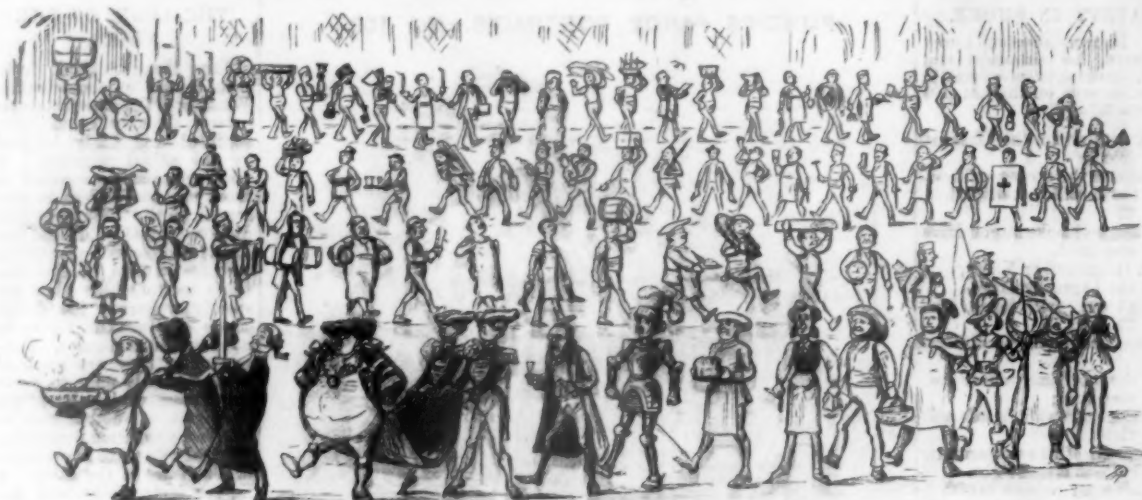
Beer is freely mixed with music, Sundays and working days. Dancing is popular, and is not watched by the Police. The German Grandmother has found a way of regulating the dangerous classes, without pestering respectable and responsible people. The streets, unlike the streets in the city of Britons-Never-Never, are passable at all hours for all people, and especially after eleven at night. Happy Hamburg!

The Wish.

(By an Angry Tory.)

So GLADSTONE—confound him—has "rallied his forces,"
And spurs for the goal—may it be *but* a spurt!
I wish we could dish him. He's fond of "three courses,"
But oh! for the hour when he gets his *dessert*!

THE LATE HEAVY GALES.—Light as Air.



LORD MAYOR'S SHOW AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

Designed by Mr. Punch's Special Processionist.

"MASHING" AND MATRIMONY.

SCENE—*Mare and Terram Club.**Oakley.* Going anywhere to-night?*Crowndale.* Don't know. As a matter of fact, I am getting sick of knocking about every night.*Oakley.* That's liver.*Crowndale.* It's always the same, with now and then a break for a pull, and there isn't much fun in it, after all. I know every piece at any theatre we go to by heart. And the people one meets are always the same, and the suppers are always the same, except that they used to be cheery, about the time one left Eton, and are now uncommonly dreary.*Oakley.* You should see a Doctor, old Chappie, or, with any luck, we shall be losing you. You don't take enough exercise.*Crowndale.* That comes well from you, who have to take a cab from the Albany to Piccadilly Circus. I take heaps of exercise. I was at the Fencing Club over an hour this afternoon.*Oakley.* Did you have the gloves on?*Crowndale.* Well, no, but I saw a lot of chaps who did; and, do you know, I believe that at times, when you are a bit off colour, seeing other people take exercise does you as much good as taking it yourself.*Oakley.* You might as well say that living opposite the Hamman did away with the necessity of washing. Ah! by the bye, have the ohill taken off your tub. Cold water is about the worst thing for the liver—*Crowndale.* Confound the liver! You seem to think that a man is nothing else but liver!*Oakley.* Few of the men I know are—*Crowndale.* Well, I am. And if you want to know, old Chappie, what is the matter with me, why, I am downright honestly in love with a girl.*Oakley.* My dear boy, for Heaven's sake, don't marry—*Crowndale (interrupting quickly).* Hang it, she's a lady!*Oakley.* Oh, I beg her pardon. Is she in love with you?*Crowndale.* Well, she would be, I think, you know.*Oakley.* Has she got any money?*Crowndale.* Some.*Oakley.* So have we all, and a very small sum it is.*Crowndale.* She has about eight hundred or a thousand a year.*Oakley.* What's the use of that?*Crowndale.* None to us, living as we live now. But married life is so much cheaper.*Oakley.* So they say; but a Stall at the Gaiety costs ten shillings, and two Stalls a sovereign. There's not much saving there.*Crowndale.* When you are married, you don't want to go to the Gaiety every night.*Oakley.* No, because your wife won't let you; but you must go somewhere—to the Lyceum, or the Opera, or some place where you are bored.*Crowndale.* Nonsense! When a man is married, he has a home, and his things round him—*Oakley.* Yes, in the shape of rates and taxes and gas-bills—*Crowndale.* No, his comforts, books, pictures, furniture.*Oakley.* You can't have what you would call a rollicking evening with an arm-chair. As for books, when Mrs. KENSINGTON bolted with BLOOMSBURY, and nobody could make out why she went with such a little beast, I said that KENSINGTON belonged to the Grosvenor Gallery, and used to take home all the new books, and read them to her of an evening. All the Johnnies at mess agreed with me that she was perfectly justified.*Crowndale.* Ah! but that has nothing to do with it. Really, a man is much steadier when he is married.*Oakley.* Because he is so much harder up.*Crowndale.* Because he doesn't waste money in idioey.*Oakley.* Then there is no hunting, no shooting, no fishing?*Crowndale.* My bonny boy, matrimony doesn't stop them.*Oakley.* Certainly not, if you have a place of your own; but it would for you. People are glad enough to see you at their houses; but you, with a wife, are a serious undertaking.*Crowndale.* Does a man want to be shooting and hunting all his life?*Oakley.* Not all; but about half of it. Then there's no Newmarket.*Crowndale.* Why not?*Oakley.* You can't go punting when you've got a wife to keep.*Crowndale.* No, I suppose not.*Oakley.* Of course not. No Greenwich, no Richmond, no launches, no picnics, no old friends.*Crowndale.* Do you think I should give up one of my old friends?*Oakley.* You all ask that question indignantly, but you always do give up your old friends. Look at LAWRENCE!*Crowndale.* Look at Madame's temper!*Oakley.* He didn't know that before he married her.*Crowndale.* See how happy BERTIE is!*Oakley.* Married a month! Ample experience to judge by. Why, there have been women I haven't been tired of in six months, and who would bore me to death in a quarter of an hour, too. Hang BERTIE! He has started you! Men never think how infectious marriage is. If a Johnny with scarlet-fever were to come into a room full of his pals, no name would be bad enough for him; but a man goes and selfishly marries, and not a word's said against him.*Crowndale.* Ah! It is no use talking to you. I say, old Chappie, it is ten o'clock. We may as well get along. We shall see the best part of the Second Act if we get a decent cab.*Oakley.* I'm game. Et après?*Crowndale.* I don't believe they are doing anything to-night. May as well try. I will write a note now, and we can send it round when we get to the theatre.*Oakley.* Oh, capital! Hope they'll come.*Crowndale.* So do I.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



OUT-MATTHEWING ARNOLD!

Sir Pompey Bedell. "AND PRAY THEN, MR. GRIGSBY, BY WHAT SCALE DO YOU RANK THE DIFFERENT CLASSES THAT MAKE UP THE POPULATION OF ENGLAND?"

Mr. Grigsby. "WELL, FIRST OF ALL, I PUT THOSE WHO LIVE BY THE EXERCISE OF AN INTELLECTUAL PROFESSION, LIKE MYSELF." (*G. is a Brigsby Barrister who writes Comic Songs.*) "NEXT TO THESE I PLACE THE ARISTOCRACY, ON ACCOUNT OF THEIR 'FOOTY MANNERS.' THEN COMES THE WORKING-MAN, WHO EARNES HIS BREAD BY THE SWEAT OF HIS BROW. AFTER HIM (A GOOD LONG WAY, OF COURSE), THE CRIMINAL CLASSES; AND, LAST OF ALL, THE MIDDLE CLASS, OF WHICH YOU, SIR POMPEY, ARE AT ONCE A PILLAR AND AN ORNAMENT. TATA!"

[*Digs Sir Pompey in the ribs, and skedaddles.*]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

LONGMAN'S New Monthly Magazine gives, as far as quality goes, a good sixpenn'orth, though, in spite of the varied attractions, and even of Mr. ANSTY's story, which is a very funny idea, and sounds like a series of those German comic picture-sheets told in one short tale, we could wish it were all JAMES PAYN, as by the time we'd reached the end of the Third Chapter of "Thicker than Water," it was most annoying to find that a month must elapse before we shall hear any more of it; and by that time we shall have quite forgotten the commencement. It's one of the best openings JAMES PAYN has given for some time; in fact, it is as sparkling as the opening of Cham-pagne. "Thicker than Water, or a Tale of the Thames, and the Magic Microscope"—but we will not anticipate. The plan of interleaving this magazine with occasional advertisements may be very profitable, but it is calculated to spoil the reader's temper, and does not improve its appearance.

The Pig Family (published by GRIFFITH AND FARRAN), by ARTHUR A. GIBSON.—Good nursery book, illustrated by a talented Artist, who must have had a sty in his eye.

Our Little Ones.—A biggish book for them, profusely illustrated by an army of Artists. We were going to have said "a host of Artists," only as, in these days of art-patronage, there are so many of 'em, and hostesses too, the expression is liable to misconstruc-

THE GRAND YOUNG MAN;

OR, FATHER WILLIAM "EWART" ANSWERED.

"You look young, little RANDOLPH," the Old One cried,
"Yet you're up on your legs every day;
You have impudence too, an amazing amount!
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"Your wisdom, your years," little RANDOLPH replied,
And the honours that some think your due,
Merely force me to strut in your path and proclaim
I'm as good every bit, Sir, as you."

"You *are* young, little RANDOLPH," the Old One cried,
"If your elders excite but your jeers;
But tell me, now do, how it comes that, though young,
You are so ill-behaved for your years."

"I am so ill-behaved," little RANDOLPH replied,
"Because I believe in myself.
And regard such old fogies as Northcote and you
As lumber but fit for the shelf."

"You're too good, little RANDOLPH," the Old One cried,
"And of gumption you're certainly full;
But I never could quite understand why you seem
To enjoy playing frog to my bull."

"Old pippin, it's clear," little RANDOLPH replied,
"A fine Grand Old Man you may be.—
But I'm making my game, and the public all round
Hail the coming Grand Young 'Un in me!"

"BELT V. LAWES."—WHAT a grand day for the Last of the Barons when a real Live Dowager Duchess sat by His Lordship on the Bench, and gave her testimony in the Belt Case from that exalted situation. O wasn't the Baron a proud and happy man! and O so polite and sweet! But why should Duchesses be exempt from the ordinary rules as to the position of witnesses? Didn't the late Lord Mayor, on the last day of his existence (as Chief Magistrate), get into the box? Of course, we mustn't make any remarks while this case is *sub judice*, or we shall incur the Baron's awful wrath ("Bring me my boots!" cried the Baron, intending them for an offender's head), but we may say that, as far as the sound of a name goes for anything, we shouldn't like to do anything against the Laws. Joke for the Baron when he sums up.

WHY should Sir CHARLES RIVERS WILSON, C.B., have been badgered about the "Eagle Pass and Air Line"—which sounds as if the scheme were still in *nubibus*, and the stations "castles in the air"—into quitting the Trustee-ship which he was assisting to steer much to the public advantage? Flow on, thou shining RIVERS, and may thy banks be always sound! and we venture to think that, in this instance, the difficulty about RIVERS might have been bridged over, in which case, RIVERS need not have been crossed in this meddle-and-muddling style.

tion. The illustration to "Willie and Pussie," which is repeated on the Wrapper, is especially good.

Fairy Gifts, illustrated by KATE GREENAWAY, can be obtained for a small sum. The Fairies have appointed, as trustees for their gifts, Messrs. GRIFFITH AND FARRAN in London, E. P. DILLON in New York, and probably other trustees for FARRAN parts.

The cover of *Fairy Land* is superior to *Fairy Gifts*; a fact that may be interesting to Fairy Sportsmen. The stories in both are amusing, and considerably above the average.

If you want to ascertain the real value of a book intended for children, try it on them, and see how they like it. We did this with Miss CLARKSON's *Fly Away Fairies*, and elicited such rapturous exclamations as "O, isn't it pretty!" "O, isn't that pretty!" with other notes of admiration. Such "Child's Lights" are safe guides.

Wee Babies, by IDA WAUGH, which—this from the united nursery voice—"We babies like very very much. Boo'ful!"

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM has a young Cousin, who is just about to sail as a Midshipman, and she wishes to know which would be the most suitable and useful present to give him—a Sexton or a Quadrone.

WHY does a Card-sharper wear a side-pocket in his overcoat? Just to "keep his hand in." (Sold again!)



STRANGE!

Malcolm (to the Colonel, who had been narrating his Fishing Adventures all over the Globe). "YE MUST HA'E HAD GRAN' SPORT AMONG THE BLACK MEN, SIR! HED THEY ONY RELEGION!"

Colonel. "ALL KINDS, MALCOLM. SOME WORSHIPPED IDOLS, SOME THE SUN, SOME THE MOON, SOME THE WATER——"

Malcolm. "THE WATER!" (Musing.) "AWHEL, SIR, I COULDNA' BRING MYSEL' TO CARE FOR THAT!"

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

DOCTOR BRIGHTON.

"One of the best physicians our city ever knew is kind, cheerful, merry Doctor Brighton."

The Newcomes.

THOUGH long it is since *Tumarrā* wrote;
His good advice we still remember,
When bad catarrh and rugged throat
Are rife in town in Grey November!
So, if your temper's short or bad,
Or of engagements you are full, man;
Or if you're feeling bored or sad,
Make haste and get aboard the Pullman!
And throw all physic to the dogs—
If Life's sad burden you would lighten—
Run quick away from London fogs,
And call in cheerful Doctor Brighton!

Though many years have passed away,
And countless cares to not a few come,
The place is bright as in the day
Of *Ethel*, *Clive*, and *Colonel Newcome*:
The East Street shops are just as gay
The turtle still as good at *Mutton's*;
The duns at *STREETER'S*—so they say—
As well-beloved by tiny gluttons!
You still can gallop o'er the Down,
Or swim at *BALL'S* just like a Triton.
A smile will supersede your frown
When you consult kind Doctor Brighton!

In spite of foolish, scornful sneer,
You'll find the place is not forsaken;
Still people thickly throng the Pier,
And still the "Ship" is kept by *BACON*.

There no one wants to stay at home,
The sun is bright, the sky unclouded;
We've *KÜHN'S* Concerts at the Dome,
And *BRANDRAM'S* Readings overcrowded!
How pleasant 'tis to laugh and laze,
Where light and air enjoyment heighten!
Too short the hours, too few the days,
We pass with merry Doctor Brighton!

PORTRAIT OF A JOURNALIST DRAWN
BY A COMEDIAN.

(An Answer to *M. Mirbeau's* "Comedian drawn by a Journalist.")

THERE are many occupations that add nothing to the stock of human property, and foremost amongst these is that of the Journalist. He is a consumer, but not a producer. He eats, drinks, and sleeps, but creates nothing of permanent value. He has no opinions, or, if he has, he stifles them for a paltry consideration. He writes not what he thinks, but what he is told. One day he is a Conservative, the next a Radical. The little talent he possesses, he sells in the open market to the highest bidder. He makes a mis-statement, which brings him a dinner: he corrects it under pressure which brings him another. The perfection of his art is to conceal his ignorance. He does this by always keeping a lesson ahead of the Public. What he learns to-day, he teaches to-morrow.

He has the courage of stupidity, nothing

more. He will tell the Politician he knows nothing of politics, the Artist he knows nothing of painting, the Author he knows nothing of writing, and then pass gaily to the theatre, where he occupies seats that would be paid for by the Public, and tell the Actor that he knows nothing of acting.

When he dies, there is only one proper inscription for his tombstone—"He taught his grandmother to suck eggs."

"New Lamps for Old Ones!"

Now that the verdict on the Pullman Car disaster has condemned passengers' reading-lamps, and practically authorised Railway Directors to stop their use, let us hope that railway carriages will be properly lighted. Reading lamps were only bought and carried to remedy a defect in railway management. Light reading is largely sold on the darkest lines, and light reading is sadly in want of light carriages.

"A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS."—Mr. LABOUCHÈRE offers Mr. IRVING BISHOP £1000 if the latter can read his thoughts. Very difficult to get at the Truth, specially if the M.P. for Northampton is thinking that he won't tell, for he isn't the sort of man who "doesn't know what to think." Let Mr. IRVING BISHOP sing to himself, "Of what is my LADY thinking, As he sits in his old arm-chair?" and give it up.



DANGEROUS FOR MADEMOISELLE REPUBLIC.

GOOD NEWS FOR BURGLARS.

[An ingenious couple at Bolton having caught a burglar by leaving the door on the latch, he was brought up at the present Manchester Assizes, when the Judge ruled that the charge of burglary could not be proceeded with, inasmuch as the door was not secured, and the prisoner could only be tried for being found on the premises under suspicious circumstances.]

Oh, merry is the Burglar that stands beside the door;
He'll enter in and steal my tin, or, maybe, something more.
And so, before he starts his game or steals a single "rap,"
What if I note his presence there, and catch him in a trap?

I leave the door what's called ajar—the robber enters in,
With stocking'd feet upon his beat he walks, but lo! I win.

Before he can steal anything my just revenge I wreak
Upon him, for I seize him,—then we come before the Beak.

The case is sent for trial; when cries out the learned Judge,
"He's not a Burglar, hasty Sir,—your charge is nought but fudge;
He did not break in, for the door was left ajar that day.
His presence was suspicious,—and that's all that I can say."

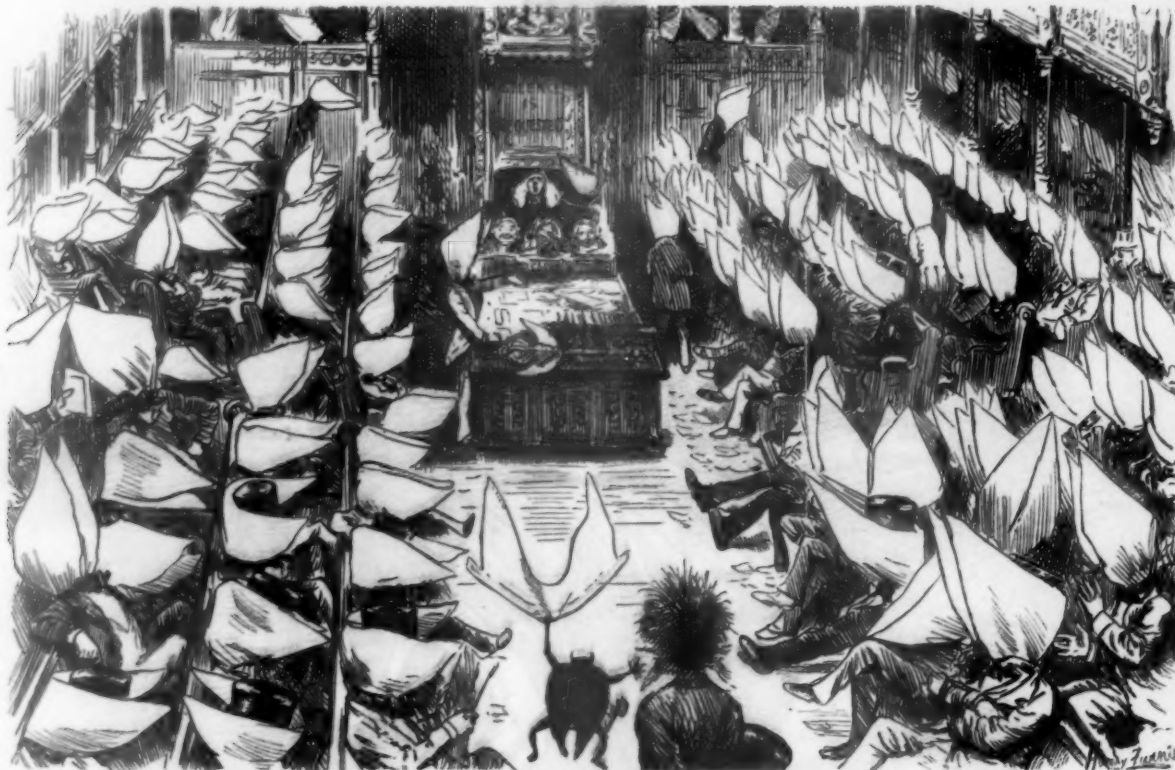
So bar the door, and let the thief break in as best he can,
But do not try as once did I to trap that honest man;
For, when you come before the Judge, he'll state it's his belief,
You mustn't set a trap to catch the most notorious thief!

PEACE WORK, OR A HOLIDAY TASK FOR OUR ARMY.—Teaching
the young idea how to shoot.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



CLÔTURE; OR, THE HOUSE COLLARED BY GLADSTONE.

MONDAY Night, November 6.—All very well to talk of lack of loyalty to Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOKE, as leader of the Opposition. Touching evidence given to-night of falsity of assumption. Sir STAFFORD had undertaken to move rejection of First Resolution. His Amendment stood far down on the paper. Apparently no chance of coming on till very late, perhaps not till to-morrow. At half-past seven, Sir STAFFORD sitting on Front Opposition Bench, thinking whether he should walk home to dinner or drive. Pleasant thing to get away for a couple of hours. Some compensation for being in Opposition. GLADSTONE gets only forty minutes for his dinner.

"Stoking himself, not dining, I call it," Colonel HARCOURT said, one night, when he saw the PREMIER coming back hurried and eager. Colonel doesn't greatly love WEO, but is not above human pity. For once touched with commiseration for a man who has only forty minutes to dine in, including going and coming back.

Sir STAFFORD musing on these matters. Suddenly bombshell from the Chair falls upon House. Three Amendments swept off at one blow. The main Resolution would be on in half-an-hour, and Sir STAFFORD must make his speech.

"Why, bless my soul," the Rt. Hon. Baronet said, half rising and turning towards the Chair a face from which every vestige of colour had faded, "I haven't had my dinner!"

"Sit down," said young Lord JOHN, ready for any emergency. "We'll manage it."

Row got up on one of the Amendments ruled out. Sir STAFFORD hastily left the House.

"Keep it up!" he whispered—"for heaven's sake, keep it up! It takes me a quarter of an hour to get to St. James's Place."

"We will! we will!" his colleagues murmured, warmly grasping his hand.

When SPEAKER stopped discussion as irregular, CHAPLIN boldly moved Adjournment of Debate. That was good for another half-hour.

"He's got a start of an hour now," Lord JOHN said. "Think

that should do." Motion for Adjournment accordingly withdrawn. Ordinary business proceeded with; and Sir STAFFORD, having comfortably dined, came back, and moved his Amendment.

"Noble fellows, Toby," he said to me, narrating the circumstances a little later. "Such presence of mind, such fertility of resource, and such self-sacrifice, for it was their own dinner-hour. Reconciles me to much that is unpleasant below the Gangway. I'll never desert them, TOBY, never!"

Business done.—Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOKE dined.

Tuesday Night.—Curious how when a man not habitually a humorist is smitten with a funny idea he carries it to grotesque limits. Here's ROWLAND WINN for example, one of the best fellows in the House, slaves for his party as if he were paid by the week and otherwise had no bread. Here late and early, always courteous and obliging and rarely fatigued. When he is, can sleep on the Front Bench with his hat at a sharper angle than any man of his age and fighting weight. Been hard at work since Autumn Session commenced, fighting pluckily against a big majority. Afraid he has overworked himself, and that his demoniac joke is result of disordered brain.

However it be, here he is to-night going about with a slip of paper swearing in Conservatives to make speeches on First Resolution. He began last night, first of all in small way, trying it on with WARTON and the Alderman. But as joke grew upon him, went on with increasing excitement. Now he's got sixty names, and still he isn't happy.

"I'll make it a hundred," he says, "a round hundred. I'll teach these Liberals what I am when I'm roused! I'll give 'em a Rowland for their Oliver!"

A hundred speeches from Conservative Members! If anybody but the young and vigorous can stand that, I'll retire from political life.

Had seven hours of it to-night, and feel a little feeble. Members generally fled in affright, and House made by an average of twelve men. ROWLAND more busy than ever. In addition to going about with his slip of paper getting names, he has to keep the barrel-

organ going. When one tune finished, gives a turn of the handle, and another commences. All much the same.

One remarkable result is the bringing out of new men. **SPEAKER** doesn't know half of them by sight. At first there was strong suspicion that **ROWLAND** was playing larks—that he'd smuggled in some men from the Speaker's Gallery, and put them up to talk. **SIR CHARLES FORSTER** amazed.

"Wonderful!" he says. "Actual fulfilment of the Last Words of *Marmion*—

"And men speak now who never spoke before,
And those who always speak now spoke the more."

Amongst other curious discoveries made, we find we have two **PHIPPS** in the House. Never saw or heard either before. Now both appear, and burst forth in impassioned prose. **PICKERING** got on pretty well, but **CHARLES** rather stuck.

"**PHIPPS** is certainly not fluent," **SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT** audibly remarked as the Member for Westbury rambled through one of the sentences that varied the brilliant flashes of silence which chiefly constituted his speech. *Business done.*—**ROWLAND WILKINSON**'s coup-d'état.

Thursday Night.—Great day this for the Lord Mayor of Dublin. Very odd, when one comes to think of it, how Mr. Dawson's "body" is always being made the centre of a struggle. On a famous occasion, Mr. **FORSTER**, suspected of designs upon Mrs. Dawson, was solemnly warned in House of Commons that he would have to step over the dead body of Mr. D. That happily was sufficient. Gave time to **FORSTER** to reflect. And with reflection came the re-establishment of better principles more suited to Quaker parentage. He refrained; shortly afterwards resigned Chief-Secretaryship; Mr. Dawson found the prostrate attitude unnecessary, and the Lord Mayor of Dublin still walks among us with head erect and great thoughts glowing in his bosom.

To-night, Lord Mayor breaks out in fresh place. Some Members of the Corporation of Dublin want to present a sword of honour to **GARNET WOLSELEY**. Others object, presumably on ground that it would not be an honour at all. Voting very close. Lord Mayor Dawson and three others would probably turn scale one way or other. Shall he go, or shall he stay? Dublin cries, "Come!" Westminster whispers "Stay!"

"If I could only succeed in Dublin myself, I could manage," says the LORD MAYOR, who sometimes unbends and makes little jokes. But that cannot be. It is only a bird that can be in two places at one time, and the LORD MAYOR has only the majestic manners of the Eagle, being short of his wings.

"We must have Dawson's vote," says **SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE**. "As a rule, I agree with **CHAPLIN**—Irish Vote is demoralising. Leads to dark rumours in the Lobby of unholy alliances. But Dawson's support is morally worth a score.

Whilst we're about it, we may as well have other three."

Mr. **GIBSON**, man-of-all-work on Front Opposition, undertook to see it through.

"The Irish Vote is nothing to us. Your Lordship's countenance is everything," he said in mellifluous tones.

LORD MAYOR said he would think it over. At present his mind occupied with other matters; but



Egypt v. Northampton; or, The Silenced Member.

if meeting of Corporation were postponed, his way would be easier. "Ha!" said Mr. **GIBSON**, "then we'll see about that. Her Ladyship quite well, I trust? No midnight marauders, I am sure? How well your Lordship looked in your red gown and gold chain the other week. Have always thought there should be a special ordinance that Lord Mayor of Dublin should sit in the House of Commons in gown and chain. When we come back to office we must see about it."

In meantime **GIBSON** saw about Corporation Meeting in Dublin. Arranged to get it postponed. LORD MAYOR remains to vote. Telegraphed all over the country to stop homeward flight of other three Irish Members, and State is once more saved.

"I'll write a chapter on this for the next edition of *A History of Our Own Times*," says **JUSTIN MCCARTHY**. "**CARLYLE**'s story of the chase after the New Berlin shall pale before my account of how they stopped T. D. S. at Holyhead, and how they dogged by telegraph the steps of **GILL** as he fled towards Dublin."

"A little hard on **WOLSELEY**," Colonel **HOME** said to Colonel **STANLEY**. "Rather spoils his chance, doesn't it, by postponing Division from day inconvenient to Land-Leaguers to one that will suit them?"

"Really don't know anything about it," said late War Minister. "**GIBSON** manages these things for us. All I know is we never traffic in the Irish vote."

Business done.—Four Irish votes saved to the Constitution.



Sir C. Dilke put to the Torture of the Question.

Saturday Morning.—First Resolution disposed of at last. Not quite a dozen more. Begin to hope prorogation will take place on Midsummer Day, with three days' holiday at Christmas. Rather lively last night. **JOE COWEN** came out pretty strong, and said all the Conservatives have been trying to say for three weeks.

Business done.—First Resolution carried by 304 votes against 260.

KABBY AND SKOOL BORD.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE been purvented standin for skool bord by wot I reads in *Punch*. I sees as every chap as wants to get on skool bord must pass 7 stanards. And then there is summat about igher edication as I don't understand. I knows that my son **JEM** has druv the ighest buss in London this three months—one of them Yankee fashioned things more like a herse than an onest buss—and says I to im, **JEM**, my boy, says I, you just mind your i wen you is up yonder, for they says as ow that pride will ave a fall. But to come back to skool bord there be two coves as wants my vote, one is for igher edication and tother isn't, and what the dooce they means I'm blamed if I know. Blow me if I think they knows themsels. Between you and me and the door post I am shure it's just a trick to get more money out of us poor foax. I shan't anayow vote for the igher edication dodge—not if I knows it.

There is my boy **TOMMY** 12 year old and could earn his eight bob a week and can read and rite as well as the parson but the skool bord won't let him do a days work. If he do, skool bord man threatens to sell me up and send me to quod slick off. And **JEMIMAR ANN** mustn't stop at home to mind the baby. Babbies indeed! Babbies must look arter themselves—that is the babbies of us poor foax. But my neighbour as lives round the corner and pays forty quid of rent skool bord man never comes and bullies his misus. His kids may run about the streets all day long and play all sorts of devilmint for ought skool bord cares. It is only us poor foax that gits bullied and fined and sent to quod. If I was on the skool bord I'd just tell em a bit of my mind. But it's to keep out the likes of me that they talks of their seven stanards and their igher edication. The fact is they know nowt about us poor foax and they don't want to know.

Your humble servant to command,

A WEST END KABBY.

Putting it Pleasantly.

DEAR MALET,—That old **SULTAN** is a shammer.

TEWFIK—well, every Copt can do a "crammer."

Hot work, you see, upon the Egyptian anvil!

A **MALET**'s good, but for a regular "lammer,"

We need a man who "comes down like a hammer."

DUFFERIN's a Nasmyth. *Twigger-vous?*

Yours, GRANVILLE.

A WORD IN SEASON.—In the approaching Royal Review we hope to see the Marines and the Naval Contingent efficiently represented. Gratitude is short-lived, and the work once over, we soon manage to forget who did it, in our satisfaction at its having been thoroughly done. In honouring **TOMMY ATKINS**, don't let us overlook **JACK** and the **Jollies**.

THE SUBLIME BURKE.—The *Culture*.



HERR PROFESSOR'S FIRST AND LAST APPEARANCE AT MRS. PONSONBY DE TOMKYN'S.

Herr Professor (with sudden impulse, to Ducal Amateur, whom he was accompanying in "Deeper and Deeper still"). "JAKE HANTS, MY TALENTFUL YOUNG VRENT! I HAF NEFFER FEVORE HEART ZAT NOBLE RECIDADEEF ZUNG ZO VELL TO EGGSCHERRES ZE FORRTS!"

Ducal Amateur (who, occasionally, sings a little out of tune). "A-YOU-A-FLATTER ME, I FEAR!"

Herr Professor. "ACH, NÖ! VY, YOU GOMMENED IT MORE OR LESS IN B, YOU GONDINUED IT SOMEWHERE ABOUT B FLAT, AND YOU VINISHT IT ALMOST IN A!—AND ALL ZE VHILE I VASS BLAYING ZE AGGOMBANIMENT IN C!! NOW, ZAT IS 'TEEPER AND TEEPER SCOTILL,' AND NÖ MISCHDAKE! JAKE HANTS!!"

[The witty Professor is very proud of his "liddle pid of run," and is always "voondering vy zat schweet Mrs. Bunsenpy te Dombgyns has gombledly tropped him!"]

OVER!

NASTY one! of course,
But—to him—no stopper.
Mounted on that horse,
Need he dread a cropper?
Anyhow don't fear it,
Take it fairly squarely;
Whether you may clear it,
Clean or barely!

Tiring sort of pound
Over swamps and furrows;
Ugly bit of ground,
Lots of holes and burrows;

Awkward that last hill,
Raspers and Bullfinches,
But the huntsman, WILL,
Never flinches.

Now then! Horse well knows
Hand of his old master;
At it straight he goes;
One "Whip" touch, then faster,
Faster flies the nag;
Foes would fain discover
Signs of shirk or flag;—
Over!

"Just Come to Hand."

THIS Advertisement from the *Morning Post*, Nov. 8:—

MATRIMONIAL.—The HAND of a beautiful ITALIAN Princess (20) and the Title of Prince can be OBTAINED by a wealthy English or American GENTLEMAN, who need not be of noble birth, provided he be "Prince de finances."—Address—

The Princess may have a first-rate hand, but her method of playing it is questionable. Perhaps she has already lost her heart, as it is not included with the hand.

NEW BOOK.—Shortly will be published, *The Silver Grill*. By the Author of *A Golden Bar*.

"ROBERT" ON LORD MARE'S DAY.

THE sun shone brightly, as he generally do on the anniversary of the great City Festival, and thereby gave just the one finishing touch to make the percession simply perfect. And what a percession it were! I was among the Cripples in the LORD MARE's own Ward, and saw it all beautifully. I consider, and many of my perfeasnal Brethren thinks so too, that it was about the handsomest and the longest and the Bandiest, so to speak, and the most Artistikest as has been seen for many years, and reflected great credick on the Bishop of Doctors' Commons who arranged it. Why the 12 men in solid armour was of itself almost sublime. And what banners, and what flags, and what Beedles on boxes, and what Robbing Hoods and Thames Angulers was there! And didn't the Mob jest enjoy it all, and cheer everybody and everything; and when I asked some on 'em if they didn't think as it was a'most time it was all abolished, they akshally threatened to punch my 'ed, till I told 'em as I was only in fun. Bless their warm harts, I could a'most have hugged 'em, even if they had pitch't into me. The LORD MARE is the fust Lord Mare whose black hat and fethers become him. I spose it's from his having a sort of Vandiked Reubens face of his own.

Sir WILLIAM ARCOURT didn't show up, tho' he did promise he would. I spose his guilty consiens made a coward of him as usual. He couldn't have injyd his dinner, and therefore it must have disagreed with him. "Indigestion ever haunts the guilty stum-mack," as SHAKSPERE says, and serve him right, as I says.

It was a grand site, my Raddicle friends, to see the old City School Boy a setting in the LORD MARE's Gold Chair, with all the greatest swells of the country as his Gests, including such Digniterryys as



OVER!





THE DIVINING ROD.

THIS SIMPLE INSTRUMENT IS EMPLOYED, BY THOSE SKILLED IN ITS USE, FOR DETECTING THE PRESENCE OF GENIUS, WHERE THERE ARE NO OUTWARD INDICATIONS OBSERVABLE. THE ROD BEING HELD IN THE RIGHT HAND, BECOMES INVOLUNTARILY AND VIOLENTLY AGITATED ON APPROACHING THE SEAT OF THE DESIRED QUALITY.

Dooks and Ambassadors, and Prime Ministers, and other Ministers, who, if not quite so prime, tried to look as much like it as possible, and beautiful Ladies and Countesses and Wicountesses, all smothered over with Dimuns and Purls and Jewells.

Ah! pretty sort of Raddikles you must be to wish to see a meer ordinary Dook a filling the City Chair of Honner, instead of the extraordinary City School Boy. What does the Poet say, in words as Burns as well as konwinces:—

The QUEEN can make a Sheriff a Knight, | But a City School Capt'ing's aboon her might,
A Markie a Dook, and a' that; | I'm dished if she can da' that!"

Who made the City what it is, the envy and admirashun of the world? Dooks? Markieses? Erls? No! but your DICK WHITTINGTONS, and your TOM GRESHAMS, and your JOHN CARPENTERS, and your HARRY KNIGHTS. And now as them and others like 'em has brought us and is a-bringing us as near to perfecshun as is possible, in the grand old City, some low noisy hungry people wants to make a change and try a Dook or two. Yes, I should like to see the Dook or the Markies as 'ud like to have to sign his name 30,000 times a ear and get nothink for it, and to take the cheer at a grand Dinner about three or four times a week and pay a good deal for it. I should like to know how his poor fingers would feel at the end of his ear, let alone his poor stummack.

One thing strikes me as werry sad and sollum. Wen the ugly Law Courts, as is close to the buttle Griffin at Temple Bar, is opened, as they will soon be, how about the Lord Mare's percession nex year? Why the head of it will be at their latter end before the end of it is off.

BROWN says it's all been eranged on purpose, so that nex year there shall be a ekxuse for abolishing the lot, and so saving his Grace the Dook of Axminster, who is to be the first Lord Mare of all London, the large expense of the show.

Of course I don't bleeve a word of it, but it does seem rayther a singular double coincidence.

Why the shabby War Office wouldn't let the poor Solgers from Egep march in the percession, which would of course have bin a fit and proper reward for all their trouble in going all the way there and then coming all the way back again, let a lone the frys and the dust, I can't think. I'm told as they was all werry down-hearted about it, spehally Sir CARDINAL WOLSEY and Admiral SEAMORE.

All jellerry I spose, as ushal, but I did expec more libberality from the Comander-in-chief, knowing as I do his partikler partiality for Turtel.

Buy the buy that brings to my recklection a little anny-goat. A grand dinner was a being held at the sillybrated Ship and Turtel, when the Chairman asphally found fault with the Soup! and when the astonished Landlord said as how it was the werry same sort as he had sent that arternoon to the D—k of C—E, the Chairman, who was a reglar Corporation Chairman, of course exclaimed in a towering passion, "What does the D—k of C—E know about Turtel compared to one of us?" and the poor Landlord blusht and retired.

But I must return to my Wenson as the French says. I didn't think the Turtel quite so golopshus as ushal. The Thick was too flowery and the Clear was too Spanish Lickoricy for my taste. It may be as I'm a gitting kritikuller as I gets older, but Messers BRING AND RHYMER must look to their laurelled brows or they'll find interlopers in their matchless Soup. I wonder they don't send a little to Miss PATTY and Mrs. LONGTREE, and then ask 'em how it agrees with the complexion, as Mr. PEARS does with his matchless Soup.

We had the tell-tale Lectrick Light again, and I finds in that case as familiarity breeds more contempt than ushal. It's the meanest and the most shabbyest and the most degradinest invention of modern times, and always makes me feel as if I was surrounded with a hole harmy of Detectives!

Is there no such thing as confidence left betwix man and man that a Hed Waiter is to be insulted while in the performance of his difficult, and let me add his dellycate, dooties, with this modern Hargus, as I thinks they need to call him, a staring at him with all his hundred eyes? I'm told the inwenter was a Dr. SEEMEN, werry likely I should think, for I'm sure no Dr. SEEWOMEN would ever have behaved so cruelly to them. It littorally flays 'em after about 40.

The LORD MARE spoke butiful, just like a little book, just as if he hadn't left the City School much above a year or so. I thort I could catch just a little of the grand style of his old master, Dr. ABBOTT, and werry pleased we all was to ear it.

We all likes to hear the Dooter speak after Dinner, spehally when he looks up at the sealing as if he could see sumthink writ up there, cos then we knows as sumthink high and lofty is a coming, and he never disapints us Waiters, never.

Nex to the LORD MARE, Mr. GLADSTONE was no dout the Ero of the Evening. I noticed partiklar as he hadn't got more than a average amount of collar up, so he was abel to speak as carm and as quiet as a poor Curate before his biashup.

Who could have thort to look at him and to hear him, that he was the Saint George who was to destroy the City Griffin! Ah! my long egsperience enables me to say, you never can judge a man's character by how he looks just after dinner, nor by what he says just after dinner. There's a souporifis and a soothing sumthink as cums over 'em just at that time, as tames the wildest and savagest naturs. Why I've seen even the Speaker of the House of Commons larf after Dinner!

All the young 'uns, aye and sum of the old 'uns too—lawk if they could but see themselves as Waiters sees 'em—finished up with a danse in the Libery, but werry few of the tip toppers stayed for it, but went away soon after dinner, and so ended another anniwersary of the most importantest day as runs through the City Cullender.

Sum says as it's to be the last, but p'raps in their case, the wish is Mother-in-law to the thort, as the Pote Lorrit says. All I knows is, and perhaps it may relieve the agonised feelings of sum of my kind frends, that when I giv Mr. GLADSTONE his at, and said, "I ope as we shall see you again this time nex ear, Sir," he akahally smiled and said, "I ope so too, Mr. ROBERT!"

So with all his faults he knows how to address an Hed Waiter, and that's more than I can say of every common Counselman.

ROBERT.

"CONFOUND THEIR NAVY - ISH TRICKS."—A new branch is to be added to the Navy, called "The Detective." Good: set a knavey to catch a knavey. Jack Tars as Detectives assuming various disguises!—fine subject for new nautical drama. First costume,—Jack disguised in liquor.

NOT ABSOLUTELY IMPROBABLE.

THE trial of ARABI PASHA will, after various delays, be somehow quashed. ARABI will (also "somehow") find himself the fortunate possessor of a small capital sufficient to embark in a sound commercial undertaking. Within a few years we shall see advertisements in the London papers—"A. RABY & Co.'s Fine Sparkling Wines, Choice Brands, &c." And the address will be somewhere in the neighbourhood of Pall Mall, where the orders will be taken in the front office, while the *intimes* will be admitted to the Divan at the back, behind the little screened door, where the real business will be done by A. RABY, Esq., figuring as the True Prophet, in a white waistcoat, shiny boots, blue coat, a gardenia in his button-hole, and a well oiled hat very much on one side, a large cigar in his mouth, and his hands in his pockets—when not in somebody else's.

AT Mr. KÜHE's CONCERT last week, under the Dome of the Brighton Pavilion, how came he to omit the appropriate chorus, "*Domum Domum Dulce Domum*."

THE NEW "STORY OF LE FEVRE" (not a STERNE tale).—Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE's Article on Metropolitan Improvements in the *Nineteenth Century*. Read it.

AWFUL WARNING IN A DREAM.—An old Gentleman dreamt he was going to be married!

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 110.



MR. CHRISTOPHER SYKES, M.P.

"LE VÉRITABLE AMPHITRYON EST L'AMPHITRYON OÙ L'ON DÎNE."—Molière.

"KEEP UP THE CHRISTOPHER!"—Puff.

PARLIAMENT WITHOUT PARLEY.

AT one of the great English Universities, no matter which, in the bygone days of orthodox divinity and old port, a certain Don, accustomed to give dinner-parties, was, on the removal of the tablecloth then evermore preliminary to the subsequent symposium, wont always to say, enforcing word with action:—"Now, then, pass the bottle, and don't talk." So likewise, under the new Rules of Procedure in the House of Commons, the admonition of the Prime Minister for the time being of whichever party, will, addressed to all sides of the House on introducing a measure, probably be:—"Now, then, pass the Bill before you, and decline discussion." Perhaps, in an assembly of which no Member's vote is ever in the least degree influenced by any Member's argument, legislation without debate will be simply a beneficial and valuable saving of talk and time. Couldn't Hon. Gentlemen make speeches with pen and ink, and send them to the newspapers? The business of the nation, when *ça va sans dire*, may be expected to get, like the boon companions who passed the bottle in silence, all the "forrad"—and let us hope it won't sometimes get rather too "forrad."

MOUNTED INFANTRY.—If the W. O.—the Gee W. O. department—decides on adopting and developing this new arm of the Service, the next step will be the creation of a regiment of genuine Horse Marines. Three cheers for the Marines!

COUNSEL'S NOTES.

(A few of them from Memory jotted down—Broadly.)

ARRIVED sanguine and full of hope. Just glance at Pyramids through binocular, and then to business. Call on Solicitor for the Defence. Charming man. We converse nine hours in Arabic, with dictionary and couple of Interpreters. Says he thoroughly understands my view of the case, and gives me a cup of poisoned coffee. Spot it at once, and give him a bit of my mind without the Interpreters: explains. Turns out that he mistook me for the Counsel for the Prosecution. Apologises, and gives me my instructions in a sack. Heavy. Leave Interpreters to finish coffee, and off to my hotel on a camel.

Monday, 6th.—Rise early: another look at Pyramids. Done a deal this week. Been up 'em twice, and studied no end of Egyptian law. Great trouble in getting at my Client. Have to consult a Coptic Solicitor myself. Says there's a regular legal process to be gone through. Must gag a couple of Witnesses, write threatening letter to KHEDEIVE, put gaoler down a well, bastinado the Chief Justice myself, and pay his own expenses to Mecca. To bed, thinking it over.

Monday, 13th.—Have had another go at Pyramids. Also seen ARABI. Very nasty at first, and said, if I was going to defend him by Egyptian law, he would rather have it out on the spot with me with bayonets. Says it would come to the same thing in the end, and save costs. Explain to him that he shall have a fair trial, according to English law, and not be allowed to open his mouth. Delighted. Read *Blackstone* to him till he is delirious. Show him

my wig. Say it's the thing for the *Sheik-ul-Islam* in cold weather. Promise to send it him if I get him off. Disagreeable incident going out. Thrown down a well by mistake. Am got out on explaining I am not the Solicitor for Defence. Home, reflective.

Monday, 20th.—Getting to know Pyramids by heart. Bet MAHMOUD BEN SAMMY, after dinner, five yards of holy stair-carpet I would go up a couple of 'em on a donkey, and down again in half-an-hour. Lost. Thirsty work. Explained to him this was just the country for continual "refreshers." ARABI still nasty. Much annoyed to-day by finding all my Witnesses had been put in a sack, and given, as a *douceur*, to the False Prophet. Tried to convey to the Chief Justice that this wasn't fair, because English law never assumes guilt till conviction. He says it's all right by Egyptian law, which only is convinced that a man is innocent when he has been hung. Something in this. Everybody confident I shall hang ARABI. Something in this, too. Think it over.

Archer v. Archer.

"The famous jockey's marriage is to take place about Christmas."—*Atlas*.

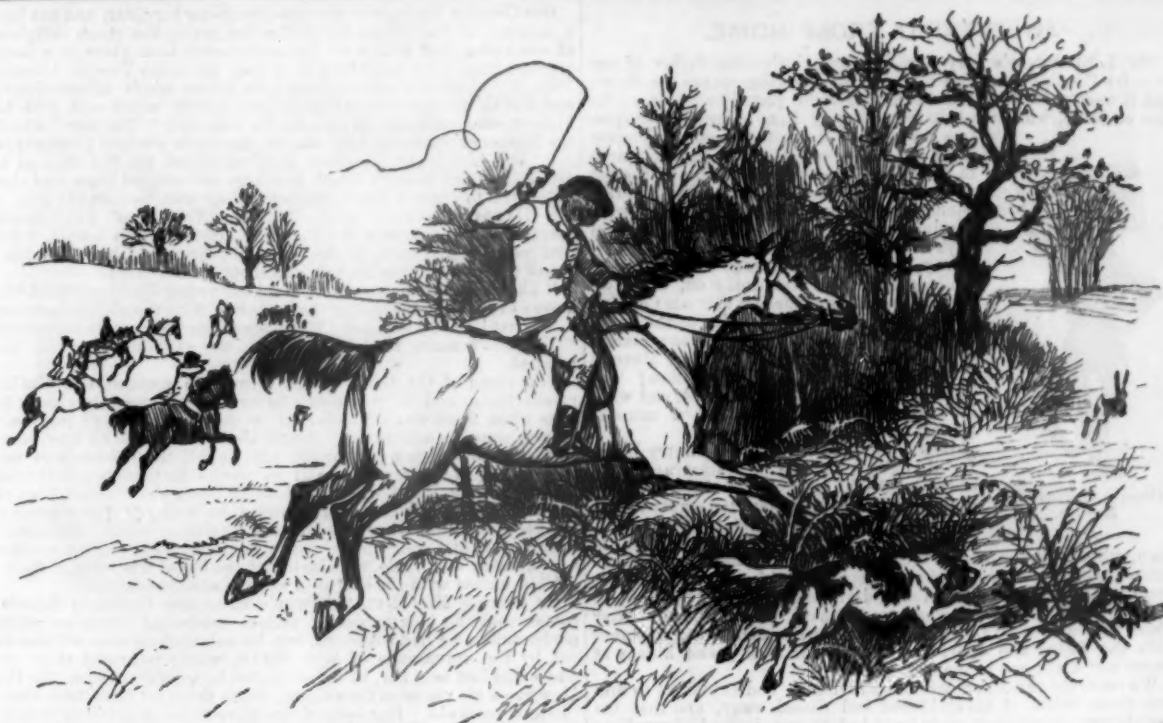
BYRON's famed eagle, by an arrow shot,

"Saw his own feather on the fatal dart."

FRED's is a funnier—and a luckier—lot,

Hit by an Archer—Cupid—to the heart.

ON HIRE.—The Reverend Mr. GREEN was let out ten days ago. Who hired him? Not Miles Platting, eh?



"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

Whip. "WISDOM! GET AWAY THERE!! WISDOM!! WISDOM!!! UGH!—YOU ALWAYS WERE THE BIGGEST FOOL IN THE PACK!"

ONLY A SHOP-GIRL!

ONLY a Shop-Girl! Stop your sneer! or listen at least to her tale, and then You'll feel the ache, and you'll taste the tear, in the hearts of women who trust in men. It wasn't like this in the dear old times, with mother and father alive, that day When a party of innocent country girls went off to the cricket, where gentlemen play; And it seem'd no harm, in the eventide, when the sun had sunk and the tents were furled, To wander away to the leafy lanes, by the side of the "handsomest man in the world." There was nothing on earth that he could not do; she knew so little, and he so much: His touch was tender, his eyes were blue;—Dear women! You know there are thousands such! With women so silly, and men so vain, 'tis sweet to begin, and sorry to stop,— It was only a Shop-Girl learning to love! Only a Girl of the Shop!

And the man meant well—as they sometimes do—and he loved this child in his selfish way; He could speak so soft, and his eyes were blue, and he bought so much—with so little to pay; But her father stormed, and the mother she wept, and the dear little home in the country lane Was emptied quite of its great delight—she had gone, and could never return again. For youth that loves—it's the way of the world—will leave old age, that has loved, in the lurch; And the careless lovers to London came, to be married by law—yes! instead of the Church! So they dream'd a little, and, when they awoke, it wasn't the good little woman who shirk'd, For she took her place at the counter-side, where many a brave little woman has worked; But the country roses left her cheeks; if she didn't quite starve, she was ready to drop. It was only a Shop-Girl learning to live! Only a Girl of the Shop!

But the lips that love can be lips that lie, and the manly mouth may be cruelly curled, Though women keep loving the eyes that are blue, and liking the "handsomest man in the world."

So the toy that is broken is thrown away, and the heart embittered that once was prized; And women who work like slaves can find their labour of love is at last despised. They profess to be sick of the shop—these men—who nail their wives to counter and till; They snarl and snap when they find her faint, and proceed to curse when they see she's ill: For brave little wives must be mothers at last,—there is little for three, when sufficient for two, So the Gordian knot it is out by the man—who departs, as such chivalrous gentlemen do. 'Tis only a wife and a child who are left, by the cowardly fool, or the ignorant fop; And it's only a Shop-Girl—thinking of sin—only a Girl of the Shop!

Only a Shop-Girl! Spare her, men! Who have sisters to love and mothers to pray; She would like to be honest, but must not look ill; at least, so the good-natured customers say: So they kindly suggest that a downtrodden wife does not fit with the trade of a practical age, And she looks the wide world pretty full in the face, and turns, with a sigh of relief, to the stage;

Not the stage as it should be—the stage as it is—with its dazzle of jewels and glamour of dress,

Where womenkind buzz round the candle of fame, and scorch their poor wings—they could scarcely do less!

From the shop to the stage 'tis a natural step—for the bitter in spirit and broken in heart,

Who find that, no matter how little the wage, the profession contrives to be mightily smart!

But the life is worth living! So gay it becomes! From pleasure to pleasure it spins like a top;

See! it's only a Shop-Girl—painting her face!—only a Girl of the Shop!

What a sermon is here! Is Morality dumb?

Or why doesn't Virtue whine and preach At a woman who's driven from shop to the stage, and discovers that honesty's out of her reach!

She thinks once more of the days at home! as down on her pillow she sinks her head; She sees her sisters flauntily fine, and hears her little one cry for bread!

And then comes love—not the old, old love, as she felt it once in the country lanes— But a passionate fever of gilded youth,— who reckons the cost, and who counts the gains?

Still, a dinner or so in a time of need! and a soft new dress for a lovely form, Are things that most women are grateful for,—they are sails of life that weather the storm.

Only a Shop-Girl fallen away!—by the road of life! Samaritan, stop!

Only a Shop-Girl! Waiting the end! Only a Girl of the Shop!

AN EVENING FROM HOME.

On Lord Mayor's Day our Country Uncle—the father of our Country Cousins—came up to town, by invitation, to see the Show; and it wasn't our fault that he missed it by just five minutes; for how on earth, while the bells were ringing from a hundred steeples (we believe they're in the steeples wherever there are any steeples), while school-children in their thousands were shrieking at the top of their voices, while a dozen different brass bands, mingled with fifes and drums, were playing as many different tunes in various keys and times, and while a surging crowd was yelling and hurrahing—how, we ask, while all this din was going on, could we possibly be aware of the fact that our Country Uncle was knocking and ringing at the back-door of our office for exactly the one quarter of an hour occupied by the Lord Mayor's Procession in passing our front window? The knocker is a feeble one at the best, and what is one back-door bell against a monster concert of City chimies?



General F(avourite)
Roberts.

Bound to make up to our Country Uncle for his having lost the procession and most of the lunch—he came in for three doubtful oysters, half a glass of stout, ten empty champagne bottles, and a cold potato in its jacket,—we proposed giving him an evening in town, which offer he closed with there and then, and at once commenced telling us how he had not "been about" for more than fifteen years, and how much he should enjoy dining at Simpson's, turning in for a few minutes "just to see what was going on" at some Casino; after which he would of all things like to renew his ancient acquaintance with the Judge and Jury, and finish with a chop and kidney at Evans's at about one in the morning.

We reproved the Blameless Old Provincial, and explained to him that these scenes of his childhood had passed away, and that the Legislature expected us all to be in bed by one, instead of revelling in kidneys and chops, and listening to underground choruses. He sighed and delivered himself into our hands.

Having engaged a youthful "Masher" to explain modern manners and customs to our Country Uncle, we took him to dine at the Holborn Restaurant, where he was at first puzzled by the mixture of *menu* and music, and was for ordering *côtelettes à la William Tell*, a cut off the *Curmen*, and so forth; but on being gradually warmed by the generous vintage of No. 5 on the list, he suddenly rapped his knife on the table, and cried "Hush!" while his eyes glistened, and he was as the old war-horse sniffing the battle from afar, as the strains of the ancient "Posthorn Galop"—not announced in the programme—caught his ear. His manly breast heaved; he gurgled out, "I've not heard that since Koenig played it in JULLIEN's time!" and when the performance, an admirable one by the way, on a genuine posthorn, was finished, our Country Uncle applauded vociferously, and would not be satisfied until Mr. HAMP, the courteous and diplomatic Manager, had assured him that as he so evidently desired an *encore*, the "Post-Horn Galop" should be repeated, whereupon the worthy old Gentleman filled a bumper, drank the horn-player's health, and once more gave the tune his best breathless attention.

After this he was for going to hear the "British Army Quadrilles" at the Crowe's nest in Covent Garden, but we pointed out that there was an excellent entertainment nearer at hand, at the Royal, where we could enjoy the fragrant weed and the modest anti-Lawson queneher while listening to the best Comic Singers in London. So to the Royal we went.

Stalls? Not one. Boxes full. Standing room? Yes; just that and nothing more. As we entered, the audience rose as one man and cheered enthusiastically. Before we had time to bow our acknowledgments from the back rows of the gallery, we were informed that the demonstration was in honour of H.R.H.'s birthday. A big vocalist in evening-dress ("That's HARRY RICKARDS," our young Masher informed us, with a knowing nod and a beaming countenance) then came on the stage, and sang what was evidently a highly popular song, because the audience took up the chorus themselves without prompting; but the refrain of which, beyond that it was something to do with "Mary Anne," we, from our coign of disadvantage, could not catch.

"Capital tune!" exclaimed our Country Uncle. "I remember in the old days—" but his anecdote was interrupted by our young friend, the Masher, introducing us to the Proprietor, Mr. PURKISS, who at once expressed his willingness—"PURKISS is willin'"—to place us in the nearest approach to comfort obtainable in such a ramshackle as there was that night, and, in the interests of our Country Uncle, we accepted the obliging offer.

Our Country Uncle, who is a non-practising barrister, and has been a member of the Temple for thirty-five years, was much delighted at observing that nearly all the comic songs took place in a scene representing, what he informed us was, the Inner Temple Library. This, he considered, elevated the tone of the whole entertainment, and was in itself an education for the people which met with his highest commendation, as also, by the way, did "The Boy," which, the Masher explained to him, was the name now given to Champagne.

"The Life-Buoy," I should say," chuckled the Old Man as he drank the Lord Mayor's health in a large bell-shaped glass, and then proceeded to light a cigar, while marking with his foot the time of Mr. HARRY RICKARDS' song, "We're Not Dead Yet," which roused all the patriotic fire in our Country Uncle's breast. But that we held him back by the coat-tails, he would have been ha out of the box, waving his hat, and shouting the chorus.

"That's Booth in the chair," said our young Mashing friend who knows everybody, indicating the authority with the *clôture* hammer. "What! the Salvationist!" exclaimed our Country Uncle, aghast. "You don't mean that he—" but we explained and he was pacified.

The name of the Great VANCE seemed to awaken our Uncle's recollections, and he was commencing a racy anecdote about the time when there was a Music-Hall in the Strand where the Great VANCE sang his celebrated "Pretty Jemima," when he was interrupted by our young companion, who denied the existence of any Music-Hall in the Strand, until we were able to decide that what was a "Music-Hall" when our Country Uncle was "about," is now the Gaiety, and on this being settled, he was just recommencing his racy anecdote when the austere Chairman cried, "Silence!" with the air of a man who is not to be trifled with, and in another ten minutes our Uncle was singing at the top of his voice, "So do I!" in unison with the chorus of visitors unaccompanied.

On hearing Miss NELLY POWER's name, our Blameless Relative commenced the biographies of various celebrated Actresses whose performances he had witnessed, but his calculations were all thrown out by the appearance of Miss NELLY, vastly improved since our Uncle had last seen her, at some theatre in some Burlesque (the O'd Man was a bit vague on the subject), when she must have been about thirteen years old. Her song of the adventures of a young Gentleman with Eight Thousand a-year, wearing a long moustache, and rejoicing in the somewhat eccentric appellation of Mister "Tiddy-fol-lol" was rapturously received. As for Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, our veteran relative from the Provinces declared he had never laughed so much at any comic singer since some one, whose name he could neither exactly remember, nor distinctly pronounce, said something which he was utterly unable to recall at EVANS's, when PADDY GREEN was Consul. Certainly General F(avourite) ROBERTS is a first-rate Comedian, and the best thing he does is an illustration of a billiard match from toss to finish. It is as indescribable as inimitable, and you must be "on the spot" to see it.

With the departure of General F(avourite) ROBERTS, after his best songs of "Tidings of Comfort" and "Never done anything since," the audience began to leave, our Uncle only stopping to hear a young Lady sing "I don't know how," which, he was of opinion, deserved a more prominent place in the bill.

"If she doesn't know HOW," observed the youthful Masher, who is acquainted with all Theatrical Celebrities, "she has only got to call round at the Lyceum, where HOWE is playing every night."

But by the time this jest was finished, our Country Uncle was in a hansom, safely directed, "with care," to his apartments where, we were subsequently informed, he left the street door open, and roused in reply to various disturbed lodgers, he could only sing, "I don't know how," as he was assisted up-stairs by the landlord.

A PARISIAN THEATRE.—It is very popular—never closed—and never cleaned. Its sanitary arrangements date from the time of the Empress JOSEPHINE. Gusts of foul air come from under the dimly-lighted stage across the rough, ill-fitting planking of the orchestra. The seats are so arranged that every visitor is practically looked in like a scoundrel in the village-stocks. Footstools, for which a franc apiece is demanded, are strewn on the floor in front of the seats, so that as many ankles may be sprained as possible. No ventilation was ever known to purify the building. The air-tight passages are like the interior of a diving-bell. The dingy roof of the lobby is a very little way above the heads of the visitors, and the gas-lamps are under their noses. The coats that are seized by the attendants are rolled up in bundles on the dusty floor, mixed up with the sticks and umbrellas which few Frenchmen are ever seen without. The broom and the scrubbing-brush are not upon the "free list." A portion of a programme dropped in a corner in June may be found again in December. Space that might be less showily, but more usefully employed, is devoted to a "foyer," or drawing-room, in which photographers advertise. The tawdry decorations of the theatre might be the adornment of a third-class lodging-house. The only wonder is that the place is not honoured with a National Subvention.



SUNDAY BLOSSOMS AT THE TEMPLE.

FIRST TO THE CHURCH, WHERE THE CHOIR A NICER ANTHEM HUMS;
THEN TO THE GARDENS, TO SEE THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS!

**PROGRAMME FOR THE OPENING OF THE NEW
LAW COURTS.**

SIR,—On the Second of next month, Her Most Gracious MAJESTY has intimated her intention of opening the Royal Palace of Justice. Up to the present moment nothing has been arranged to make the visit of our Sovereign to the building a pleasant one. Surely this is a reproach to a Profession which numbers in its ranks Statesmen, Scientists, and Men of Letters,—a Profession which, in fact, is eminently associated with all that is intellectual. There is a gap which requires filling. Will you allow me, as a sort of forensic Curtius, to jump into the gap and supply the deficiency?

I would propose something like the following programme. Let us imagine that HER MAJESTY is seated in the central hall, surrounded by all her Courts (inclusive, of course, of the "Q. B. D." and the Court of Appeal), and she signifies her gracious consent that the sports should commence. Here follow the entertainments:—

Item 1.—Preliminary Chorus, "*It is Our Opening Day*," by the whole Profession. Trebles by the Junior Branch—the Solicitors; tenors and basses by the Bar, and solos by the Judges.

Item 2.—Character Song, by Mr. Justice HUDDLESTONE:—
"When I see a Duchess seated on the Bench,
I smile to her, and bow to her—so!"

Item 3.—Athletic Exercise on the Supported Plank, by the Masters of the Bench of the Hon. Society of Gray's Inn.

Item 4.—Transformation Dance, by Sir WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT, in which he will appear in the characters of an Attorney-General, a Home Secretary, and (lastly) the Lord Chancellor.

Item 5.—*Ballet d'Action* by Counsel, and Solos for the Plaintiff and Defendant.

Item 6.—Grand Military Exercise, by the Serjeants. Drill Instructor, Major-Gen. Sir EVELYN WOOD, Barrister-at-Law.

Item 7.—Melancholy Ballad, by Mr. Justice DAY (dedicated to KNIGHT-MAYOR):—

"I dreamt that I dwelt in Westminster Hall,
With counsel and clients by my si-a-hide!"

FROM OUR OWN SATURDAY REVIEWER.

WHAT a day for a Review! As your Own Saturday Reviewer I started early in a fog.

O that fog! I lost my way, and it was only owing to my having an excellent ear for music that I detected "*God Save the Queen*" in five different keys, played simultaneously in the distance, and regardless of obstruction, I charged the crowd, the sentries at the Horse Guards saluted me, and I arrived just in time to wave my hat to Her Gracious MAJESTY, as the curtain of fog drew up, the sunlight was turned on, and the scene presented a spectacle which I shall never forget, and cannot at this moment, after a beautiful luncheon with a hospitable friend, exactly remember.

We had first of all oysters—no, I mean Sir GARNET WOISELEY—then soup (oh, how famished I was!)—then General DRURY LOWE and Colonel EWART—then there was a *salmi* of game and first-rate Pommery—but you'll excuse me, I'm sure, if, at this late hour, I somewhat mix up a sumptuous meal, which was dinner, breakfast, and luncheon all in one, with the march past. It is an exceptional day—I wish there were more exceptional days. I stood next to a well-informed individual, who was always pointing out the wrong person, until I could stand it no longer, and chose my own men out of the lot, and said, authoritatively to the bystanders, "*That is Sir GARNET!*" and "*That is Sir EVELYN!*" Then the bystanders cheered loudly, and the two Generals or Colonels, whatever they were whom I had selected for this honour, were immensely pleased with the reception. No matter, I dare say they deserved what they got, and am glad they liked it.

How the brave commanders shouted! "By your right—forward!"—infantry and cavalry alike were such very hoarse guards! The Marines were then led by the Ultra Marines mounted; and the Naval Contingent shared the popularity of the hour with the Seaforth Highlanders. The Confiding Bystanders listened to Your Own Saturday Reviewer with awe, and wiped tears from their eyes as I raised my hat to the various colours. It has been a grand day—I write this as I know you are going to Press within five minutes—and my messmates are waiting for me to return to the festive board, to return thanks for the Army and Navy for ever, and three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!—YOUR OWN S. R.

Item 8.—Bacchanalian Chorus, by the Bad Templars (so-called, to distinguish them from the Good).

Item 9.—Grand Washing competition by the Laundresses of Lincoln's Inn, who will practically illustrate the mode of getting a pair of bands into Chancery.

Item 10.—Recitation, "*The Charge of the Costa Brigade*," by the Taxing-Master.

Item 11.—Roaring Comic Song, by an Oxford Undergraduate entered at one of the Inns of Court:—

"I'm reading for the Bar, I'm reading for the Bar,
Three days each Term
In London firm,
When I'm reading for the Bar!"

Item 12, and last.—Imposing Finale. The Profession practising on the Public.

There, Sir, surely something like the above ought to do! Of course it is merely a rough sketch, which might be filled in by those it most concerns. For instance, if Sir HENRY HAWKINS could be prevailed upon to show his strength as a hanging Judge, the programme would be greatly improved. Again, if some of the Old Bailey Solers led their Counsel a pretty dance to get their fees, the measure would no doubt have its interest with a portion of the community. Once more: a leading advocate might practically illustrate the feat of personally conducting four separate cases in four separate Courts at the same time while actually present personally conducting a fifth case in a fifth Court. And so on, and so on. The whole might conclude with a grand distribution of *largesse* in the shape of pass-certificates given by the Bar Examiners to Students who had been plucked more than seven times.

Trusting that my suggestions may be accepted and adopted by the Authorities in the spirit in which they are tendered,

I remain yours leisurely, BRIEFLESS, JUN.

NEVER TOO LATE.—Miss KELLY, the veteran Actress, aged ninety-three, has received, through the exertions of Mr. CHARLES KEN, a State grant of a hundred and fifty pounds. This would be a real good case for a Benefit, eh, *Benedick*?



LORD RANDOM PHAËTHON AND OLD SOL NORTHCOTE.

OH, RANDOLPH, my juvenile Jehu,
 'Tis highly amusing to see you
 So eager to handle the reins.
 Political pert *Bailey Junior*,
Tigg's tiger was scarcely more puny, or
 More like a sparrow—with brains.
 With brains, for the boy was no booby,
 And you're not a log or a looby,
 Whatever you are, or are not.
 But as for your trying at "tooling"
 This team—why, it's funny, as fooling.
 But, looked at as business, pure rot.

Young spark, you're no Sun-god, at present,
 You're bright, and your brightness seems crescent;
 And *STAFFORD's* a slowish Apollo;
 He's shy with the lash, you would lay it on,
 Doubtless my dapper young Phaëthon,
 But—are you clear, what would follow?
 You're "a smart dasher"—like *Bailey*,
 Desire to be "going" it gaily,
 Fume when your Phœbus so lingers.
 Hand you the ribbons and—well you'd
 Soon fire the world. But, as prelude,
 Supposing you burnt your own fingers?

You're not a Phœbus, yet nearly,
 Nor e'en an Automedon,—merely
 A Parliamentarian *Puck*.
 Don't chivvy responsible Jehu,
 And one of these days we may see you
 Aperch on the box-seat—with luck!

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM tells us her nephew
 did not land at Malta, as, in consequence
 of there being some illness aboard, his ship
 was placed under strict galantine.



ILLUSIONS!

McStaggert (on his way home, having jumped over the Shadows of the Lamp-posts, &c., brought up by that of the Kirk Steeple). "E—H!"
(Pauses.) "NE MIND! 'SH NO HELP FOR IT." (Pulls up his Pants.) "SHALL HAVE TO WADE THISE!"

L'ANARCHISTE CHEZ-LUI.

(Extracts from the Diary of Citizen Marat Orsini Millebombs.)

Sunday.—When I say *chez-moi*, I mean the merchant of wine round the corner. The Anarchiste has no at-home—he scorns the idea; he has the at-homes of other people—in preference the base other people who have got good furniture and some good wine in their caves. But until the Day of Atonement has arrived, the merchant of wines—who may have good wine in his caves, but is not ostentatious with them on his counter—the hospitable Assommoir is the natural asylum of the Anarchiste. For the Assommoir-keeper resembles not the base English merchant of beer: he is advanced in the Assommoir; he will have no monopolies, or classes, or licences, or Municipal Adulteration Laboratory Inquisition. He understands the Proletariat, and will let its score run up in the fortnight to within ten sous of the two weeks' wages chucked by the gorged Capitalist at starving Labour. And so I take my *cannette* there with the brother Regenerators, and it occurs strangely that on Sundays (the better the day, the better the deed) we feel more regenerative than ever. It can't be the *cannettes*!

Monday.—I am a working man, a proud *ouvrier*, *la Sainte Blouse*, and therefore I scorn going to work on the Saint Lundi. Besides, yesterday was too exciting. There was Citizen FLAMBEZTOUT with his wafered warrant of execution to be affixed to the doors of any place where anything so despicable as Authority lodges itself (at the cost of a naked Proletariat); and our Geneva International—not one of your wild old-fashioned ones always talking about political economy *et tout ce rot-là*; our Citizen prefers a *rôtis* of Capitalist and his little bit of clockwork which will send all the Bourse into unfamiliar quarters—the skies—in twenty seconds. These afforded me such profound and profitable study that I, for my part, fell fast asleep on somebody else's landing before I got home. To-day, however, succeed in posting a warning at the door of the Elysée, and have a grand trial of the infernal machine on the heights of Montmartre.

Thursday.—Only just able to write to my own organ—*Ni Argent ni Culotte*—because of two fingers amputated. Infernal machine no

good except to have the sale of Catherine-wheels forbidden throughout France. Find that FLAMBEZTOUT gave information to the police about the affixing of that Elysée proclamation, and would rather not go out of hospital just yet.

Friday.—Am out—and safe. Vile Capitalist—pretending pity—has engaged me to run errands for him.

Saturday.—Do run—to Belgium—with the money, to pay the Proletariat workmen. The false scoundrels wouldn't join the Brotherhood.

BON VOYAGE!

"Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE will leave England either on Wednesday or Thursday next, and will proceed, *via* the Bay of Bi-cay, to the Mediterranean, where he will remain two months, in order to recruit his health."

Standard, Nov. 17.

Oh, suave Sir STAFFORD, flying, flying South
From dull St. Stephen's waste, all dust and drouth,
The brainless discord and the babbling mouth.

The "palms and temples" of the Laureate's dream
Rosy Elysium indeed must seem,
After that bear-pit by Thames' turbid stream.

May Biscay's stormy Bay more manners show
Than rude Lord RANDY: the health-giving glow
Of glorious weather greet you as you go.

Bon voyage! blameless Gentleman! Churl rant
Won't plague you, nor the *Cloître* gush and cant,
Whilst lotos-eating in the far Levant.

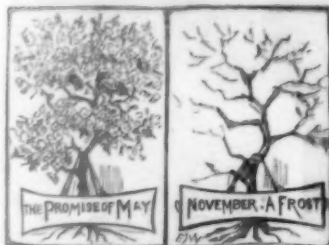
HAUCK FOR THE GANDER.

If you pull the cord communicating with the Guard on a Railway Train for a lark, you are very properly fined. If twenty people pull it in dire necessity, and it does *not* communicate with the Guard, what ought to be done to the Railway Company?

NEITHER RHYME NOR REASON:

OR, PROMISE OF MAY AND PERFORMANCE OF NOVEMBER AT THE GLOBE.

THE sources of literary ambition are proverbially obscure, and it is scarcely worth while to inquire why the Laureate, who has



settled the matter. Indeed, some of the thing like them—seemed to occur to everybody. Even his staunchest admirers could be heard in the lobbies between the Acts respectfully quoting to each other,

"I hold it truth, that he who flings
His harp aside, to try the bones,
Will somehow find that paving-stones
Are levelled at his neatest things."

By the way, the Management might even now take a hint from a rival establishment, and try this on a poster.

But to resume. The plot of the piece is simplicity itself. A gentleman, who would be described by Mr. TERRY as "Such a Dawg," comes down from London in a pair of new boots, and behaves in the usual "Such-a-Dawg" sort of a way to a village maiden. After an interval of six years, he again comes down, and always comes down heavily, but this time in a light-coloured bicycle suit and a large buckle. Thus arrayed, he prepares to behave nobly to the aforesaid maiden's sister. "Give him," says this Such-a-Dawg, as he stands on a rustic bridge, "twenty minutes, and she shall be his,"—or words to that effect. But, as there was somebody coming, and Maiden Number Two was going, the calculating Dawg didn't get his twenty minutes—"Twenty Minutes with a Dawg"—good name for a Farce!—and we did not have presented to us the realisation of the well-known French companion pictures of the



PROLOGUE (UNACTED).—A NOCTURN.
Edgar (the "Such-a-Dawg" comic Agnostic, sings on the tiles). "Eva of thee I'm fondly dreaming."



ACT I.—Kelly detects the London-made Boots. The second Stick—after the Agnostic—in the piece, but no hitch. The Dawg and the "offing."

this family to conquer, and a trifle vexed perhaps that he can't be allowed to have a "high old time of it" in the village, the Sad Dawg

sneaks off with his tail between his legs, and probably returns to London as he came—on his bicycle.

If the talented Author had merely contented himself with working out this pretty little idyl in some ordinary and unpretentious fashion, there could hardly have been any doubt about the result. But he went further than this, and in some inspired moment appears to have conceived the brilliant and happy idea of spicing his whole story, from beginning to end, with the wildest and most boisterous fun.

Not that his purpose was distinctly apparent on the first go off of his piece in a Lincolnshire farm,—a capital "set," by the way; for the serious utterances of several gloomy rustics for a few moments filled the house almost with awe. But matters soon brightened up when Mr. HERMAN VEZIN, The Dawg in the London-made boots already referred to, came upon the scene in a green-pea-soup velvet coat. After a very few of his sentences, it became quite evident with what a subtle and keen sense of humour he had been introduced into the plot; and as, like a sort of jovial Macbeth and Dogberry rolled into one, he with a rifle-bullet precision, dropped his good things right into the middle of his audience, they were fairly convulsed by him; and long before the end of the First Act the play was going with a roar—in fact, almost an uproar. Had Lord QUEENSBERRY been there on the first night, and made his now historical speech, and been chucked out by Mr. KELLY with a pitchfork, the right key might have been struck with this agricultural instrument, and the sympathies of the audience might have been enlisted even for the wicked doings of the Sad Dawg in the London-made boots, represented by Mr. HERMAN VEZIN.

After this, there was no limit to the fun that followed. Surprise succeeded surprise. The grim Rustics, full fifteen strong, whose depressing conversation had so seriously compromised the opening scene, were now utilised to the fullest extent. It turns out that they have been sitting up all night making hay, absolutely refusing to go to bed till "the load goes home," which in this madly waggish part of the country, it apparently does not do till about half-past ten the next morning. Even when they have gone off to bed they are heard by the audience singing a chorus which becomes more and more feeble as the Happy but Eccentric Villagers reach their houses, go to rest, continue the refrain under the bed-clothes, and are tucked up for the day, only to pop up again occasionally with another sudden burst of chorus, which is continued by fits and starts, apparently with the sole object of interrupting whatever may happen to be going on on the stage.

The Sad Dawg in the London-made boots now comes out in a new line—quite an original character we believe—as the Comic Agnostic. What a lovely advertising title for a Music-Hall Celebrity! "Every evening at eight-thirty the Comic Agnostic in his favourite song of 'When the Sparrows Twitter,' with chorus and dance!"

The sly wink with which Mr. VEZIN as the Comic Agnostic Dawg, informs the audience, aside, that the Obituary Notice in the newspaper, which he passes off on the simple æsthetic maiden (Mrs. BERNARD BEERE—very æsthetic and diaphanously thin, as Beere which isn't Stout, should be) is "my father's death—not mine—no matter—(wink)—a mere detail," would be worth twenty pounds a week to the great VANCE.



ACT II.—Dobson offers to give The Sly Dawg points. N.B.—Two of the best points in the piece. Quite too-too points.



ACT III.—Two good Actors and a thorough Stick. Evidently Mr. Kelly doesn't think any Stick good enough to beat such a Dawg.

Rich and racy, too, is the vein of merriment in which, looking precisely like what he did in the First Act, he announces his conviction that the beard he has grown on the Continent has disguised him. All this is excellent fooling; but when Mr. KELLY, who plays a rather undecided Farmer, with a force and robustness worthy of better things, is seen pursuing him all over the three hundred acres of *Farmer Steer's* property with a formidable and highly-polished pitchfork, but never exactly coming up with him, the climax of practical joking seemed to have been reached by the Laureate; and though it was felt to be just as well that Mr. VEZIN escaped the pitchfork, it was admitted on all hands that, in so doing, he really missed the only two points in the Piece.

Yet, full as are Acts One and Two of screamingly funny business, Act Three, to the infinite credit of the Author, is quite equal to them. And here the Scenic Artist determined to have his laugh along with everybody else. The labourers who come to be paid in "*the Upper Hall in Steer's Farm*" enter it by a staircase,—or, as the Punster-Laureate has it, a steer-case—which, if it lead anywhere, must take them directly on to the roof. But at this stage of the proceedings it seems quite natural that they should get out of the house in some such playful fashion. Indeed, it is almost with a feeling akin to disappointment one has to record that a great opportunity is missed in Mr. HAROLD EDGAR VEZIN's last entrance. He should certainly have come down the chimney.

However, with so much genuine pantomime go for the finish in reserve, very possibly the Author knew what he was about. And he was not at fault. He must have realised what depths of quiet fun would be stirred when placing Mrs. BERNARD BEERE, over the dead body of *Eva*, he made her in so many words courteously request

Farmer Dobson and the Comic Agnostic "to consider themselves quite at home, and not mind the corpse, as she had a few general remarks to make that wouldn't take her much more than five-and-twenty minutes."

This capitally-conceived and well-timed bit of *badinage*, as might have been expected, tickled the audience immensely, and it scarcely needed the stealthy departure of Mr. HAROLD EDGAR



The Corpse and the Beers.

VEZIN on a tour beyond "the furthest stile," to which destination he is "personally conducted" by Mr. KELLY with a thundering hop-pole, to warrant the despatch of a telegram to Mr. TENNYSON, to the effect that there wasn't a dry eye in the house.

But there,—the matter really defies sober criticism, and, taking his own charming lines from the bill, the story is soon told:—

The Town booked well for the opening night,
The Pit was full—an evident pull,
The Grand Old Man had a box of his own,
And VEZIN behind said it looked all right,
And the Critics in front took an excellent tone.
There's a chance for *The Promise of May*, of May,
There's a chance for *The Promise of May*.

But a sly wink woke in the eye of the Town,
And a frivolous fit got hold of the Pit,
And KELLY a pitchfork, and VEZIN a roar,
And the stock chaff followed the Curtain down;
And the Critics they did—as they've done before—
They slaughtered *The Promise of May*, of May,
They slaughtered *The Promise of May*!

The Laureate cannot write a playable play. But how is it that Mr. VEZIN, Mr. KELLY, and Mrs. BERNARD-BEERE & Co. accepted such a piece, or, having accepted it blindly and deafly,—without hearing it read, we suppose,—how is it that they didn't see its absurdities during the careful rehearsals that they must have given it, and were not struck by its utterly undramatic construction and the feebleness of its dialogue? *The Falcon* at the St. James's was saved by the acting; *Queen Mary* nothing could save; *The Cup* was the success of Miss ELLEN TERRY, Mr. IRVING, the Scene-Painter, and the Stage Management. But the *Promise of May* must be an Utter Frost, with, we are sorry to think, no Promise to Pay in it; and nothing, except the spasmodic curiosity of the Public to see what the Laureate can't do, can set this unfortunate Humpty-Dumpty up again. Perhaps this will be the last attempt for some little time to come to get the scent of the hay across the

footlights. Neither Mr. PINKER nor Mr. TENNYSON have lately succeeded in making sweet hay. No *entor*—and let this be the Laureate's Last, and there's an end of it.



A CASE NOT PROVIDED FOR BY THE "QUEENSBERRY RULES."

"He the Motive—and the 'Q' for passion."—*Hamlet*.

"When my 'Q' comes, don't call me."

VEZIN's *Winter's Night's Dream*.

TOUCHSTONE RE-TOUCHED.

"The right butter-woman's rank to market."—*As You Like It*.

Are you as Amateur defined
By Fate's fixed law?—play *Rosalind*.

Training for the Stage means
"grind";

Shirk it, and—play *Rosalind*.

Pockets must be somehow

lined;—

One way is—play *Rosalind*.

If in Art you lack, or mind,

You may still play *Rosalind*.

If to your beauty men grow

blind,

To quicken them, play *Rosalind*.

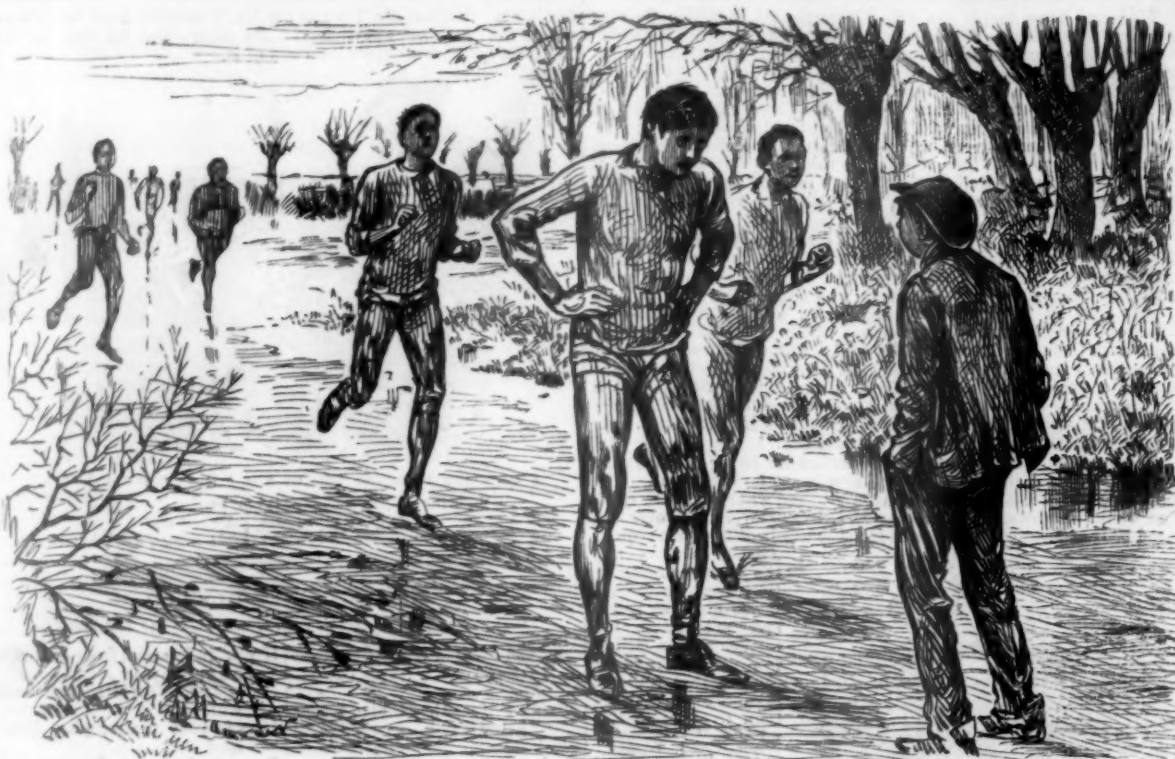
* An ill-rhyme for which Touchstone himself is responsible.

"TIDINGS OF COMFORT AND—."—Why is a man who marries a Pretty Girl never likely to be in want of a Fourpenny-piece?—Because "a thing of beauty is a Joy for ever" ! ! ! ! !

PICTURES FOR POSTERITY.



LORD RECTOR OF SCOTCH UNIVERSITY DELIVERING INAUGURAL ADDRESS. A.D. 1882.



HARE AND HOUNDS—AND DONKEY.

"SEEN TWO MEN WITH BAGS OF PAPER PASS THIS WAY?"—"No!" "DID THEY TELL YOU TO SAY NO?"—"Yes!"

SAVED FROM THE SEA!

RESPECTED EDITOR,

I HAVE been out of town for the benefit of my health. This surely is sufficient answer to your somewhat hastily-worded inquiries as to why I have not been at the *Promise of May* six nights running to see if that drama "worked up"; why I did not go some time in the dead of night to some sea-port, name unknown to you, to witness the arrival of some Regiment—both number and territorial designation vaguely described by you as "the Something Somethingth, which used to be What-do-you-call-him's own Thingummies," from Egypt; and why I have not yet finished that Christmas story, the plot of which, when I unfolded it to you last July, you were good enough to say was admirable. By the bye, as it made so great an impression on you, perhaps you remember what the plot was, as I have entirely forgotten it, and can't get to work.

I have been staying at Junosegate with an old and dear friend—how old I didn't like to ask him, as he is a touchy man; how dear I didn't know until he taught me two games of cards entitled "Snootsleum" and "German Ecarté," pastimes which, if I may introduce them to your family circle, will, I am sure, be the means of enabling you to while away the long winter evenings now upon us with great profit to yourself, provided the circle plays on the square. His letter of invitation was too tempting to be disregarded; he described himself as hypochondriacal and hipped to the last degree, as one who shuddered at the thought of eating and drinking, and trembled at the scent of tobacco; as a man who was so dull and bored with life that he wished one who was still duller, and a greater bore than himself, to stay with him. He described the attractions of the place as being miserable, the weather vile, and declared that he was only debarred from lying down and dying by the hope that the recent gales would bring a shipwreck under his very nose. That settled me.

I have been passionately fond of shipwrecks all my life. Personally my experiences have been small. Mainly consisting of running a canoe a-ground on the Duke of Buccleuch's lawn at Richmond while the Thames was in flood, but there is hardly a printed wreck with which I am not acquainted. *Robinson Crusoe's* mishap I know

by heart, and love, though I cannot agree with his condemnation of the money he found in the Captain's drawer, as with it he could at least have acquired on a desert island so accurate a knowledge of the chances of tossing as to have made him the envy of all he met on his return to civilisation; the kindness of the wreck which befel the *Swiss Family Robinson* cannot be too highly extolled, allowing that estimable family as it did to acquire all the necessities of life, such as the starting price of the winner of the Shrewsbury Cup, the latest photographs of CONNIE GILCHRIST and the gag of ARTHUR ROBERTS,

What have you done with your gay rosebud,
What has become of your studs so neat?

I quote from a naturally bad memory, rendered worse by a magnum or two of Boy—and the *Wreck of the Grosvenor* is as familiar to me as the fact that I have not paid, for over twelve months, my subscription to the Library in connection with the Gallery of that ilk.

I went to investigate. All was as my friend described. He was dreary and dull. The amusements of the place were ghastly. The weather was vile, and one morning when we looked out of window there was a wreck on the sands!

I don't mind owning that if I hadn't been told by an old friend, whom I have never known to tell a falsehood which he didn't stick to afterwards through thick and thin, that it was a wreck, I should not have known, for it looked uncommonly like any other vessel not making rapid progress through the sea. The presence of a tug, too, destroyed the romance, and gave a sort of holiday flavour—a kind of The Tugs at Ramsgate air—to the scene, not at all in keeping with my ideas. And the lifeboat, too, cruised in an aimless manner round the wreck. My friend said it was bargaining with the shipwrecked mariners. "They all do it, you know," he explained. "They put out to a wreck, and say, 'Hullo, you Johnnies! how much ahead to be put ashore?' and the Johnnies say half-a-sovereign, and the lifeboat men say they'll see them drowned first, until they get a good offer, and then they bring them in."

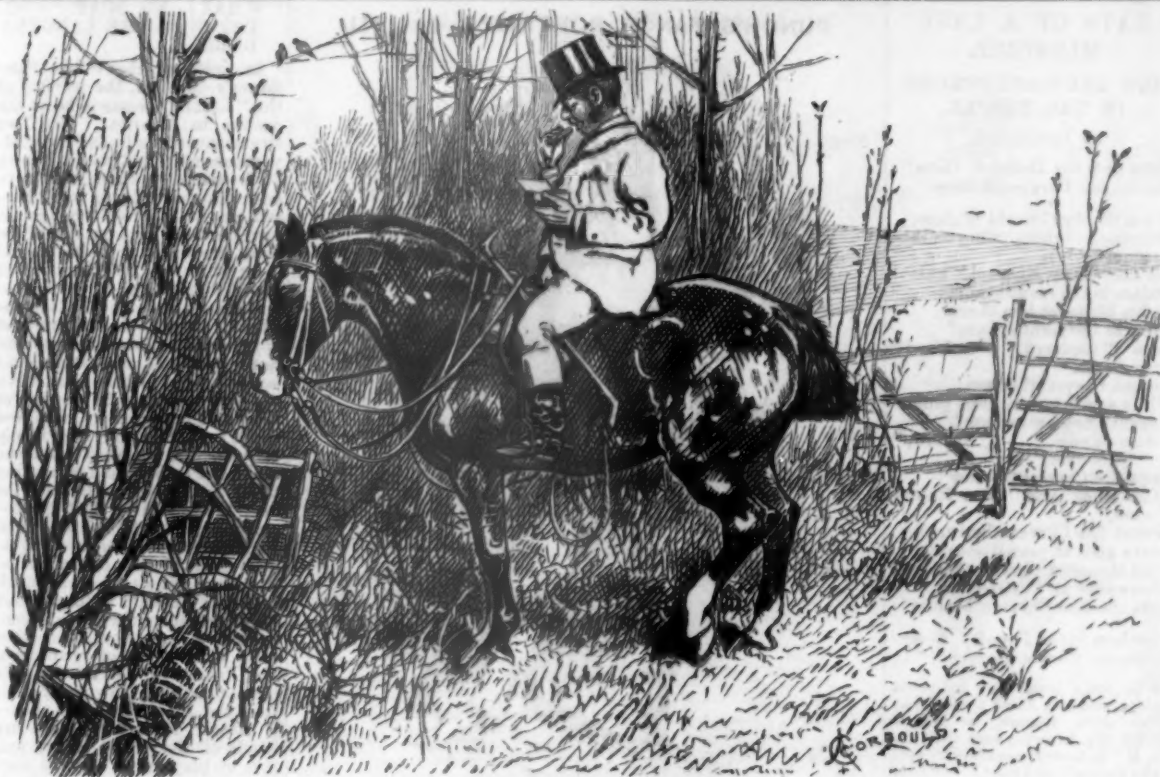
As I said before, I have never known my friend to offend outrageously against one truth, without having several violations of other veracities to support himself with.



“MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.”

(FROM A CERTAIN POINT OF VIEW.)

DOGBERRY SULTAN (to J. B., confidentially). “TAKE NO NOTE OF HIM, BUT LET HIM GO; AND—UM—PRESENTLY—CALL THE REST OF THE WATCH TOGETHER, AND THANK HEAVEN YOU ARE RID OF A KNAVE!!!”—(SHAKESPEARE adapted.)



A TRUE SPORTSMAN.

Little Bulger (to himself). "TWO O'CLOCK, A WELL-SHELTERED CORNER, NO CHANCE OF A FOX. . . AH! THIS IS WHAT I THOROUGHLY ENJOY!" [Lunches.]

We grew tired of looking at the wreck. I didn't want to grow tired. I wanted to gaze with a moist eye and a beating heart, and contemplate the sufferings of the wretched sailors, while I was having my breakfast, but, nevertheless, I grew tired of it. We went into the town. There was in reality nothing more than a stiff breeze; but, there being a wreck in sight, the inhabitants of Junosegate were acting up to it. They acted up to it by crouching under the lee of walls where they could see nothing. A town all *Chevy Stimes* all turned marine was Junoseville that morning. Meanwhile strangers who weren't cast for the piece walked about totally unconcerned. This evidently annoyed the inhabitants who were playing at Siroccos, but they said nothing. My friend took me to his Club, and we read the papers. This did not take us long, as my friend says that if there are two things that make him ill, one is Egypt, and the other is *Clôture*; but when he came out, the wreck *was* a wreck. The hull of the ship had disappeared, waves were breaking over the rigging, and the masts were leaning over the sides to the sea, just as you or I might lean over the side—but no matter. The prosaic tug had disappeared. The lifeboat was entering the harbour with the crew on board.

"All saved!" Such were the words that went through the crowd assembled on the pier, like an electric shock. We were soon amongst that crowd. Now I was in my element. Now I knew who was which. I had not read shipwrecks for nothing. Now I should see the Curate, with the hectic flush on his cheek, whose High Church proclivities had offended the simple sailors, show the sterling pluck within him, and win all hearts, and obtain large congregations in the future, and make a good thing out of the collections; now I should see the old Doctor, excited yet calm, with all the appliances of science by his side, ready to treat the half-drowned men for typhoid fever or incipient scarlatina, or both combined; now I should see the Squire dash down on his horse, and offer a hundred pounds to any man who would take a rope where it wasn't wanted; now I should see large-limbed sailors refusing gold, and plunging into the spray, and carrying ropes where they couldn't be of the slightest use; now I should see the Landlord of the old-fashioned sea-port inn, the "Steward and Basin," proffer, at his own expense, to the dripping heroes bumpers of curious old claret, which no one would pur-

chase under any pretence whatsoever; now I should see the men who were standing round awestruck and fearful for a while, wax mad and joyous at the rescue, and cheer lustily their own townsmen; now I should see the women dry their eyes, and rush forward with true womanly gentleness and zeal to be of any assistance to the cold, numbed strangers; and now I should see the strangers themselves, on touching shore, sink on their knees, and offer up thanksgivings for their escape from the jaws of death!

The lifeboat reached the pier. Ten men were landed. The sympathetic crowd formed into a lane to allow the shipwrecked to pass! The first four put their hands in their pockets, and assumed the cheerful happy air of juvenile criminals who had just been detected in some very stupid act of petty larceny. The fifth carried in his arms a black dog, a very feeble dog, a totally idiotic animal, a beast that would bite his own master to the bone, and look upon a burglar's revolver as a toy bought for his own amusement. *The sixth carried a tall hat in his hands.* I didn't wait for the others. I didn't want to see them. They probably were provided with buckram shirts and gardenias, and socks all over spots, and shoes all over bows, and were prepared to "mash" at the Gaiety. But I didn't see them. I turned to the crowd, eagerly and sympathetically, and with true English courtesy, calling out, "See here, BILL, 'ere's a cove looks blooming bad!" and "Hain't you been sick neither?" "Shall I carry your portmanteau, or will yer 'ave a hominibus for your luggage?" and other expressions kindly, if roughly put. The Landlord wasn't present, the Doctor was invisible, the Squire was as *non est* as his nature allowed him to be, and the Curate never came. We followed the crowd. The shipwrecked men were taken to the Curate's simple lodgings? No. To the Squire's lordly mansion? No. To the Doctor's snug red-brick house? No. To the Landlord's cheery hostelry? No. They were marched into the Custom House! presumably to be asked if they had to declare on any gold or silver plate, Eau de Cologne, Cigars, or Tauchnitz novels.

Shipwrecks are a fraud; men are liars; women are false; the weather is a delusion, the world is a mistake; nothing is true save the regard in which you are held by
Yours ever,

A. I. AND II.

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS IN THE TEMPLE.

AN INVITATION.

*Come unto the Temple! Come!
See the gay Chrysanthemum!*

When the floral world is glum,
Welcome, bright Chrysanthemum!

Let the "Lazy Minstrel" hum
Praises to Chrysanthemum:
On his banjo let him thrum
Glory to Chrysanthemum!
Some "incurved," "reflexed"

are some,
Curious Chrysanthemum!
White and crimson, lilac, plum,
Elegant Chrysanthemum!
"Snowdrop," "Stella,"
"Stria-tum,"

Exquisite Chrysanthemum!
"Constance" and "Rex Rubro-
rum,"

Newest fine Chrysanthemum!
Pretty girls at prandi-um
Toast the sweet Chrysanthemum!
Afterwards at "kettledrum"
Bless the dear Chrysanthemum!

*Luncheon in the Temple! Come!
Oystereo—Chrysanthemum!*

* In justice to ourselves and to our readers, who may think these verses rather short measure, we beg to publish the following note from the "L. M." in answer to our inquiry as to "why he didn't send more?"—"Dear E. Can't send more. Lost my ink-stand. Yours, L. M."

OF COURSE.—The Harbertoni-ans no longer talk about Petticoat Government; they now call it the Dual Control.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 111.



THE RIGHT HON. HUGH C. E. CHILDERS,

IN THE COSTUME OF MARS, AS HE OUGHT TO HAVE APPEARED (BY KIND PERMISSION OF THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN) IN THE ROYAL REVIEW, NOVEMBER 18TH.

"WHAT! NO SOAP!" OR, POP GOES THE LANGTRY BUBBLE.

IN spite of the Wilde Sun-flower's devotion, the worship of the "LILLIE" seems to be on the decline in America. The Two Ornaments of the PEARLS Soap Advertisements, LILLIE and PATTIE [O ADELINA! to think that anyone could have dared to pit herself, and stall herself too, against you!], started fair; but if the New York accounts are to be trusted—for which see the *Standard* of last Wednesday and Thursday—ADELINA is first, and LILLIE nowhere. When the LILLIE first appeared, Mr. Punch did not join in the chorus of gush and fulsome laudation, but told the Lady fairly and squarely that she was as yet only a mere amateur, and not much as that. "My face is my fortune, Sir, she said," and she could not be blamed for trusting to all that Nature had done for her, the notoriety that photographic speculators had given her, and the devotion of injudicious but kindly and influential friends, in order to make as much money as she could in the shortest possible time on the Stage. Perhaps now LILLIE will send for some more cakes of Soap from Mr. PEARLS—as the LILLIE does not appear likely to get any of it from the Americans—and then—"Abby" Thought!—wash her hands of the whole affair, and give up playacting. By the way, when she returns to England, should she recollect the very straightforward article, and the telegram from New York, that appeared in the journal above referred to, there is every chance that while on the Stage she will show herself "quite up to the *Standard*."

SCHOOLBOREDIANA.

(From a Correspondent.)

ON Friday evening, Doctor GOATED addressed a crowded meeting at the Equatersea Vestry Hall. The worthy Doctor seeks to be re-elected to a seat on the School Board, a position which he has occupied, with equal satisfaction to himself and the Board, for the last six years. In an eloquent speech of upwards of an hour, he informed his audience of the marvellous success which had crowned the efforts of the Board. He spoke of the millions that had been spent in the past, and of the millions that were to be spent in the future in carrying out the great work of education. Only ignorant people complained of the cost, for the cost would be repaid a hundredfold in the universal spread of intelligence, and the universal disappearance of crime. The learned Doctor even went so far as to predict that in a very few years we should be able to dispense with the Police, to shut up all the Police-Courts except Bow Street, and even to abolish the Old Bailey, and turn Newgate into a Coffee Palace. The latter sentiment was loudly applauded by a knot of young men in the gallery, who probably had some practical acquaintance with that well-known locality.

Before resuming his seat, the worthy Doctor said he would gladly answer any question that the Ratepayers desired to put to him.

A Ratepayer here rose, and asked how much money it was proposed to spend next year.

The Doctor. I cannot say. But what does it matter? In a case like this a million or two more or less—

Another Ratepayer. Less, if you please, Doctor. Now, another question. How many Superintendents and School Visitors are in the pay of the Board, and what do their salaries come to?

The Doctor. I really don't know. These are pure matters of detail.

Another Ratepayer. Can you tell us how many School Board prosecutions there have been last year?

The Doctor. I cannot tell.

Another Ratepayer. How many people have been sold up or sent to prison by the School Board in the past year?

The Doctor. I really don't know.

Another Ratepayer. What was the cost of furnishing the Shaflesbury?

The Doctor. I don't know.

[I here overheard a man behind me say to his neighbour, "I'm blown if this 'ere 'cove knows anything. He can talk like a book, that's all!"]

Another Ratepayer. Do you go for higher education?

The Doctor. No, Sir. I go for the highest education. In my opinion, no education can be too high, and no cost can be too great to attain it.

My friend behind me here irreverently observed to his friend that the Doctor was an ass. But he was evidently in the minority, for no more questions were asked, and a Gentleman in the body of the hall rose and said, that as the worthy Doctor had so clearly explained his views, and answered every question in so satisfactory a manner, that he was a fit and proper person to represent the ratepayers on the School Board. The Motion was seconded, and carried by acclamation.

MAKE A NOTE OF IT.

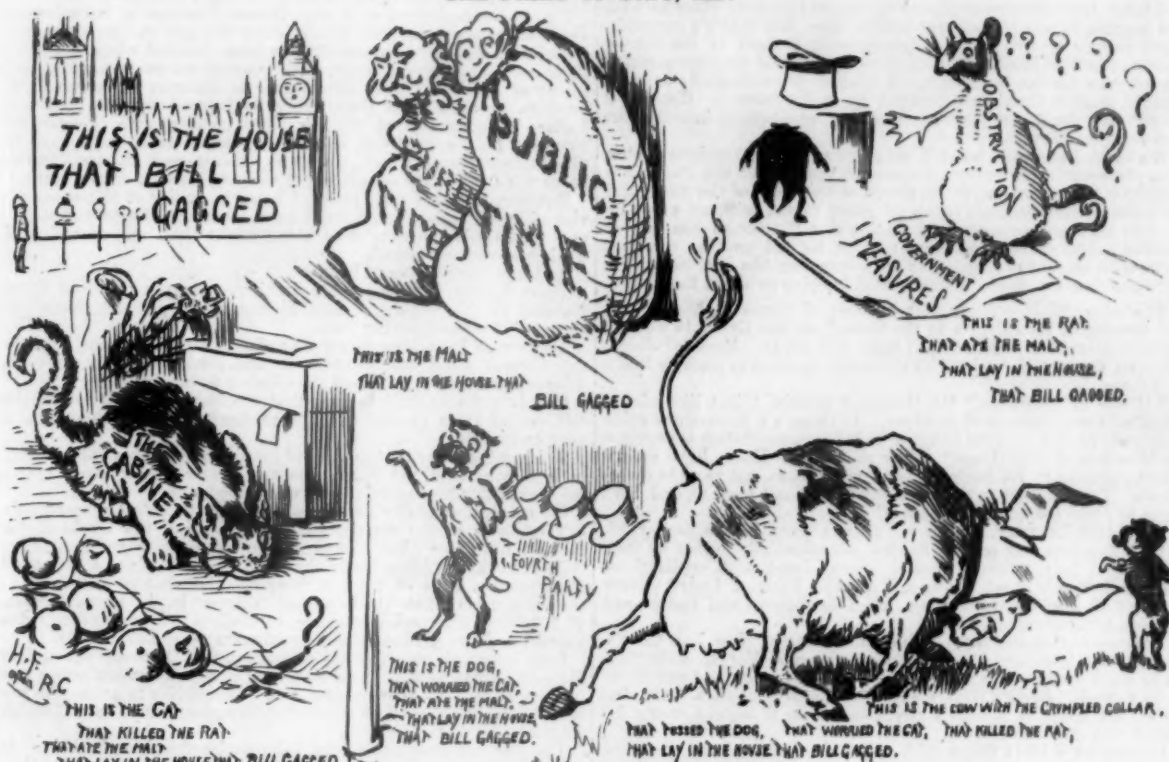
THE Signature to the "I promise to pay"
On a Fiver's the real "Promise of MAY."

REWARD OF BRAVERY.—The Garter—and a wooden leg.

NOT A COTTON LORD.—BARON WOLSKLEY.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



PARLIAMENTARY NURSERY RHYME.

(In the Caldecottian Christmas Style.)

Monday Night, Nov. 13.—"I wouldn't have minded, DRUMMOND, if it had been an Englishman, a Welshman, or, of course, an Irishman. But, good GORST! to think of me being made the subject of a joke by a Scotchman!"

It was RANDOLPH who spoke. They were leading him gently forth after his little tumble on a Motion for Adjournment. Certainly nothing neater or more complete done in the House of Commons for some years. As RANDOLPH says, all the more bitter since it was a Scotchman who did it.

RANDOLPH had come down determined to move the Adjournment at whatever cost. Opportunity came; RANDOLPH on his legs: Ministerialists groaning, and everything in best possible form; when here comes this Scotchman with his elaborate and only too-successful joke, and bowls RANDOLPH clean off his legs. Remembers now he did a year ago make CAMERON so wild, by replacing in his own name a Resolution he had withdrawn so that he might move Adjournment. Thought it was excellent joke at the time, but doesn't look so well from this new aspect.

"It's the cool, canny cunning I can't stand," RANDOLPH murmured as they laid him down in the Library, and loosed his shirt-collar. "The diabolical duplicity of a man to go and take my Question, turn it into a Resolution, place it on the paper, and then hide in ambush till I got up! It's monstrous! Massacre of Glencoe quite a straightforward proceeding to this. *Macbeth* an honest host, in whose castle any man might dine and sleep. And to think of CAMERON going about all this time with this black secret in his bosom! Daresay he went to kirk yesterday, and sucked peppermint through the sermon, as they do in Edinburgh and Glasgow. DRUMMOND, beware of a Scotchman. He has not only taken in GORST, which, as you say, isn't much, the old chappie not being nearly so subtle as he looks: but he's taken ME in. Flodden Field is avenged, and you may wipe out Falkirk and Preston from History's page."

Was, in truth, rather a sell for RANDOLPH, the more complete since it was exact reproduction of his own innocent diversions at the expense of a blameless man. House chuckled immensely. Quite a

stream of callers to the Library, where they had laid RANDOLPH. Commiseration on every face, and kind inquiries on every tongue. But RANDOLPH knew that they only came to mock him, and genially snapped at them.

Business done.—The Second Resolution moved. RANDOLPH forms a first resolution to Beware of Scotchmen.

Tuesday Night.—Ministry always being reconstructed. To-night, report begins with Lord SELBORNE, accepts his resignation of Lord Chancellorship, and puts Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT in his place. Great excitement in Commons, and some movement amongst Lords. Half-a-dozen come down, take their seats in their Gallery, and glare defiantly on the House. Lord STRATHEDEN-AND-CAMPBELL publicly goes to sleep on the top Bench, to show what he thinks of the House of Commons.

"Heard something the other night about 'protests of the Lords,'" BORRY SPENCER says. "By Jove, there'll be another and a hotter one!"

BOBBY a little torn between conflicting interests. Family connections and aristocratic tendencies draw him towards the Lords. A sense of responsibility and a feeling of sympathy with GLADSTONE's policy lead him to acquiesce in whatever proposition PREMIER may make.

"Always have a kindly feeling towards a man you've been fighting with," the generous youth says. "The old man and I have had grand struggles in the collar line. He beat me, I own. With his usual downiness, no conditions of style being agreed on, he went in for the mainsail pattern, which you can hoist up to your eyebrows." I took to the dog-collar, and you cannot get that above your chin, donchaknow, however you try. But I bear no malice, and, if GLADSTONE thinks it for the good of the State, will sacrifice my noble relatives in the other House."

EDWARD CLARK, accustomed to see through the milestones, says "This is new development of GLADSTONE's well-known intention to destroy upper branch of Legislature. He finds he can't bring about their abolition in the ordinary way." E. C. continues, smiting the palm of his left hand with the two forefingers of his right, "so he

takes them in flank, and he's quite right in his judgment. The House of Lords will abolish itself when it hears that it is to have HARCOURT as President."

Business done.—More talk on the Second Rule of Procedure.

Wednesday.—STAFFORD NORTHCOTE absent to-day. Hear he's ill, and is going to tear himself for awhile from RANDOLPH's company. Don't wonder at this: but everybody sorry to hear of the illness. Few men in the House for whom there is wider or stronger personal regard than for Sir STAFFORD. A kinder, truer-hearted, or more upright English Gentleman does not sit in Parliament. Hope he'll get through the Bay of Biscay comfortably, and happily into the blue Mediterranean Sea.

We shall, I suppose, be still grinding away at Procedure Rules. How pleasant for Sir STAFFORD seated on the poop of the *Pandora*—suppose it's got a poop. W. H. SMITH wasn't Lord of the Admiralty for nothing, and wouldn't think of going to sea without a poop—reading his morning paper, and finding that RANDOLPH has put on another half-hundred Amendments, that he had another row last night with GLADSTONE, and that he's worrying the life out of Sir RICHARD CROSS. *Business done.*—Still harping on Third Resolution.

Thursday Night.—What with reviews of troops in back-yards, and opening of Law Courts in the Strand, we are living in a round of dissipation that begins to tell upon our elders. Merciful disposition on the part of Authorities to narrow as much as possible limits of danger.

"House of Commons," Mr. GREGORY growls, "just like a lot of schoolboys or a nursery of children. If there's a raree-show going on anywhere, always want to know 'what accommodation is provided for Members of this House.' Why should this House have special accommodation? Its business is to make laws, not to go to raree-shows. I never went to a show in my life; don't want to, and don't mean to; and see how jolly I am!"

Mr. SHAW-LEFEBRE, having set apart a stand in the back-yard, so that Members may see the Review, accompanied "either by their wives or a lady," found himself overwhelmed with applications. Seems all Members who have not a wife, know a Lady. Every prospect of the back-yard being full of Legislators and Ladies, and British Army shouldered out.

Accommodation still more limited at opening of New Law Courts. Happy thought occurred to First Commissioner of Works. Make them go in lovee dress. This narrows scope of acceptance, and not likely to be a crush. JOSEPH GILLIS says he certainly knows a Lady, but he's "not going to put on a leevée dress," so if anyone wants his ticket they may have it.

Getting on a little faster with the Rules. Found out their use to-night. Adjournment moved and speeches made at usual length. GIBSON on his feet talking on all subjects but that of Motion. DELLYN lying in wait. Suddenly pounces down on him. Third Rule says Member speaking on Motion for Adjournment must confine himself to such Motion. Puts it to SPEAKER whether GIBSON is so doing. Bound to say he's not says SPEAKER. So GIBSON sits down and business moves again. G.'s discomfiture softened by RANDOLPH, who dances round him, pulls faces at him, pokes him playfully in the ribs, cries "Ha, ha!" and otherwise soothes his Right Hon. friend. *Business done.*—Passed Rule Five.

Friday Night.—Curious how lively "The Man from Shropshire" is on a Friday night. Seems to get wound up during the week, and goes off with much agitation of mechanism on last night of it. To-night, *à propos* of nothing, quotes the maxim that at forty a man is either a Doctor or a Fool. General rush for *Dod* to look up particulars personal to STANLEY LEIGHTON. Find he's over forty, and certainly is not a Doctor. *Business done.*—Rule Eight under discussion.

REPORTS OF OUR OWN CITY COMMISSIONER.

No. I.—LIVERY COMPANIES.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

In reply to your rather peremptory suggestion that I should wake up and finish my Reports on the various matters entrusted to me, and on which I have taken so large an amount of important evidence, I have woken up accordingly, and now send you Report No. I, which relates to the present condition of those puzzling Institutions known as the Guilds or Livery Companies of the City of London.

I may as well state my initial difficulty in dealing impartially with these valuable creations of the Past.

Ever since it became known that I was the fortunate individual selected by you to inquire into their present condition, I have been overwhelmed with such an amount of more than princely hospitality, that not only has my weight increased from 11.4 to 12.2, but, I am fain to confess, that the first impressions I received from the calm sober business-like evidence that was presented to me in camera, have been considerably modified. I have broken bread, and some-

thing else, with the, far from crusty, Bakers. I have lunched copiously with the merry Mercers, and partaken freely of their matchless Madeira. I have dined sumptuously with the clever Cooks, with the honest Fishmongers, with the plucky Poulterers, with the burly Butchers and with the friendly Fruiterers.

I have done penance with the virtuous Vintners at their Lenten Festival, at which they religiously draw the line at Comic Songs, I have joined the jovial Joiners at their Irish Festival when they print their menus on green paper, have potatoes at every course, and plenty of buttered Toasts after dinner in order to encourage Irish produce. I have been remarkably well fitted by the Merchant Tailors by being invited to their Feast of Love with the sociable Skinners, held annually in commemoration of their fierce fight in Cheapside in the year 1304, when two Skinners and eighteen Tailors being left dead on the pavement, it was considered a drawn battle.

But, Sir, though I shall never, I hope, be guilty of the shameful vice of ingratitude, I trust that I have risen superior to any weakness that twelve months' dissipation might have engendered in a weaker or younger vessel.

And now to my difficult task.

These kindly and hospitable Institutions were many of them founded in the reign of Queen ELIZABETH of pious memory, but some are of a much earlier date.

There must have been nearly a hundred of them at one time, as the Carmen stood eighty-ninth in the list, but Time, with his destructive hand, has reduced the number to seventy-four.

One is not surprised to find that the Mercers stand first on the roll, one of their productions, aprons, having been in demand at a very early date.

The last Company that expired of inanition, its last member being, as is only natural, the Clerk, was the Paviers, their stony hearts being probably broken by the advent of asphalt.

My greatest difficulty has, of course, been to obtain a reasonably fair estimate of the amount of the property of the whole of the Guilds; but, from what I have gathered from their communicative Officers in the confiding hours of after-dinner, and from a variety of other sources, some of them of very peculiar character, I arrive at the conclusion that their annual income is, in round figures, £1,882,000. This noble revenue capitalised at, say, twenty-five years' purchase, produces the magnificent sum of £47,050,000!

I am informed, on excellent authority, that there are five of Her Majesty's subjects who have between them an annual income equal in amount to that above stated, and I should like to know whether they can render so good an account of its appropriation as that which I am now about to describe.

The same accurate and varied information that has enabled me to ascertain the exact amount of the annual income of the guiltless Guilds, also enables me to furnish an exact account of how they expend it.

Perhaps none will be more astonished at the extraordinary revelation I am about to make than the members of the Guilds themselves, but when Mr. Punch issues a Royal Commission under his sign manual, no amount of secret information he obtains and reveals should surprise anyone.

I divide their expenditure into four parts:—

1. Education, in which I include some of the noblest foundations in this grand old country of ours.	£587,560 6 8
2. Philanthropy, including countless magnificent institutions for the relief of suffering humanity, and boundless contributions to other institutions for the relief of every evil that flesh is heir to.	£659,413 13 4
3. Management, including princely fees to Masters and Wardens and Courts of Assistants, satisfactory fees to contented Liverymen, handsome salaries to highly talented Officers, liberal salaries to competent Clerks, and certainly very sufficient salaries to numerous gorgeous but not over-worked Beadles.	£297,218 6 8
And last, but not by any means least, in our fond love, the fine Christian virtue of Hospitality, including everything that can by possibility be included under that generous and noble name.	£337,801 13 4
	£1,882,000 0 0

Here, for the present, I pause.

"YOUR OWN CITY COMMISSIONER."

Temple, November, 1882.

PARADOXICALLY PLEASANT.—A Manager with an attractive Cast in his eye.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM, speaking of Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN, said he was the Artichoke of his own fortunes.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Hostess. "WHAT, MUST YOU GO ALREADY, PROFESSOR?"

The Professor. "MY DEAR MADAM, THERE IS A LIMIT EVEN TO MY CAPACITY OF INFLICTING MYSELF ON MY FRIENDS!"

Hostess. "OH NO—NOT AT ALL—I ASSURE YOU!"

THE CHAUNT OF THE POLITICAL BRAZEN HEAD.

(After Præd.)

I THINK, that power the Tories crave,
With impotent endeavour,
Though STAFFORD is serene and suave,
And RANDOLPH rude and clever.
I think my thoughts upon the throng
Fall sweet as dews on Hermon:
And that I'll set them to a song,
Though apter at a sermon.

I think that some are men of parts,
Whilst some are vulgar fractions,
That some are good at Liberal arts,
And some at liberal actions;
I think that HARCOURT—with a bit—
Is not so bad a neighbour,
Though one who at, and with his wit,
Will labour, and belabour.

I think that HARTINGTON is wise,
And BRIGHT austere moral;
FAWCETT sees more than some with eyes,
And FORSTER's sage, though sorrel;
That GRANVILLE has a feline pat,
Which much his foemen troubles,
So soft they scarce know what he's at
Until it pricks their bubbles.

I think the *Clôture* yields a chance
Of flooring our upsetters;
That they talk rubbish, or romance,
Who prate of gags and fetters;
I think that Freedom's truest friend
Is he who helps to scatter
The cackling flock whose aim and end
Is chatter, chatter, chatter.

I think the Tories want a cry,
But kicking o'er the traces,
With borrowed cant of "Liberty"
Won't help them to our places.
I think that SALISBURY's hardly wise,
And RICHMOND scarcely funny,
That with their Party's advent flies
BULL's honour—and his money.

I think the Reds too apt to rave
(Much like inverted Tories),
Sweetness and light and manners suave
Are scarce their crowning glories;
That WILFRED is too prompt to ban,
PASMORE to play the Partlet;
Whilst COWEN hates the Grand Old Man
As much as ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

I think that, thanks to GRANVILLE 'cute,
And thanks to DUFFERIN clever,
We've distanced France beyond pursuit,
And floored the Turk for ever.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MACMILLAN & Co. *When Papa comes home; or, The Story of Tip, Tap, Toe*, illustrated by W. J. HENNESSEY. Very suggestive name, only that it sounds a little too like "*When Johnny comes marching home!*" But "Tip" is certainly associated with Papa's return home at Christmas-time: "Tap" evidently refers to the right tap of port, and "Toe" to the subsequent gout; but whether this be a true account of the contents or not can only be solved by the purchase and perusal of the book.

Messrs. WARNE & Co. gives us an illustrated edition of *Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales*, translated by Mrs. PAUL. Most welcome to young and old. In spite of the translator's name, these stories can never pall upon us.

The same Publishers have hit upon the remarkably happy Christmas thought of issuing small cases of brightly illustrated Nursery Books, six stories in each case, the title of the series being *The Oakleaf Library*. Now, weren't this a good idea? Excellent for presents. See also their case of *Apples and Plums*, *See-Saw*, *Sea Waif and Poor Mike*, and *Men of Note*, all from the same Firm—the last mentioned with a picture of a part of the School-yard of Eton College—is full of interesting information. They are first-rate for Backward Boys, and others whose education has been neglected at the Public Schools and Universities. Like the "Pickwick Pen," "they come as a boon and a blessing."

Abroad, by THOMAS CRANE and ELLEN HOUGHTON, is a capital notion of a book. The children are personally conducted by the Author, and cleverly drawn by the Artist, through various countries.

My Own Doll; or, The History of Angelina Seraphine. Illustrated by IDA WAUGH. This lady Artist's drawings are so comical that she could be rightly described by the title of the Alhambra Opera, "The Merry WAUGH." E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York; GRIFFITH AND FARRAN, London who also publish *The Baby's Museum; or, Mother Goose's Nursery Gems*.—It seems that the American children are brought up on the same rhymes that have sufficed for the amusement of countless generations in the Old Country. We have not met with any purely American Nursery Rhymes. Surely their humorists might hit upon a new vein. We've heard of

"PING WING, the Pienan's son,
Was the very worst boy in all Canton;
He ate his mother's pickled mice,
And threw the cat on the boiling rice,
And when the cat was cooked, said he,
'Me wonder whar dat mew-cat be!'"

Which we believe is a genuine American nursery adaptation of *Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son*. Wanted—some characteristic American Nursery Rhymes.

I think ARABI's on his back,
And though the law must shake him,
I'm not quite sure he's quite so black
As the Bondholders make him.

I think that Leadership's a play,
Now Entrance and now Exit,
When fortune smiles upon it, gay,
And sad when failures vex it,
Like vessels in a seaway rough,
To pitches prone and tosses;
With little peace, pain *quantum suff.*—
A game of noughts and crosses.

I think the world, though hard it be,
Affords one constant pleasure,—
The felling of the forest tree
When one has health and leisure,
One volume—Homer—all delight,
One comrade—a ripe scholar,
One choice—when one can't talk, to write,
One ease—a loose shirt-collar.

I think old Chieftains feel o'ertried,
When years at last have found them;
New friends—though loyal—at their side,
New foes—though little—round them.
I think that those who long have fought
Grow weary, though unshrinking;
I think—that now you know my thought,
And that I'm tired of thinking.

FURS.

By an Old Fogey.

A fashionable journal says that furs will be more extensively worn than ever this winter.]

I've seen the ladies in a dress,
In ancient days brocaded,
And thought at that time, I
confess,
None looked so well as they
did.

I've known them wear the
fresh-out flow'r,
Or artificial blossom,
But now the fashion of the hour
Is sealskin or opossum.

They wear the skunk or the
raccoon,
Queens claim the royal er-
mine;

The silver fox skin is a boon
So Fashion's laws determine.
The bear is pleasant to the
touch,
That hero of old fables.

We owe the genet to the Dutch,
And Russia sends her sables.

And these are all the mode,
they say,

To deck each youthful
beauty,

Furs, too, were famous in the
day

When I did lover's duty.

I cannot name the kind of fur
She wore, but I remember
How beautiful it looked on her
In that bygone December.

How Fashion faithfully repeats
Her list of old successes,—
I walk to-day the London
streets,

And see the ancient dresses.
The only difference seems to be

You're all in such a hurry;
We took our time in 'Twenty-
Three,

When girls were fair—and
furry!

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 112.



SIR HENRY HAWKINS,

THE ADVISER OF THE POLICE, AND THE MASTER OF THE HARD SENTENCES. HE WAS RECENTLY DOWN ON THE THREATENING-ROYALTY-LETTER-WRITER "LIKE A BIRD!"

A TIP TO TEETOTALLERS.

MR. A. M. SULLIVAN is welcome back from the United States and to the dinner the Irish Members offer him. This recognition is as creditable to them as his work in America is honourable to him. Unlike some orators from Ireland addressing Irish-Americans, Mr. SULLIVAN dared to state the truth, though unpalatable. For the first time since their exile began the Irish in America heard a kind word for Mr. GLADSTONE, and a vindication of the good effected by the Land Act. The experiment was a bold one, but it succeeded; and in the relations of the two countries permanent good is likely to result from Mr. SULLIVAN's visit.

This said with reference to the public aspect of the tour, we regret to find evidence of demoralisation in private character. In the *New Orleans Picayune*, which gives an account of Mr. SULLIVAN's enthusiastic reception in the Southern City, and of the brave, honest words spoken by him, the following is written:—

"At the invitation of Mr. DONOVAN, the visitors tipped glasses with Mr. SULLIVAN, and drank to an eloquent sentiment by Mr. SEMMES: 'Louisiana and Ireland, may they ever prosper under Home-Rule.'"

This, Sir WILFRID LAWSON will doubtless think, is coquetting with the enemy. A man cannot go "tipping glasses" without running a risk of becoming tipsy himself, and Mr. SULLIVAN was, at least when he left England, the foremost champion of temperance.

TRIAL BY JUDGE.

SCENE—Interior of a Court of Law during the hearing of a libel case, which has had an unprecedented run of any number of days, Mr. Baron MUDDLESOME presiding on the Bench, surrounded by plaster-casts and rough sketches, looking, at first sight, like a forensic Auctioneer entrusted with the sale of the bankrupt stock of a Shopkeeper in the Euston Road. Members of the Junior Bar in odd corners, having been ousted by Ladies (chiefly knitting) who have annexed their places. In one odd corner Statue of "Eve before the Fall," or some other female in similar costume, appealing to the skylight for justice on behalf of wigged but seatless Members of the Briefless Brigade who surround her. Jury more or less bored in one box. Foreign Witness more or less defiant in another box. Representatives of the Press, more or less confused, in a third box. Counsel for Plaintiff and Defendant professionally antagonistic. Weary Usher in attendance.

Mr. Baron Muddlesome (courteously). One moment, if you please. (Opens note-book, and then regards vacant places on the Bench, to see if room has been left for expected Duchesses. Is satisfied on finding that distinguished Visitors of the less illustrious sort have been accommodated with seats so near the Jury that they look like honorary members of that body.) And now, Mr. BUSTLE, we will continue the discussion of that point we left unsolved last night.

Counsel for Defendant. With your Ludship's favour, what point? Mr. Baron Muddlesome (stroking his chin, smiling at the Jury, and caressing his nose). What point? Allow me—let me see. I will refer to my Notes. (Long pause, during which his Lordship goes through a number of pages of his own Notes, which seem to

cause him extreme surprise and confusion.) Ah! here it is! I would merely point out that unless the Witness explains what he means by calling Antwerp, or—(with courteously explanatory bow to Jury)—Ongvayr, which is the French equivalent—a port, it will be open to observation—(smiles, frowns, waves his hand, and bows)—when I come to the summing-up.

Counsel for Defendant (sharply). I beg your pardon, your Ludship; but, with your Ludship's consent, I beg to say that the Witness made use of no such expression.

Mr. Baron Muddlesome (distressed). You think not? Now, let me clear my mind. (Caresses his nose, and dives once more into his Notes.) I have it distinctly written here that the Witness on the Quartrr der Julee—(to the Jury, with a smile)—in English, the Fourth of July—the Witness said he delivered the sketch to the Plaintiff. Eh? (Smiles, looks at Jury, and then at the Counsel.

Counsel for Defendant. With your Ludship's permission, what sketch?

Mr. Baron Muddlesome (waving his hand to Counsel). One moment, if you please. I am at present disposing of another matter. (Has a long whispered conversation with Official,—then aloud.) Oh, certainly! Let Her Grace come on to the Bench immediately. (A Lady is introduced. His Lordship treats her with extreme courtesy. Turning to Counsel rather angrily.) And now, Mr. BUSTLE, we are waiting for you? (Smiles at Lady, and waves his hand to Jury.

Counsel for Defendant (sharply). I am at your Ludship's disposal!

Mr. Baron Muddlesome (confused). I beg your pardon. One moment; I will refer to my Notes.

Counsel for Plaintiff. I have no wish to intervene in this discussion, but might I ask, with all respect to your Ludship, what are we all talking about? [Laughter, which is suppressed by weary Usher.



"OUT OF TUNE AND HARSH."

First Elder (at the Kirk "Skellin'"). "DID YE HEAR DOUGAL MORE SNORIN' IN THE SERMON?"

Second Elder. "PAREFECTLY DISGRACEFU'! HE'S WAUKENED'S A'!"

Mr. Baron Muddlesome. I will refer to my Notes. (Caresses his nose, regards the book before him confusedly, and gives it up as a conundrum difficult of solution. Bows to Lady on Bench, smiles at Jury, and then exclaims.) And now, I think we will go on with the evidence.

Counsel for Plaintiff and Defendant (in unison, much relieved). With your Ludship's permission—

Defiant Foreign Witness is cross-examined. He gives proofs of an unrelentive memory.

Mr. Baron Muddlesome (interrupting). Wait one minute, please. (Refers to his Notes for a quarter-of-an-hour, pausing occasionally to smile at Lady, then exclaims.) No! Dear me, no! If you please, Sir HARDY.

Counsel for Defendant (severely). With profound respect, I must really object to your Ludship's exclamation. It is the opinion of both myself and my learned friends, that your Ludship (if I may say so with the profoundest respect) had—if it pleases your Ludship—no right to say "No!"

Mr. Baron Muddlesome (pained). I beg your pardon, Mr. BUSTLE, I did not say "No."

Counsel for Defendant (still more severely). With the profoundest respect to your Ludship, several of my learned friends, with whom I have the pleasure to be associated in this case, heard you.

Mr. Baron Muddlesome (anxiously). There must surely be some mistake. However, if you will give me time I will refer to my Notes. (Dives into his book, and, after half-an-hour's hard search, comes up more distressed than ever.) I thank you, Mr. BUSTLE, you are quite right, I can find no record on my Notes that I did say "No." If you please, Sir HARDY, we will continue the cross-examination.

Cross-Examination continued.

Defiant Foreign Witness. I did give him sixteen pounds.

Mr. Baron Muddlesome. You mean "Quarter Song Fronk"—(to Jury)—four hundred franks in English, Gentlemen. I will explain this to you. (Leaves Bench and goes up to Jury-box, where he delivers a long and somewhat confused Lecture on the French language.)

Aged Jurymen (a little annoyed at having to sit at the back in a draught). I beg your pardon, my Lord, but you said *faire graver*.

Mr. Baron Muddlesome (returning to Bench and explaining). Exactly. *Faire*, to make, to prepare, or even to cause to be manufactured; *graver*, a grave,—I should say, an engraving. You see it is French, Gentlemen. But if you allow me a minute or so I will refer to my Notes. (Once more dives into his book. Counsel smile and continue the cross-examination.)

Counsel for the Plaintiff (suddenly). I object to my learned friend holding up a diary in full view of the Witness.

Junior Counsel for the Defendant (springing up, and making the most of his chance in the absence of his leader). I do not feel that my conduct is open to any observation. I am merely doing my duty, and allow me to say, in the face of this Court, that the man who would treat a Witness in that box in any way save that of kindness is unworthy of the name of a British Barrister. (Loud applause, which is immediately suppressed.) I appeal to the Judge and to the Jury!

Mr. Baron Muddlesome (suddenly discovering that a stuff-gown man is speaking). Dear me, Mr. SLAVEY, you surely forget that it is my duty to make observations on your conduct. If I had felt called upon to interfere, I should have done so, and not the Jury. (With a bow to those worthies.) I am sure, Gentlemen, you will see the necessity of the discipline.

[Smiles apologetically to Ladies on Bench, as if regretting the necessity for alarming them by his severity, and resumes study of No'e-Book.]

Counsel for Plaintiff (to Defiant Foreign Witness, who looks as if he had come to the last stage but one of a Turkish Bath). Thank you. [Sits down.]

Mr. Baron Muddlesome. I think this will be an appropriate pause for an adjournment. (Stroking his chin.) And I may add that, if my social duties admit of the sacrifice (exchanges salutations with the Ladies on the Bench), I will, during the recess, look into my Notes.

[All stand up, and His Lordship courteously bows himself out of Court, amidst great and general rejoicing.]

A HOPE-FUL DRAMA.

Love and Money, a melodrama in five Acts, by Messrs. CHARLES READE and HENRY PETTITT, is thoroughly suited to the Adelphi, and is so well constructed, that, from the commencement to the finish, the story being so clearly told in action, there is scarcely any necessity for dialogue. There are, it is true, some few important details which would puzzle even Mr. JOHNNIE D'AUBAN or the MARTINETTIS



Nearer and Dearer, or, Father and Father! A ballet d'action in the Hope-ra.

to express in pantomime; as, for instance, where *Walter Clifford* discovers that *Miss Lucy Monkton* is not the sister but the mistress of *Leonard Monkton*, and is, in fact, a Miss Fast-and-Loosey Monkton. We were delighted that this name was not spelt with a "c," or the Adelphi would for ever have lost the valuable patronage of the distinguished City official without whose signature the Corporation documents would be dead letters.

Leonard Monkton, though played by a LILLY—not the Jersey one—is the most diabolical young scoundrel, yet of such quick touch-and-go activity, that he executes his own nefarious designs of extracting marked notes from the *caisses*, of hiding them and a few other evidences of guilt in somebody else's (*Walter Clifford's*) pocket with a liveliness of manner, and a true relish of the practical joke he is playing on his fellow-clerk; so that were Mr. MALLAMDAINE's music to enter more thoroughly than it does into the pantomimic spirit of these situations, the house, instead of merely tittering, would be as convulsed with laughter as is a Criterion audience when Mr. WYNDHAM conceals a puppy in his friend's coat-tails, secretes compromising letters in a lady's workbox, and hides a few female friends in those convenient cupboards and side-rooms which could only be planned by a Palais Royal architect. What draughts there must be in those houses where these farces take place!

Mr. Bartley's Office, in Act I., is no exception to the Palais Royal rule, for there is a huge window looking on to the river, a street-door, apparently open to all comers, another huge window with a pigeon-hole in it (like the place where the railway-tickets are issued), behind which the Mephistophelian Light Comedian sits and listens, and besides the "safe"-door—which is as undeserving of this epithet as it well can be—and a couple more doors into private apartments, there is another door at the back with a glass window, where more listening is done—not this time by the Villain, but by the Hero, *William Hope*, Mr. CLYNDS, who, if he hears no good of himself, hears a great deal of bad about other people. *William Hope*, in this Act, appears as a sort of vagabond *Paul Pry*; he rushes into the Office, unknown, uninvited, and unwelcome. Nobody is called to turn him out, so forthwith *Hope* tells a flattering tale about himself, tells, in fact, several flattering tales, is rebuffed by *Bad Bartley* about seven or eight times, when, still as *Paul Pry*, *Hope* hopes he doesn't intrude,

hurries off, and before *Bad Bartley* has time to resume his soliloquy, *Hope* is back again, is rebuffed again, "offs it" with an apology, and returns before it ever occurs to the wicked old Buffer—or Rebuffer, as he is in this scene—to lock the front-door and shut out *Hope*.

But *Hope's* little daughter is starving—(he himself looks as comfortably fed and cared for as need be)—but while there's life there's *Hope*, and so he pops off and pops back again, repeating his "many happy returns," until he too seems inclined to imitate the light Criterion comedians, but, thinking better of it, bursts into pathos, and is engaged by *Bartley* the Rebuffer in the capacity of spy on the premises.

It should all have been arranged as a ballet, and Maitre ALFRED THOMPSON and D'AUBAN been associated with Messrs. READE and PETTITT. How superlatively good this Act would then have been may be at once seen by the entry of Mr. RYDER as *Colonel Clifford*, who has a march past the audience (which is his saluting point), to the inspiring tune of the "*British Grenadiers*;" and if he had only come in playing the air himself on a penny whistle with one hand, and beating a small drum with the other, the success of the piece would have been assured whatever else might have happened afterwards, and there could not have been any excuse for a change of bill at Christmas. The policeman is brought on in this Scene too, and the words, "See what I've found," come quite naturally when the notes are detected in the right person's pocket after all—a clever contrivance and sharp dénouement which brings down the Curtain, and the House.

The name of *Clifford* perhaps suggested that of *Julia*, and having got these two, the idea of the *Modus* and *Helen* scene seems to have struck Messrs. READE and PETTITT, who have given us, in *Julia Clifford* and *Percy Fitzroy*, a couple of characters whom they style "the humorous lovers,"—though they seem to be the ill-humorous lovers, as they are always quarrelling.

Miss SOPHIE EYRE is a very handsome *Julia*. There's something about *Julia* which is werry peculiar, and that is, that her acting appears to be modelled on Mrs. JOHN WOOD's style, and reminds us occasionally of Miss KATE MURRON (without a song); but from her humorous lover's point of view we can quite understand Mr. *Percy Fitzroy* (Mr. T. W. PIGOTT) wishing to become the proprietor of the Eyre Arms.

There is an important Bracelet episode, which of itself would have furnished a basis for a Palais Royal farce, and the idea forcibly



"The Humorous Lovers"—Comic Duet. "My Julius! my Julius!" and "Bracelets indeed! I'm going to do without 'em."



"Only a Face at the Window."



The Ryder Dis-mounted; or, The Retired Cavalry Colonel.

so forthwith *Hope* tells a flattering tale about himself, tells, in fact, several flattering tales, is rebuffed by *Bad Bartley* about seven or eight times, when, still as *Paul Pry*, *Hope* hopes he doesn't intrude,



"Down among the Coals" in a Miner key. The Villain axes for water, and is answered by the Band of Hope.

strikes us that Mr. PETTITT originally constructed this play as a comic piece, in three Acts, for the Criterion; that there was no opening for it at that house, and that a happy thought occurred to him to make it into a melodrama, and get Mr. CHARLES READE to do the dialogue.

Says PETTITT to READE,
"We must succeed."
Says READE to PETTITT,
"Of course! I'll bet it!"

Mr. CLYNDS is just the man for *Hope*,—only, why, when he is in the coal-mine, should he occasionally infringe on Mr. IRVING's patent walk? Miss AMY ROSELLE, as the Heroine, the wise child who knows her own father, has a rough time of it in a Pantomimic scene, a sort of "spill-and-pelt" to the usual exciting rum-tum-

tum-tum-tiddy-i-diddy-i-diddy-i-rum-tum-tum and *da capo* accompaniment, when she dodges a couple of ruffians, bars a door in their faces, and, finding that the



Younger Villain has not learnt the harlequin trick of jumping through the ground-floor window, she opens the first-floor casement, and probably, though we didn't catch the observation, saying something about "three sheets to the wind," ties those articles of bed-clothing together, and takes a little drop in perfect safety. Then she stays eight days in a coal-mine without soiling her white dress, and is at last rescued by her husband, who finds her out, or rather finds her in, by hammering outside, to which Hope replies by knocking from within, when he figures as the Hope of escape, and in the auditorium, father and daughter are Saved! Saved! Saved! by the Hammer of the Hammerous Husband of *Mary Bartley*. *Love and Money* is safe to "go"—and to stay at the Adelphi for some considerable time.

DROPS FROM THE DOCTOR'S SHOP.

(A Song in Seediness. By a Thirsty Soul.)

Now Winter is coming, with frost, wet, and fog,
I fain in mine arm-chair would sit me,
And go in every night for a glass of hot grog,
If the state of my health would permit me.
But I'm forced to deny myself both wine and beer,
Overcoming a strong inclination.
And I daren't and I mustn't touch spirits, for fear
In my chest they should cause inflammation.

So, being obliged to forego my pint-pot,
My bottle and bowl and decanter,
I make all the best that I can of my lot,
Though its joys have grown sadly the scantier.
I swig my saline draught, and sip my black dose,
As though it were choice port or sherry.
Gout my temper may try, but I'm never morose;
Toss my colicium off, and make merry.

Pulmonic affections just now are brought on
By damp and decline of caloric.
Never mind; let me take, as I bid care begone,
My drop of good old pægoric.
Whilst my elaret I cut, my cough-mixture I'll quaff—
What's the odds if your reason all right is?—
Fill me physic! I'll drink, and tell stories, and laugh:
So I manage to beat off bronchitis.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.—From Editor to *Lazy Minstrel*.—"Why no ballad this week? Wake up, *Lazy*!"

From *Lazy Minstrel* to Editor (in pencil).—"Still looking for my inkstand. What is a Poet without his inkstand? Great opportunity for a testimonial. Off to Brighton to look for my inkstand. If not there shall try Hastings, St. Leonard's, and later on, perhaps, Mentone and Nice. "*Gaily the Troubadour*." Eh? This I sing as I lounge on the sofa and quaff my still, my languid Hock. Ta! ta! My pencil is stumped—will some one stump up another—my inkstand is lost. I retire to my cowny douch. Yours, L. M.

Mrs. RAMSOTHAM's Nephew was reading aloud the *Times* City Article, and had got as far as "The Return of the Bank of England," when his Aunt started violently and exclaimed, "The Return! Heavens, my dear! I didn't know it had been away!"



Learned Professor (to Bookseller). "HAVE YOU THE 'BACCHAE' OF EURIPIDES?"
'Arry. "ERR, 'AVE A FILL OUT O' MY POUCH, GOV'NER!"

A CURIOUS BEQUEST.

WE shall be somewhat sorry when that strange compound of good sense and absurdity, of modern ideas with ancient pagantry, that combination of a preserved Epping Forest with the counting of horse-shoes and cutting of faggots in Her Majesty's Court of Exchequer, of a splendid Free Library with Lord Mayor's Show, of its famous City School with the scarlet Aldermen pretending to assist the Judges at the Old Bailey Trials, when, in short, that strange old Institution, commonly called the City Corporation, shall be absorbed into the rest of the dull, heavy, colourless Metropolis.

It seems a fitting Institution for carrying out almost any freak of fancy; and the latest Trust that they have just agreed to accept, though but a small matter, will probably puzzle them more than others of far greater importance.

It seems then that our old friend Don PASQUALE, called, in this case, Don PASQUALE FAVALE, a Foreign Gentleman lately deceased, wishing to show his gratitude to the City of London for having supplied him with a good wife with whom he lived a life of happiness and prosperity, has bequeathed to the Corporation the sum of 18,000 francs in trust, to provide with the interest thereof, annually, in perpetuity, three marriage portions, of 300 francs each, for three Girls, natives of the City of London, between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five, such Girls to be selected by lot.

By one of those humorous arrangements that would never probably occur to any other public body but the Corporation, it has been referred to a Committee, called the Law and City Courts' Committee, to provide for the carrying out of this curious Trust.

What the peculiar duties of such a Committee may be, must of course remain a secret to the uninitiated; but what possible connection can there be between having charge of such solemn and dull institutions as Law Courts, and the certainly amusing, and probably somewhat puzzling, details of allotting marriage-portions to young Ladies?

We trust that the affectionate solicitude of the City Fathers for their fair charges will not end with the payment of the dowry, but that some means will be discovered of exercising a kind of parental care over them for some considerable period after that interesting event. And as banners seem to play a very important part in Corporation Processions, it might form a most interesting feature of future Lord Mayors' Shows to have milk-white banners decorated with orange-blossoms, carried in the Procession by the happy Brides who have been so fortunate as to win the prizes so kindly and thoughtfully provided for them by the munificent gratitude of the late Don PASQUALE of pleasant memory.



CROSS PURPOSES.

HE HAD GONE IN FOR FASHION, SHE FOR MIND AND CULTURE. THEY MET. HE LISTENED AND LOVED. SHE SAW AND WAS CONQUERED. THEY BOTH SECRETLY RESOLVED TO MAKE THEMSELVES WORTHY OF EACH OTHER IN EVERY RESPECT. THEIR NEXT MEETING!

SPIKED!

Leader of the Armoured Train, loquitor—

TREMENDOUS Gun, prodigious bore!
Raked our lines fairly, o'er and o'er.
Guess it will get our range no more,
Nor pound us
With its confounded shower of shell.
What chance might spoil us who could tell,
Whilst its perpetual pellets fell
Around us?

"Silence that Gun!" So went the word,
Which not a few of those who heard
Deemed ill-advised, if not absurd;

However,
I think we've managed what was wished,
In spite of those who howled or pished;
We've floored the wise and rather dished
The clever.

We, in our Armoured Train, set out,
Greeted by many a mocking shout,
Denunciation, doleful doubt,
Sad presage.

What cheer, Lads, now? That loud
"Hooray!"

Means more than many words can say,
And to our foes will quick convey
Its message.

Take lesson, Lads! Shun doleful dumps,
Don't shrink at Fortune's hardest thumps,
As though 'twere "All hands to the pumps!"

This muzzle
Was thought unstoppable as—well,
What ALFRED calls "the mouth of hell,"
And it did look, plain truth to tell,
A puzzle.

The battery, with its Titan eye,
Hollow, and black, and fiery, why,
'Twas like the Serpent's sorcery,
Sheer palsy.

The muzzle's muzzled now—yes, shout!
The eye that terror bred, and doubt,
Like Polyphemus's, is out,
As all see.

Bang! There, I fancy that will do.
When we set out, my jovial crew,
I'm not quite sure that some of you
Half liked it.

You've worked, however, with a will,
And the big Gun lies dumb and still.
Whether it be for good or ill,
We've spiked it!

MR. GREENHORN'S EXPERIENCES.

"I AM Monarch of all I Survey"—to a certain extent.

Thinking, from what I had learned of "Compensation Cases," and Valuations, and District Surveyors' Fees, that a Surveyor's must be rather a profitable business, I obtained an introduction, through my bankers, to one of the principal West-End firms, and asked them to take my Nephew into their office. This they readily agreed to do, out of respect to my connections, as they said, and on the following most advantageous terms, as they said:—

1st. My Nephew was to be bound to them for five years.

2nd. I was to board, lodge, wash, clothe, and pocket-money my said Nephew for the said period of five years.

3rd. He was to receive a salary of nothing a year—payable quarterly, I playfully suggested!

4th. I was to pay the firm a premium of three hundred guineas.

I may have done very wrong, mistrusting, as I do, my own judgment; but, after a great deal of calm consideration, and after carefully balancing the advantages to myself and my Nephew (which didn't take me long) with the advantages to my good friends the firm of Surveyors (which took me some time), I actually decided to decline their most generous offer.

Of course it is only my ignorance that prevents me seeing the reasonableness and liberality of the proposal made to me; but to pay a firm of tradesmen three hundred guineas to allow my Nephew, a fine, well-educated, intelligent fellow of sixteen, to give them five years' good service for nothing, may be a very good arrangement for some people, but, as it strikes me, not for

JOSEPH GREENHORN.

THIS week, at Cambridge, the Undergraduates are going to perform the *Ajax* of SOPHOCLES in the original Greek, or in as near the original Greek as they can get it. It would have been more up to the time of day if they had played the *Electra*, and called it *The Cambridge Electra; or, The Raikes' Progress*. Theatre illuminated by Electric Light. But this is not to be.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S BEST WAR MEDAL.—His Mother's Clasp!



SPIKED!!!

(Return of the Parliamentary Armoured Train.)

H-RT-NOT-N. "NOW, THEN, GUV'NOR—TIME'S UP!"



Published by the American Medical Association, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
Subscription price, \$5.00 per annum in advance.
Single copies, 15 cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter, May 26, 1917, Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under No. 383,910.
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 10, 1918.
Postage paid at Chicago, Ill.

PUNCH'S PRIZE MEDALS.

No 1.—The Baron Wolsley of Cairo Medal.
(No Reverse to this Medal.)No. 2.—The Sisters in Arms; or, The Swords
of Bellona and Themis.No 3.—The Lord Alcester; or, The Beauchamp
and Teach'em Medal.—(No Reverse to this Medal.)

LES POÈTES S'AMUSENT.

THE Banquet of the two distinct demigods is over. The dinner, a two-franc Palais Royal feast fit for Parnassus, came off last night; and I was there ready to watch and to wink at the matchless mouthfuls of the two mighty Masters. As these disappeared amidst rich rhythm and rhapsody, I stood in a corner, note-book in hand, mutely worshipful.

But let me proceed. The Elder Master was there first to receive his guest. He had on a clean shirt, and looked like some Old World giant hewn out of solid pasteboard. But he had not long to wait. An altercation with the *cocher* beneath, in the grave and glorious argot of Mediaeval Picardy, soon trumpeted the fact that the Younger Master had quitted his *course* hurriedly, and was mounting the stairs, with the spring of a trousered Atalanta, five at a time. Then



Swinburne chez Hugo; or, The Good Pupil and the Mighty Master.

he entered. There was for a moment a sickly look, as of second class and the salt sea, about him, but after fiercely cuddling the Titanic Singer's head several minutes in a whirlpool of welcome, he crowned him with heaving handfuls of peerless parsley, took his paramount place at the table, and the colossal *conviviality* commenced.

But at this point his potently unsurpassable and irrepressible host arose. There was a hungry hush, as of baffled and beaten annoyance, but the Elder Master had a message to deliver, and catching the reporter's eye, he did not halt or hesitate.

"What," he asked, addressing the lady presiding at the *bureau* behind the little plated saucers of sugar, "what is SWINBURNE? Is he," he proceeded, "a coctermonger? No. What then? A sweep? You cannot be a sweep without singing a *Song before Sunrise*. But this SWINBURNE has written *Chastelard*. That sounds like BACON. Is he then a philosopher? Yes, and No. Which? Never mind. But there is this remarkable thing about a philosopher: he produces fruits. Sometimes they are nuts to crack, and when Civilisation has a nut to crack it holds its jaw. This is a paradox, and suggests the question, 'Am I Civilisation?' To this there is an answer. It is again 'No and Yes.' Last time it was 'Yes and No.' Now it is 'No and Yes.' Why? Is there a reason for this? None. And when there is no reason for anything, it becomes a subject of reference. To whom? To the Marines: and you cannot refer a subject to the Marines without asking them a riddle. And this is the riddle that posterity will ask them: What is VICTOR HUGO?"

There was a pause; but in an instant the Younger Master had sprung on to a velvet *fautouil*, and, thrumming the back of an *entrée* dish as an impromptu lyre, with a high-piped treble cry of "I'll tell you," had soon sufficiently and signally silenced the Elder with the following unsung and understudied Ode:—

"You are he who,—ere upon my noisome nurse's
Large limbed lap
I coughed my first shrieked shrill-throated choke of curses,
In pulp of pap,—
Haze in reek made rich of decomposing matter
Round kinglets curled,
To greet with white-soul'd yell of 'Yah!—who's your hatter?'
An outwashed world:

"You who, with a wind of words in thuds of thunder,
Of sense made hash;
Blind, yet bleating in the bias of your own blunder
Whole yards of trash;
By your posing,—your back somersaults of error
That no one fire,—
By the frenzy and the cry of loud-tongued terror
Your jokes inspire;
By the promise of your early dawn reversal
Clean upside down,
By your curst cloy of Pantomime, and thrice accursed
Cat-call for Clown;

"By the pasteboard heads that, beaten in in places,
Smile on in pain,
By sightless eyes and worsted hair, by large, mild faces,—
By Drury Lane;
By all frolic, freak and fooling, food for laughter,
Nor said nor sung,
When next on spouting bent—pity your hereafter,
And hold your tongue!"

And here the inspired voice of the blithe singer was stopped as by some senseless shock, the proprietor of the Restaurant, who had called in the police to his shameful aid and assistance, having suddenly removed the chair from under him. Amidst a wanton and unworthy chaos of cross summonses and shattered china, the two Master Singers of the Cycle were withdrawn on stretchers, to complete the banquet under healthier and holier auspices on the very threshold of the Muses, in the tiled temple of the god-like host himself.

I passed, at a late hour, down that still boulevard near the Étoile. There were two *gamins*, a stray jackass, and a *chiffonier* working lazily in the gas-lit gloom beneath the great and golden glory of that phenomenal easement above. But, as I wait and watch, two seraphic figures emerge from the blaze within on to the bleak bare balcony. They are both crowned now, but this time it is with frail falling festoons of lobster salad; and as they reach to the balustrade for stern and steady support, they pour a last Greek libation of Clicquot and Worcester Sauce from a garnished soup-tureen on to the head of a wondering gendarme beneath.

Then a wonderful sound breaks the stillness of the soft night. In the darkness the gendarme is making use of some peculiar oaths. But the Master has heard him, and is answering.

"It is Grub Street," he cries, "that is greeting Paris. When Grub Street greets Paris something is broken. It is a head!"

He lets the soup-tureen fall with a creative crash. The jackass looks up inquiringly. Then I move away in awe, followed instinctively by the gendarme. But the banquet of the demigods is over!



VICTORIA REGINA ET IMPERATRIX.

Shade of Lord Beaconsfield, "Now—YOU REMEMBER ME!"

from Chairman of Committees, for an Hon. Member to split hairs on a matter of this kind, is more than can be borne.

"Chair or Table," he shouts, glaring upon Colonel NOLAN, "it's the same thing."

NOLAN a fighting man: never loth for a tussle. This point at least arguable. Might put it to RANDOLPH: "If a chair is a table, is a table a chair?" Half rises with this intention, but catching sight of RANDOLPH in the quite unusual grandeur of his passion, thinks better of it, and resumes his seat.

Having disposed of opposition in this quarter, RANDOLPH left free to smite the PREMIER, whom he accuses of guiltily keeping LYON PLAYFAIR "hovering in the Lobby" instead of answering these tremendous charges. All glad when RANDOLPH sits down, and no one is hurt.

Rather expected he would sit on the Table, to show that there is no difference between it and the Chair; but sank back in usual seat. *Business done.*—The Ninth Rule under consideration.

Wednesday.—LYON PLAYFAIR came out very well to-day from his fresh difficulty. Seems RANDOLPH's indignation of yesterday was wasted, no understanding between the Arch-conspirator and Chairman of Committees to hide dark deeds. L. P. never heard of Colonel NOLAN's fearful story till he read it in the papers. So there's an end of that.

But should it ever have had a beginning? Isn't there a disposition in some parts of House unfairly to pursue Chairman of Committees. Let's Playfair with LYON, which I much doubt that we've done these two Sessions past. If he has failings in the Chair, they arise from excessive good-nature and overmastering anxiety to do what is right. But aren't failings over-rated, and is due allowance made for peculiar circumstances of time? No Chairman has had to cope with difficulties equal to those of last two Sessions. PLAYFAIR coming new to Chair had to wrestle with them and, moreover, had to do it with consciousness of lack of sympathy on part of large section of the House. That is hardest of all. Increases by tenfold difficulties of position. Let PLAYFAIR have FAIR PLAY, and then judge him.

[This is synopsis of speech addressed to Members in smoke-room just now; received with much applause. GREGORY says, GLADSTONE nothing to me when I'm roused. But GREGORY such a wag.] *Business done.*—Tenth Resolution passed.

Thursday Night.—Much pleased to hear of deputation waiting to see me in Conference-Room. Seems that heart of mighty Metropolis stirred by First Resolution. Conservative Working-Man arising in his might to denounce it. Seems to be getting up a little late; but perhaps doesn't begin his week's work till Friday. Used formerly to be Tuesday.

Fine intelligent body of men my deputation, only a little frayed as to trouser over boot. Don't look so well fed as I had expected. Every man of them with a cold in his head, and none with a pocket-handkerchief. Fancied, at first sight, had seen them in procession,



COLLARD AND COLLARD.

W. E. G. performing ascending Scale of Clôture Penalties with Variations.

walking between two boards bearing the legend, "Fourteen Days." Remember thinking at the time Magistrate might as well have made it two years.

That of course a mistake; these are horny-handed sons of toil. Much impressed with unanimity and effusiveness of their views. No gagging in House of Commons, they cry as one man. They will rise in their might first. No tyranny of one Minister. No manœuvring of Minorities. Quite agree with them. Promise to represent their views to GLADSTONE. Shake hands all round, and make for door. Surprised to find one Gentleman there before me. Got his back against it, in fact.

"No, you don't," says he, wagging his head.

"Fork out!" says another Gentleman in the crowd.

"We ain't goin' to be done twice," remarks a third.

"My friends," I say, "what is the meaning of this outrage on a Member of Parliament?"

"It means you're to fork out a bob each afore we leave this room," said the Gentleman at the door. "We've let it stand over before, and been done. Now mean to have money down."

I explain that I am comparatively new Member. Never received deputation before. Unaware of usages. Very sorry should have been any misunderstanding. I present a shilling to each man.

"Couldn't you make it two bob, Guvner?" says the Gentleman at the door.

"Times is hard, and we've only had two deputations this week."

Next time, I say. Let us begin with a shilling, and there's no knowing where we'll go to. Meantime I go off to the lavatory. These horny-handed sons of toil naturally bring in a little mother earth with them. Didn't know deputations were such expensive things. One or two a Session will be enough for me, I think.

Business done.—Irish debate on Motion for Adjournment.

Friday Night.—Find I mixed up the PHIPPS last week. Said that PICKERING got on pretty well in his speech, "but CHARLES rather stuck." It was, as Mr. ANSTEW would say, *vice versa*. The Member for Westbury quite a Parliamentary orator. It was the other PHIPPS who, Pickering his way through a few massive remarks, occasionally fell into a hole, and was dragged out amid awful silence.

Rather a noisy than a lively night. Young cubs of Conservative Party get the Lion into a corner and howl at him. If he could keep his temper, could snap the whole lot up at a mouthful. Unfortunately loses command of himself, and all else gone. A sorry spectacle for both sides of House.

Business done.—GLADSTONE Baited. Twelfth Resolution passed.

THE COMING DRAMATISTS.

ENCOURAGED by the fate of *The Promise of May*, a number of eminent men have offered plays to the Management of the Globe Theatre. We are enabled, by the courtesy of the Manageress, to give the titles of a few of them:—

King Gag; or, Harlequin Homer and the Demon of Downing Street. Pantomime by the PRIME MINISTER.

Molécules Noires. Comic Opera by Professor TYNDALL.

Told at the Trocadero. Comedietta by the Earl of SHAFFESBURY.

The Capture of Cairo. Military Spectacle by Lord WOLSELEY.

The Silver Skull. Drama by Professor OWEN.

Pretty Polyphemus. Burlesque by Sir THOMAS BRASSEY.

Aff Dary. A Nautical Drama by C. BRADLAUGH.

Az and Frown. Play by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

"*My Poll and my Partner.*" A Northampton Novelty by HENRY LABOUCHERE, M.P.

Hanged! Episode in One Act (drop) by Sir HENRY HAWKINS.

A Pretty Painter. Lever du rideau by Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON.

Our Boys; or, The Kill-and-Maim-'em Treaty. Irish Drama by Mr. PARNELL.

"*Anything for a Change.*" Comedietta by Lord BRADBOURNE.

"*Put him Out!*" Play by Captain E. M. SHAW.

"*From Information I've Received.*" Farce by Mr. HOWARD VINCENT.

Bocks and Corks. Operetta by Sir WILFRID LAWSON.

MRS. RAMSDOTHAM says that the English are wasting their time and money in prosecuting the late Chief of the Egyptian Forces, because he is sure to prove an Arabi.



PRACTISING REPORTEE.

"HOW INATTENTIVE YOU ARE, TOMMY! WHAT I SAY GOES IN AT ONE EAR AND OUT OF THE OTHER! AND WHY DO YOU LEAN YOUR HEAD ON YOUR HAND LIKE THAT!"

"TO PREVENT WHAT YOU SAY GOING OUT AT THE OTHER EAR, MISS SHARP!"

ECHOES FROM "THE OPENING CEREMONY."

(December 4th, 1882.)

Her Most Gr-c-s M-j-sty. Well, it has passed off very successfully, and I am so glad that the horses were not frightened by the dreadful Griffin!

H.R.H. the Prince of W-l-s. Rather new all this—even I haven't done it before. But with such a large hall we surely might have smoked!

H.R.H. the Duke of C-nn-ght. Wish I didn't look so martial. I must remember that I'm a Bencher of Gray's Inn!

H.S.H. the Duke of T-ck. Great mistake mixing up Inns of Court Volunteers with the affair! As a Colonel in the Army, I can't help resenting it!

The Lord Ch-nc-ll-r. I wish I had taken lessons of Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH in the art of walking backwards!

General Lord W-l-s-l-y. Oh, very tame indeed after the reception of the Troops from Egypt! On my word—quite an anti-climax!

Earl Gr-no-ll-e. I wonder if I ought to do anything as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports! It would give me a chance of escaping from MUSURUS Pasha.

The First Lord of the Tr-s-ry. I am not sure that the *Cloître* would not have been as useful here as elsewhere. However, just at present, we can't spare it from St. Stephen's.

Right Hon. Sir W-l-l-m H-rc-rt. If SELBOURNE had resigned, I could have done it so much better myself! But some people are fearfully inconsiderate!

Right Hon. J-s-ph Ch-mb-rl-n. What a splendid Vestry Hall this place would make!

Mr. Sh-w L-f-ers (First Commissioner). I really think they might make a little more fuss about me, considering I gave them all the tickets! But what should I do without MITFORD?

Mr. Justice H-ek-ne. I think I will inaugurate my first appearance on the Bench in this place by giving seven years' penal servitude to a boy for derisively lengthening his nose at a policeman!

Mr. Baron H-ddl-st-ne. Really, this little gathering is very gratifying. But how my back aches from bowing!

The Right Honourable the L-rd M-y-r. And to think that anything of this sort should be done without giving me a baronetcy!

An Undistinguished Utter Barrister. After twenty-five years' absence from London on my estate in the country, I find my call to the Bar useful at last! Only drawback—both wig and gown a little too small for me!

Decorated Crowd of Notables. Very grand and satisfying—especially the luncheon at the Middle Temple!

PRACTICAL VENICE.

(By a Commercial Child Harold.)

I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs;
A factory, a mill on either hand;
I saw from out the wave tall chimneys rise,
And wharves and busy steam-granes edge the strand,
And palaces to warehouses expand.
A murky air, where sunshine never smiles,
As black as Bradford. This was once the land
Where poets sang its countless marble piles,
And RUSKIN wrote and revelled in its sunny isles!

In Venice RUSKIN's echoes are no more,
And steam has stopped the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crammed with goods galore,
And barcarolles no longer meet the ear:
Those days are past—but Enterprise is here.
Shares fall, Stocks fade, but Commerce doth not die,
But reckons dodges more than Doges dear,
And gain above artistic sanctity;
Accounting best on earth, the Trade of Italy!

GAMBETTA'S SHOT AND PLOT.

(From Contemporary Memoires à se Servir à Rien.)

ALL was ready. The faithful REINACH had been with him all the previous evening, and having no longer tick (*Fœcil*) at BRÉBANT's since he went out of office, consented to stay to dinner even before he was asked. WEISS was there later, and the three Proclamations, to Paris, to France, and to Europe had been finally approved, and sent to the secret printing office of the *République Française*, which, as everybody knows, is situated next door to the coal-cellar of the Ville d'Avray Villa. General CAMPENON had been going to and from Paris all the afternoon, and finally brought back the act of agreement by which he was to assume the Presidency of the Republic for a fortnight, when the Plebiscitum would assuredly nominate LEON.

The army was to rise the next morning, and by noon GRÉVY and BRINON were to be playing billiards together at Mazas. But it was noticed by observant conspirators during the evening that at dominoes he did not get rid of the double-six with his usual masterly promptitude: and that when he proclaimed, "*As partout!*" his tonitruous voice faltered. Only when they brought the contributions from Belleville (seven francs, five centimes, and a packet of caporal) was he observed to smile and murmur, "My brave Bellevillois, I knew they would believe that I'm doing it out of a disinterested love of Socialism: they always do."

But the next morning, when we were girding on our arms for the fray, and they were bringing round CAMPENON's war-horse to the back-door, our noble LEON was seen to aim his ninth revolver at his little finger, press the trigger, and fall back, exclaiming, "I am wounded! *Sauré!* I shan't be able to try a *coup d'état* for a fortnight now."

This is the authentic history. All others are guaranteed spurious; as, for instance, the graphic account of his duel in the Tuilleries Gardens (shut for the purpose) with GRÉVY's son-in-law, WILSON; his rash attempt on the life of ROCHEFORT, when his pistol providentially exploded in his hand; the vengeful attack of Madame EDMOND ADAM, with whom he is *en délicatesse*, which was cleverly contrived so as to disable the very hand which would have signed a decree consigning her to New Caledonia—all these are fables of that *Fontaine* which contains three-sous-a-liner's ink.

But perhaps the most ridiculous rumour of all is that which asserts that the ex-Dictator had just simply such an accident as will happen to plethoric civilians verging on middle age, who will insist in playing with firearms. The Paris of VICTOR HUGO is not going to be taken in by prosaic accounts like that.

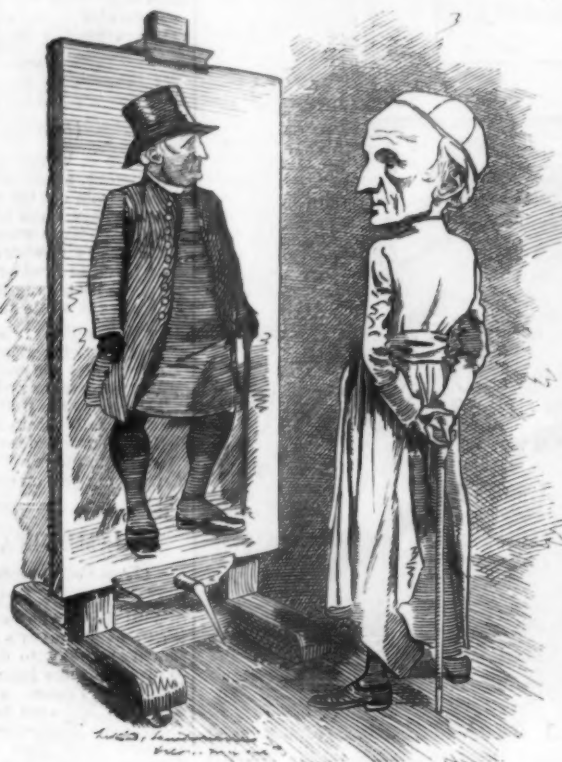
A PERSONAL OBJECTION.

CERTAIN signatures, eight in number, headed by "MARLDONOUGH," and including "SHAFTESBURY," "BEAUCHAMP," "BERESFORD HOFF," and "H. P. LIDDON," stand appended to a lately published protest against the legalisation of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, in objection whereunto the signers "desire to record" their "solemn conviction that the proposed change will cause painful disturbance of existing family arrangements, will weaken the safeguards of domestic peace and purity, and will bring the State law of marriage into serious conflict with the religious convictions and usages of large numbers of people of this country, and thus open the way to future disturbance, of which it is impossible to foresee the result." All this they say, well knowing that the change proposed in England has already been effected in Australia and elsewhere abroad.

Are they prepared to prove that it has, in fact, produced in the Colonies all the divers dreadful consequences they confidently predict it will produce in the Mother Country? If not, are they unable to discern their prediction of those consequences, utterly unfounded, to be simply so much cant? One would really think that they were all of them so many widowers, and the proposed change they denounce with so much violence was a proposal not merely to permit, but to compel themselves to wed the sisters of their deceased wives.

THE REAL MADAGASCAR QUESTION IN FRANCE. — "Where is Madagascar?"

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 113.



HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL MANNING.

(Regarding a Fancy Portrait of what he might have been.)

AND IN SPIKE OF ALL TEMPTATIONS,
IF YOU READ HIS "PROTESTATIONS,"
HE REMAINS "AN ENGLISHMAN."

(Vide an "Englishman's Protest" in the "Nineteenth Century.")

A THOUSAND AND ONE KNIGHTS.

(And More to Follow.)

THE capital suggestion of the spirited Q.C. who wrote to a contemporary to propose that the opening of the Law Courts should be marked by Her MAJESTY's graciously conferring the honour of knighthood wholesale on himself and his 184 brethren of the Silk Gown, is excellent in its way, but falls lamentably short of public expectation on the subject. Knighthood in these days is a common thing enough, and this "lowest grade" of distinction could only fittingly be given on such an occasion to the whole Bar in general. This, however, would be a graceful compliment to some twenty or thirty thousand members of a thoroughly deserving and useful profession, and could not fail to be appreciated. The more distinguished juniors might fittingly be offered Baronetcies, while the 185 Q.C.s could receive their Peerages, and go into the Lords in a batch. The Judges might have a Dukedom apiece, and the LORD CHANCELLOR, as he is tolerably well off at present, — say a couple. This would make things pleasant all round, and could not fail, as a Q.C. so neatly puts it, "to be talked of and remembered at least for a generation." Anyhow, the experiment is worth a trial.

NOTHING NEW.

THE idea of the Divided Skirt is not even original. It was introduced for mourning many hundred years ago, when people used to rend their garments instead of wearing crape.

FRIENDLY HOVA-TURES.

(Diary of Our Own Aboriginal Philanthropist.)

8 A.M.—See by the morning papers that the Madagascar Embassy has been disgracefully treated in Paris, and has, in consequence, arrived suddenly at one of the East-End hotels. Determine to set off without a moment's delay, to convey my warm sympathy to their Excellencies, and press on them any assistance that I can offer them on behalf of the Society. Mem.—To take *Bloker's British Constitution* with me as an introductory present, and find out the whereabouts of Madagascar on my way. Fancy it lies somewhere off the coast of Java, — or in a sort of South Sea Archipelago somewhere. Ask the omnibus conductor. He has only heard of Rowlands' Madagascar. Confusing. Get down in the Strand, and get up subject at a secondhand bookstall, watched by a detective.

10 A.M.—Thoroughly mastered it. It is 976 miles long, and produces rouge, straw hats, and india-rubber. Language, however, difficult. Several alphabets, but only one vowel, which is never used, except in a wail at a first-class funeral. Wish I had learnt it instead of French. Can't get a Malagasy dictionary at any metropolitan station, but Oriental Crossing Sweeper at Bank says he can speak the language as easily as Upper Tonguese. Very lucky this. Engage him at once as interpreter. Tells me if it's the Embassy I want, he's quite sure they have put up at the "Cannibals' Welcome," in the Mile End Road. Show him *Bloker*. Says if I want to make the interview really cordial I ought to throw in some rum. Buy a gallon, and put it into an india-rubber hot-water bottle as a compliment. Think this is neat. Feel I shall have something to report to the Society.

Noon.—Fatigued. "Cannibals' Welcome," down a water-side alley up a back street infested by cut-throats. Knock and ask if Mr. RAYONINAHITHINIAIVO is in. Landlady, in bonnet, says she doesn't know, but if I mean the Patagonian Ex-Emperor on the first-floor back, and haven't brought three pounds of tripe with me, she wouldn't advise me to go in without a sledge hammer and a couple of policemen. Explain it's not the Patagonian but Madagascar Embassy I want, and throw in the name of Mr. RAMINARAKA as well. She says I must mean the parties in blue bed-curtains and toasting-forks in the attic, who say their prayers dancino, and pay their rent in bamboo walking-sticks. But says she only knows them as BANGO JIM and ONION PEELINGS. Interpreter says that's right. Up. By mistake into the room of a copper-coloured Chief, arrayed in bits of clay pipe, human funny-bones, and ostrich feathers. Most fortunate. After a free war-dance with the interpreter he explains in dumb-show that his card-case has been swallowed by a crocodile, but that he is Mr. RAYONINAHITHINIAIVO. I shake him warmly by the hand, and give him *Bloker*.

2 P.M.—Interesting conversation with him for two hours and a half, through the interpreter. Won't however, discuss the nicer details of the French aggression. Talk entirely about the fat of the white bison. Try and draw him from this into a discussion on the merits of the household franchise. He won't be drawn. Explain the New Rules to him. Gets angry, and bars door. Interpreter says if he doesn't soon have the rum, he'll tomahawk both of us. Give it him at once, and get out of a back window. Leave him eating the india-rubber bottle and *Bloker* in alternate mouthfuls, and saying when he has finished both he'll come down to the House and scalp the SPEAKER. Feel if he really does this he will accentuate the Madagascar complication seriously. Homewards, depressed.



HER RIGHTS.

Old Gent (mildly). "PRAY, ARE YOU AN ADVOCATE OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS, MA'AM?"

Lady (sharply). "MOST CERTAINLY I AM, SIR. WHY DO YOU ASK?"

Old Gent. "BECAUSE I WAS ABOUT TO OFFER YOU MY SEAT; BUT OF COURSE YOU CLAIM THE RIGHT TO STAND!"

4 P.M.—Agreeable surprise. The Embassy are *not* at the Cannibals' Welcome after all, but at the Alexandra Hotel. Give interpreter in custody, and hurry off to Knightsbridge. Ask for Mr. RAYONINAHITRINIARIVO and Mr. RAMINAHAKA. Hall porter can't quite catch names. Asks me to repeat them. I do several times, giving them an entirely fresh sound at every effort. Says he's quite sure they're not there. Insist they are. Puzzled. Inquires whether one of them is a short commercial gent in check, with a squint, and red whiskers? Don't fancy it can be, but reply, cautiously, "Very likely." Says, "Then he left last Tuesday week." Give it up. Go out, much depressed.

6 P.M.—Triumphed! Got 'em at last! Stood at the cabstand opposite, and watched distinguished foreigners going in and out for two hours. Spot a man in silk with a sort of pig-tail, and bow-legs and umbrella going up steps. Evidently one of the *suited*. Rush at him and ask him earnestly whether he is RAHIBASOV, or perhaps—RAJALUKY? Smiles blandly, and gets into the lift. Lose him. Find out he's the Lama of Tibet come to Europe with a Cook's excursion ticket. Hurry to hall to see proprietor. Run up against quiet elderly gentleman in a paletot. Evident country visitor up for a week. Apologise, and tell him I am looking for the Ambassador. Says he is Mr. RAYONINAHITRINIARIVO. Never so much surprised in my life. More later.

The Paradise of Mudlarks.

It is satisfactory to know that the QUEEN was induced to pass along the Strand on her way to open the New Law Courts, because it is only on occasions like these that the leading thoroughfare of London is properly scavenged. One day before the procession and one day afterwards, the great bog which unites Wellington Street with Waterloo Bridge was almost passable without stilts, and the Vestry have reason to be proud of a loyalty which drove them into temporary cleanliness.

AN EDITION DE LOOKER.—A Professional Beauty.

TWADDLESTONIANA; OR, THE LAST OF THE BARON'S.

(Reported by Our Own Little Bird on the Bench)

A CERTAIN Lady of title having asked the Baron to describe this case of *Belt v. Lasses* to her, His Lordship at once replied, "This is a *Lawes* suit." The Duchess went into fits.

"THERE is one bust which I shall not permit in Court," whispered the Last of the Barons to Lady L. . . .

"And that is —?" inquired Her Ladyship.

"A Bust of merriment," returned the Baron, with a twinkle in his left eye, while with his right he regarded the Usher with such severity that that official nearly swooned on the spot. When Lady L. . . . had sufficiently recovered her equanimity, her Ladyship passed the *few de mot* on to her daughters, and they in their turn to the Hon A. Y—who nearly rolled off the Bench in convulsions of laughter.

"I SHOULD like to ask the Witness," said the Baron, *sotto voce*, to the Right Honourable C. B., "if his name is now changed to VAN-HYDEN, because he appears to have been E-ver-hidin' formerly." The Right Honourable C. B. almost swallowed his silk handkerchief, and left the Court hurriedly.

"I WISH I was being examined in French," said the Witness. The Baron observed quietly that if some of the learned Counsel were being examined in French they wouldn't obtain first-class marks. This, added the Baron, reminded him of a French story, which perhaps her Grace might recollect. . . . But at this point luncheon was announced, and the Court rose as one man.

PARLIAMENTARY PARADOX.—The "sitting" of a "Standing Committee."

THE SAVOYARDS.

We congratulate Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN on the reception given to *Iolanthe* by their first night's audience, but, above all, do we congratulate them on having such an enterprising, astute, and energetic Manager as Mr. D'O'LY CARTER, who can bang BARNUM himself as a Showman, and is up to every move on or off the theatrical boards.

Some idea of the ability with which the Oracle has been worked in this instance, may be gathered from the occasional paragraphs which have appeared from time to time, during the past three months, in various journals, calculated to excite the curiosity of the theatre-going public concerning the forthcoming work by Messrs. G. and S.



An Advertising Carte.

appear out of the bag; and then there were further occasional paragraphs to explain that this part of the tail was not the correct tip, and of course the admirable *Entrepreneur* exclaimed, with the immortal *Manager Crummies*, "I can't think who puts these things in. I didn't." Then a weekly journal treated us to a few quotations of marvellous rhymes which were to be found in this opera;



The Fairy Queen; or, Reduced and Electrically Lightened edition of Marian at the Savoy.

and was subsequently allowed to be present at a rehearsal, or at a portion of it, on the sole condition of incurring the terrible anathema of Librettist, Composer, and *Entrepreneur*, should he dare to reveal the secrets of the Savoy. And yet, somehow or other, *Crummies* was to be startled again by more journalistic paragraphs. How delighted must both Librettist and Composer be with the judicious zeal of their devoted professional friends!

First there was the confidentially communicative paragraph, informing the public what an excruciatingly humorous idea Mr. GILBERT had hit upon for the basis of his new Fairy Opera; then we were told what this idea was; after a while the title was mentioned, but with caution; then we read, or it was somehow "in the air," how the eminent Librettist was very angry with everybody generally because the merest tip of his cat's tail had been indiscreetly permitted to appear out of the bag; and then there were further occasional paragraphs to explain that this part of the tail was not the correct tip, and of course the admirable *Entrepreneur* exclaimed, with the immortal *Manager Crummies*, "I can't think who puts these things in. I didn't." Then a weekly journal treated us to a few quotations of marvellous rhymes which were to be found in this opera;

how "for" was to rhyme with the last syllable of "Chancellor;" how "alive" was to rhyme with the last syllable, emphasized, of "Conservative;" and, in fact, how directly this libretto should appear, the rhyming powers of COLMAN, INGOLDSEY, and HOOD, would be completely thrown into the shade. Then we read how one musical critic had been so highly favoured as to actually be allowed to hear sixteen bars of the Composer's score, which had then and there sent him into such ecstasies of delight, that he lay in a critical condition (unprofessionally) for some hours, and was only restored by one of the Librettist's side-splitters being murmured in his ear, when, after a sharp spasm, he recovered,

Then the Public were informed that, in order to protect the copyright and acting-right in America and England, this *magnum opus* was to be performed at some quiet out-of-the-way country Theatre, of which mysterious representation due notice would be given to a privileged few, just as in the days of the Prize Ring, the "whereabouts and the when," with other particulars, could be obtained by the initiated and the Corinthians at a few sporting publicans on the "night before the Battle, Mother."

Then the above report was contradicted, and the piece was, we were told, to be produced in New York and London on the same night, the results to be cabled there and back. After this came the Manager's final achievement of putting the right people in the right places for the first representation of *Iolanthe* at the Savoy, so that the Majority for the Government should exercise the *Closure* to good purpose, and should be able to silence any expression of dissatisfaction, and to employ the gag for the yawn of weariness.

The result was a large gathering of Enthusiastic Gushers with whom the success of the new piece was, as one discriminating Critic wrote, "a foregone conclusion." It forcibly struck us that if such an audience as jeered and guff'd the first representation of The Laureate's *Promise of May*, at the Globe, had been assembled at the Savoy, the First Act of *Iolanthe* might have been favourably, but not warmly, received; while the Second Act, after the first quarter-of-an-hour, would have met with rather a warmer reception than the Authors had anticipated. When Mr. TENNYSON brings out another comic piece, let him engage the services of Mr. D'O'LY CARTER at least six months in advance.

Iolanthe begins brightly enough, though the fairy music is from the first disappointing. The humour is intended to consist in an incongruous association of ideas, such as is the very essence of any Burlesque. To select Miss ALICE BARNETT, who looks like a Giantess MARIAN Junior, for the Queen of the Fairies, and to make her say that she can "curl herself up in a buttercup," is funny, but is only funny as long as she is supposed to represent a real Fairy. But when she speaks of herself as "clay," when we find that a Fairy suffers from a "delicate chest," and when we see them, without any charm pronounced to render them visible, chattering on equal terms with the Burlesque Peers, the fun arising from the supposed incongruity suddenly evaporates, and, having once laughed at the procession of Peers, at Mr. GROSSMITH as Lord Chancellor, smiled at Miss JESSIE BOND, who comes out of a pond in what ought to have been widow's weeds, and at Miss ALICE BARNETT as the Fairy Queen, there is nothing else to laugh at, because the Author has himself destroyed the incongruity of his own creation. Everyone can appreciate the



G. Grossmith as Chancellor, or Chant Singer, who married a Fairy, and is a Jessie Bond-holder.



Working up on the old Lines.

situation of a *Tylania*, under a charm, falling in love with donkey-headed Bottom, for he is still the mortal lout weaver, and she is a genuine fairy. But the *Iolanthe* fairies are merely "ladies of the ballet and chorus," and, but for Mr. SULLIVAN's music (very far from his best, and not up to his *Patience* and *Pinafore*), *Iolanthe's* Fairies, with a less select audience, would have only narrowly escaped the fate of *Foggarty's Fairy* at the Criterion.

Mr. GILBERT started with a funny idea, not perhaps quite pleasant when too broadly insisted upon, but still funny up to or down to a certain point,—we mean the notion of a son of a fairy mother and a mortal father, who is fairy and immortal down to the waist, but human and mortal from thence to the soles of his feet. His upper

part, or better half, can pass through a key-hole, but his legs remain on the other side. This is an eccentric and decidedly funny notion, of which, however, after once starting it, Mr. GILBERT has made no sort of use. The idea seems to have been too much for him, and to have become quite unmanageable: in fact, all allusion to it might be entirely omitted with positive advantage to the piece. So much for his very funniest conceit. The procession of Peers in their stars, garters, and coronets is excellent fooling which will probably tell well in America.

Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH is capital as the Lord Chancellor, and enlivens the scene whenever he appears. His acting of the best song in the piece was inimitable; we mean the "Said I to myself, said I"—not exactly a new and original refrain, by the way, "Says I to myself, says I" being among the oldest of old recollections:—

"Says I to myself as I walked by myself,
And myself says again to me."

and in the Second Act the patter-song, descriptive of a nightmare, seems to have been suggested by FLANCHÉ's well-known "I'm in such a flutter I scarcely can utter." In the Second Act Mr. GROSSMITH's burlesque step-dancing elicited as hearty an encore as was accorded to a similar performance of his as The First Lord of the Admiralty in *Pinafore*.

The words of the songs generally, as is invariably the case with Mr. GILBERT, are always good, the rhymes clever, but not absolute marvels of rhythmical ingenuity. The dialogue is not worthy of the Author of "hardly ever" and the very witty "not a too French French-bean." The first-night audience roared with laughter at the Lord Chancellor informing Strephon that the latter must not tell him "what Nature has said, as it was not evidence," just as if they had never heard of Sam Weller being rebuked by Mr. Justice Starleigh, when the former spiced his evidence with "as the soldier said,"

"You mustn't tell us what the soldier or any other man said, Sir," interposed the Judge; "it's not evidence."

The Chorus of the Fairies and Peers in the Second Act is about the best "number" in it, and is well sung and acted; though as for the acting all round, both principals and chorus seem to have been instructed to do very much the same as they did in *Patience*, the attitudinising and the peculiar sing-song tone of delivering the dialogue, in fact the business of the stage generally, evincing no such originality of design, or novelty of arrangement, as to call for particular remark.

As a musical or a humorous work *Iolanthe* is not within a mile of *Pinafore*, nor a patch on *Patience*, nor has it even anything to equal the "When Constabulary Duty's to be done," which enlivened the Second Act of the not too lively *Pirates of Penzance*, and after the first burst of curiosity has been exhausted, we do not fancy that the Public will take to *Iolanthe* as they have to *Messrs. G. and S.'s* previous productions.

A propos of the Savoy, the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, the week before last, gave us an amusing story, telling us how one of Mr. D'OYLEY CARTER's young and lovely ladies having received a note, containing an invitation to supper, from a fascinating idiot in a private box, gave it to Mr. GILBERT to read—(Why? Couldn't she read it herself?),—who, so runs the simple tale, "happened to be in the theatre," and he immediately dispatched the Acting Manager to order the effusive and very Incomplete-Letter-Writer out of the house. The Billy-Dooist very naturally refused to act on this very high-handed notice to quit; but, on its being represented to him that the services of Chukkers-out would be put into requisition, and that Someone in authority, nay, perhaps even the Eminent Librettist Himself, would publicly denounce him from the pulpit—we mean the stage—he considerably withdrew.

The audience would have been dead against the Incomplete-Billy-Dooist unless he himself had publicly protested against the interpretation put on his eccentric conduct, and had added that "The man who would lay hands on a woman, save in the way of kindness, is a villain," when he would have taken the opportunity to explain that his invitation was intended to be included in the saving clause of the above accepted formula. Capital subject for a Bab Ballad.—*The Siren and the Saveloy*; or, *All Song and No Supper*. If the Billy-Dooist would only repeat his impertinence, and then imitate Lord QUEENSBERRY by standing up in the Stalls protesting, it might be a useful advertisement to *Iolanthe*.



DURING THE CATTLE-SHOW.

Old Farmer Wuzle (reading the Bill of Fare). "DINNERS HAR LAR CART! WHAT DOES THAT MEAN, POLLY?"

Miss Wuzle (who has been to a fashionable Boarding-school to be finished, who has been taught French and how "to spank the grand pianner," and who is never at a loss). "ALLER CART, FATHER! WHY, THAT MEANS A SMALL, SIMPLE DINNER. IF YOU WANT SOMETHING HEAVY AND FIRST-RATE, YOU ORDER WHAT THEY CALL A DINNER WAGGON!"

PARLIAMENTARY NOTICE.

SESSION, 1883.—Notice is hereby given, that His Grace the Duke of MUDFORD will apply for powers in the next Session of Parliament for the improvement of Mud-Salad Market: to widen the street sometimes known as Turnip-top Hill, but more generally as Southampton Street, Strand; to take down the whole north side of King Street (better known as Waggon Row), the north side of the Market, properly so called, comprising the huge building which has been to let for several years, and has never been occupied, and that sleeping beauty known as the False-Start Club; to take down the whole of the west side of Little James Street, more generally known as Rotten-Cabbage Alley; to remove the church of St. Paul's, Covent Garden (sometimes called St. Cauliflower-in-the-Mud) to some place where it is more needed; to carry with it the surrounding houses in King Street aforesaid, Henrietta Street (or Cabbage Grove), Bedford Street (or Potato Place); to remove the south side of Great Russell Street, the west side of Wellington Street, the north side of Tavistock Street, and the east side of the Market, forming a square, now known as Flower-pot Square; to take powers, if necessary, to make the Floral Hall what it never was—a Floral Hall, or Market—and throw in, if necessary, the whole block, bounded on one side by the "Bedford Hotel," on the other side by the old Bow Street Police-Court, and on the other side by the north side of Great Russell Street, the roadways of which are known as the Great Mudford Bog; to remove the block of old houses in the Market which are backed by Tavistock Street aforesaid, and flanked by Southampton Street aforesaid and a court known as Pease-Pudding Alley, to make on all these areas a new and commodious Fruit, Flower, and Vegetable Market, which could be built at much less cost in an equally central and more accessible position on one of the many sites opened up by the Metropolitan Board of Works.—ROUTINE, TAPEWORM & SONS, Solicitors to the Duke of Mudford, 41, Stop-in-Bedford Row, Dec. 9, 1882.

EXPLANATORY.—Surprise has been expressed at the prevalence of particular political opinions in certain crafts and callings. It is now stated that the Radicalism and anti-hereditary-legislatoriness of Cobblers is a consequence of their fondness for "Closed Uppers," whilst it may be regarded as quite natural for Soap-makers to thank Heaven there is a "House of Peas."



ANNALS OF A RETIRED SUBURB.

MRS. BOULTBY SMITH AND HER DAUGHTERS HAVE BEEN "AT HOME" TO THEIR LONDON FRIENDS EVERY WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON FOR THE LAST SEVEN YEARS. LAST WEDNESDAY SOME VISITORS ACTUALLY CAME!

A CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Mr. Punch (saluting). A great day for you, Madam!

Themis. That depends somewhat upon the sense in which the word "great" is taken, does it not?

Mr. Punch. Precisely; you but anticipate me. Still, in a very real and worthy sense, this is a great day—a memorable one at least.

Themis (thoughtfully). Memorable, yes. Six centuries hence memory may revert to to-day, as to-day she goes back, point by point, shadow by shadow, act by act, over the intervening centuries to the hour when Justice was first installed in the Hall of Rufus at Westminster yonder.

Mr. Punch. The Mother of the Muses is doubtless mistress of the panoramic style, so popular with readers of the Penny Press. "MNEMOSYNE," as a leader-writer in the *Diurnal Diffuser*, might remark—

Themis. Enough! I take the hint. I have waited long enough for my new abode.

Mr. Punch. "And in its season bring the Law," says the Laureate. The Law's "season," like the British Spring, is often long delayed. The season for bringing the Law hither, however, has arrived at last; your flitting is accomplished, and—what do you think of your new home?

Themis. It is doubtless sufficiently spacious and majestic. When the imposing pageantry of the hour is forgotten, the question as to whether it is "a joy for ever" or—very much the reverse, will, I suppose, like most æsthetic questions, settle itself. At present, that which is to be the haunt of those whom popular prejudice associates with leadership diabolic, scarcely seems to me to possess the splendour of the Miltonic Pandemonium.

Mr. Punch. The site where the Bar was and the Griffin is, does not seem fated to be the abiding place of "Things of Beauty." But the Griffin will never see what the Bar once beheld, when Barbarity was the auxiliary of Justice, and Horror the handmaid of Law. The Philistinism of hybrid pinnacles is better than the Molochism of spiked heads.

Themis. Yes. The Leviathan Doctor would hardly know his

Fleet Street now; but, *per contra*, SWIFT would not need himself to tongue-lash Mohocks into skulking flight, with a half-dozen of my truncheoned minor-ministers within easy hail.

Mr. Punch. As they invariably are—of course, eh? Well, your bewigged "birds of a feather" will be able to "flock together" now, more conveniently and more comfortably. The question suggests itself, what will *Themis*, well housed, be able anon to do, not for her servitors, but for her suitors?

Themis. May it not now be said of *Themis*, as it has been said of her who presided at this day's installation:—

"Her Court is pure, her reign serene"?

Mr. Punch. Pass the purity—it is not impeached. As to the serenity, ha! ha! The serene slowness of Law's paces and processes sometimes savours of what irreverent schoolboys call "serene cheek." No, no, of course you don't understand slang—this slang, at least; but "the Law's delay" is a phrase not unfamiliar to you.

Lag-footed Law doth Time devour,
And gobble up the State,
Whilst every step demands an hour,
Each hour means six-and-eight!

Themis. Smartness is seldom judicial.

Mr. Punch. Is that a reason why Justice should seldom be "smart"? No, THEMIS, slow Law means dear Justice, and dear Justice means Justice *manqué*. "This is the shop for Justice," you might say—if your sublimity could stoop to crude colloquialism. Using, for once, if you will allow me, the language of "Shop," I congratulate you most heartily on the opening of your new establishment, and hope its business may be conducted on the modern principle of "easy terms," its maxim being the tradesman's one of "moderate charges and prompt delivery."

TEETOTAL INTELLIGENCE.—It is not generally known that Dipso-maniac Institutions are so called because they there keep large tanks of cold water in which they can dip some maniacs whenever they take more than is good for them.



CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

"FOR DESPATCH OF BUSINESS."

MR. P. (*to THEMIS*). "WELL, MADAM, NOW THAT YOUR NEW ESTABLISHMENT IS OPEN, I TRUST THE SYSTEM YOU MEAN TO ADOPT IS—LOW CHARGES AND NO DELAYS."



THE END OF THE WORLD

THE END OF THE WORLD

CATTLE-SHOW WEEK.

By Dumb-Crambo Junior.



Agricultural Haul.



Club Show.



'Ocks, highly commended by the Judges.



Prize Bore.



Mangold.



Turnup Cutter.

SOPHOCLES REDIVIVUS.

THE *Ajax* at Cambridge last week was, all things considered, an excellent performance. Mr. J. N. STEPHEN, as the hero, was stupid and fierce, as an *Ajax* ought to be; Mr. MACKLIN, who played *Tecmessa*, was good. We sent down a youth of our acquaintance, who said he knew Greek, to look on and report to us, as we thought it might be of benefit to his classical studies. He refused to have recourse to a "crib," observing that "he would only take to a crib again when he arrived at his second childhood." Apparently, however, his classical studies have been neglected, as he sends us the following string of remarks and questions, which he says he "jotted down" while the performance was going on. Well, when we see the youth again, we intend to "jot down" something—but no matter!

Were the ancient Greeks a sect of the Baptists? That thing they call the "thymele" in the programme is evidently nothing but a font.

Why should *Tecmessa* be got up to look like an advertisement of ROWLAND'S Kalydor?

Mr. MACKLIN, as *Tecmessa*, seems to have a good deal of difficulty with his hair. Can't quite arrange it like pictures of Mrs. LANGTRY, but is evidently trying his best to do so.

If *Ajax* is going to fall on that wretched little blunt pocket-knife of a sword, *Tecmessa* needn't make such a fuss about it. It couldn't possibly hurt him, though he might damage the sword.

Why do we hear the sound of people coming down stairs rather heavily before the "Chorus of Salaminian Sailors" enter through the bronze doors? Is there a loft above the stage where Salaminian Sailors can partake of ancient Greek refreshments? This would be a real "Attic" loft.

That tall man in the Chorus can't be an Undergraduate. He must be Old PARR, or METHUSELAN, or the Vice-Chancellor, perhaps.

Chorus, "Tol-lol." Evidently carefully trained. "Now, a good long shudder all together!" must have been a frequent bit of stage-direction at rehearsals.

If *Menelaus* is really a king, and not an ancient Greek who's going out to a masquerade-ball, and has lost his way, why doesn't he knock *Teucer* down when the latter is "checking" him?

Is that *Agamemnon*, "King of men"? Well, somehow or other I didn't expect him to look like that, exactly; but I suppose it's all right.

"*Ajax* hides himself behind a gooseberry-bush." Stage-direction. But is it a gooseberry bush, or a rock? and why do the Chorus, when they come to look for him, go mooning and singing about the stage instead of seeing his heels sticking out from behind the bush, or rock, as the audience can?

Greek plays are very dry. How did the spectators at ancient Greek plays get on without a Refreshment-bar? Was there a stage-door at the back of a Greek theatre? How about suppers afterwards? Doesn't the well-known line "When Greek meets Greek then comes the tuck in," refer to conviviality after the Play? Who was *Sophy Klees*? the authoress of this play?

WHAT WAS IN IT?

It having been officially reported that in Prince BISMARCK'S abstracted despatch-bag there happened fortunately to be "nothing of any importance," the following correct list of the missing articles will probably at the present moment be read with interest:—

Scheme from Vienna, marked "private," for disintegration of Southern Europe on the general basis of Turkish effacement.

Ditto, ditto, from St. Petersburg.

Genial letter to the SULTAN congratulating him on the cheery look of the *status quo*, and sending him new receipt for Brandy-Smash.

Threatening letter from an American pork merchant.

Coloured photograph of himself, with "Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S compliments."

Post-card from M. GAMBETTA with "sincere thanks for kind inquiries."

Rough outline of *menu* for heavy dinner to be given to M. DE GIERS.

Order for two quarts of *Chartreuse Verte*, for diplomatic talk after it.

Telegram in cipher to the False Prophet, telling him "to be quiet till the first of April," and leave his address.

Petition from three inhabitants of Heligoland, asking for annexation to the German Empire, and suggesting advance on account of revenue.

Shilling Volume entitled *One Hundred Ways of Drinking Stout*, Draft of "New Rules," with "W. E. G.'s respectful regards," and note "very funny" appended in pencil.

Prescription for rheumatic gout.

Map of Poland.

And last week's *Punch*.

Blunt "Asking for More."

A FEW days before the opening of the Law Courts a gentleman, with the appropriate name of BLUNT, applied to the public for money to pay the lawyers for defending ARABI. Whether his appeal will be successful or not, we are not in a position, at this moment, to say; but we think the Bondholders, in whose interest the war was made, ought to come out liberally for such a purpose.

PICTURES FOR POSTERITY.



EMINENT CITIZEN OF DUBLIN (CAPITAL CITY OF IRELAND) GOING OUT TO DINNER. TEMP. VICTORIA, 1882.



THE M'SALISBURY PIPING HOT. THE M'GLADSTONE CLEARS HIS PIPES FOR THE NEXT EFFORT.

Sweet Holmes!

[DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES has resigned the Chair of Anatomy at Harvard University.]

YOUR health, dear "Autocrat"! All England owns
Your instrument's the lyre, and not "the Bones."
Yet hear our wishes—trust us they're not cold ones!
That though you give up bones, you may make old ones.

EXTRACT FROM THE LETTER OF AN ENGLISH TRADE UNIONIST
TO A FRIEND IN LONDON.—Not ad a bad time of it. Tea and
Turn-out and banquits. Come, says one chap, and see *Ler Row*
Sam Moose at the Theayter. Not knowing the dialect I didn't care

much about *Sam Moose*, and I didn't know which character exactly
his was. Twixt you and me, BILL, I don't think much o' these
forriners. They ain't got the quiet steady goin' way as we have,
and they're all for shoutin and palaverin and screamin and kissin
and embracin. We ain't in it with 'em, and there's no more union
between the French Reds and us than there is between Black and
White, which don't mix without the white being nasty dirty, and
the black may perhaps be a little less black than it was before. As
for their light clarets to put blood in your veins—give me beer, BILL,
and BANCAY AND PERKINS for ever! I'm longing for a good pull
at the pewter when I return to my native land, which after all is the
best thing with beef for the backbone of our British Constitution.

LEAP YEAR.—A year in which many people suffer from the Jumps.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

HUMPTY DUMPTY SAT ON A WALL.



HUMPTY DUMPTY HAD A GREAT FALL.



NOT ALL THE FOURTH PARTY

WITH KING PARREL'S MEN.



GIBSON HUMPTY DUMPTY UP AGAIN

PARLIAMENTARY NURSERY RHYME.

No. III.—IN THE CALDECOTTIAN STYLE.

MONDAY Night, November 27.—Mr. BLAKE enjoys a grievance, which adds to gravity of his manner and modifies still further fluency of his speech. B. has great thoughts which occasionally struggle for utterance. Suppose the principle of the survival of the fittest here prevails as elsewhere.

"In such case," Sir PATRICK O'BRIEN says, "those that don't live must be uncommonly feeble."

That is a remark I wouldn't like to make myself. My view is, if we get an Irish Member whose words don't flow readily let us cherish him.

BLAKE's outburst arose the other night through COURTNEY's way of answering a question. Question simple and proper enough, and like everything BLAKE does, kindly meant. COURTNEY rated him in loftiest manner, which brought up BLAKE who stumbled out his protest amidst storm of cheering from both sides.

Haven't seen the Conservatives so delighted for a long time.

"Already!" said Sir R. Cross, rubbing his hands with glee. "COURTNEY hasn't been Secretary to the Treasury a full Session before he gets to lecturing Members. Why, AYTON waited a full year, and it was only this Session that HARCOURT began to prepare those little essays in which admonition and chastisement are mingled for Members who dare to question him. This is most promising sign I've seen. We've been at the Government on Egypt and Ireland, and DE WORMS has just now discovered something wrong in the Bay of Tajoura. All no use. Couldn't make out a case. Beaten in debate and on division. But COURTNEY will do something. Perhaps as much as AYTON did in the 1868 term. Wish they'd made him Secretary for Ireland instead of TREVELYAN."

To-night, BLAKE, ignoring COURTNEY, asks GLADSTONE whether he would receive deputation on the subject. The Grand Old Man is done up at last. Protests pathetically that he's tired, which, indeed, he looks, as, in pauses of his speeches during remainder of night he sits with head resting on hand.

Business done.—Thirteenth Resolution passed.

Tuesday Night.—Went into the House of Lords to-night to hear

GIBSON's speech on Court Valuers. Quite a pleasant-voiced speaker at this distance. Tried him at first in the Central Hall, but what with proximity and echoes found him still too loud. Just got the right pitch in the House of Lords. Mr. SYNAN nothing to him when he's in good spirits. SYNAN begins on moderately low tone, and goes up to a screech. GIBSON calls out, "Mr. SPEAKER, Sir," as if he were hailing an omnibus across Trafalgar Square, and keeps it up at that pitch all through.

Quite pleasing to see Mr. THOMASSEN and The O'GORMAN MAHON. Member for Bolton passes his ear-trumpet up his sleeve with great dexterity, and looks around with triumphant air, as if saying, "Observe, there is no deception." The O'GORMAN reclines his mighty figure backwards, thrusts thumbs in armhole of waistcoat, and listens with intelligent interest.

"Finest speaker in the House," he says. "And, begad, have known a lot of 'em. Thirty years ago PEEL used to speak up, PALMERSTON opened his mouth, and even JOHNNY RUSSELL used to squeak so that a man returned for a county constituency could hear him. In these namby-pamby days no man speaks in the House above a whisper. Can hear GLADSTONE sometimes when he's thumping the table; but immediately after he goes off into a whisper. Many Members just move their lips, and never say a word at all. Now GIBSON's clear as a lark. A bew-tiful voice—an honour to his country."

Glad the O'GORMAN's pleased, but it's a little hard on others, especially those immediately near front Opposition Bench.

"A little loud, isn't he?" I said to JOSEPH GILLIS, who, seeing everybody but THOMASSEN and the O'GORMAN unhappy, was thoroughly enjoying himself.

"Oh, glang with you!" cried JOSEPH, "GIBSON's well enough. He's spoiled by them Castle fellows; but he's an Irishman at heart. Knows well enough our Parliament's at St. Stephen's Green, in Dublin, and always pitches his voice so that Speaker over there may hear him."

Glad to see JOSEPH GILLIS thus sportive, if only for a moment. Has been evidently depressed of late. Some secret sorrow, I fear, gnawing at his heart.

Another Motion for Adjournment to-night, which is pretty well for our New Rules.

"Seems to me, TONY," JOHN BRIGHT said, as we were having a cigar in the Smoking-Room, "this Second Resolution is playing the devil with the House—I mean the devil who, being turned out, said he would go back to his house, and finding it swept and garnished, took seven other spirits more wicked than himself. The last state of this House, TONY, is worse than the first."

Business done.—Begun the night's work at half-past eleven. CROSS's Motion to negative First Resolution of Standing Committees rejected by 133 votes against 77.

Wednesday Afternoon.—Quite affecting to see how inconsolable Tories are in absence of W. E. G. The more pleasing, as one would never have suspected it. It is, nowever, only their way. When they worry him, howl at him, and in other ways vex his soul, it is only their way of showing their affection. To-day this bubbled forth in irrepressible flood. WILLIAM, having been in constant attendance on Resolutions for five weeks, thought he might take half-an-afternoon's holiday. Hadn't been gone an hour when Conservatives



The Grand Old Morgiana and the Forty Thieves.

began to grow uneasy. Parliamentary life had lost its principal charm. There were CHAMBERLAIN and HARTINGTON on the Treasury Bench, but no use baiting them.

"Might as well try and stir up the Griffin with a long pole," RANDOLPH grumbled; "give me GLADSTONE. Half a touch, a look, a word sets him off, and fan begins."

Discontent grew as afternoon advanced, and still no WILLIAM. RANDOLPH tugged mercilessly at his moustache, GORST groaned, DRUMMOND WOLFF ran in and out of the House more than ever like a hen distressed for its chickens. During short moments he remained could not be induced to do more than sit on extreme edge of bench. Off again in a moment, and back again and off again. WARTON sunk in deep melancholy. Snuff delighted him not, nor "Hear! hear!" either. YORKE began to regret his action of Friday. Perhaps he'd killed the goose that laid the golden egg on which personal insolence thrives. STANLEY LEIGHTON silent. Sir W. BARTELOT anxious. The Alderman dumb.

At length HICKS came to the rescue of the party.

"Let us," said this remarkable man, "begin *ab oco*. Let us move the Adjournment."

So they moved the Adjournment. Declared couldn't go on in the absence of WILLIAM, and so got through the afternoon without doing any work.

Thursday.—"Well," said RANDOLPH, stopping me in the Corridor, and glaring upon me as if I were Mr. GLADSTONE, "what do you think of this precious Ministry now?"

"What have they done?" I asked, with a sinking at the heart. Been out of the House twenty minutes and one never knows what may have taken place in that time.

"Why here's the Irish Members imploring GLADSTONE to let them have a Committee all to themselves, and he positively refuses! Never had such a chance before. Not sure he'll ever have such another. If I'd been in his place would have jumped at the offer. Put them all on the Committee, give them a good strong room, start a subject of debate, and in two hours there would be nothing of them left except O'DONNELL's eye-glass and the smile of JOSEPH GILLIE."

And RANDOLPH strode impatiently away. What a man it is! Full of resource, quick to see, ready to act. A little weak on facts, as GLADSTONE says; but none of us are perfect.

Business done.—Standing Committees ordered.

Friday.—Autumn Session collapsed to-night with same suddenness and much the same general air of surprise as pervades Mr. PHILLIP CALLAN's hat when he sits upon it. RANDOLPH had been talking cheerily about eating his Christmas-pie in Members' dining-room. Certainly, said everyone, Session will go into next week. Only question, up to what day. This being settled, Autumn Session died suddenly at twenty minutes to nine, deeply regretted.

Its end was peace, which is more than can be said of its beginning or its middle. *Business done.*—Everybody goes home.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ROUTLEDGE's *Every Girl's Annual*, edited by Miss ALICIA LEITH.—The Frontispiece shows us a young Lady in full swing.

ROUTLEDGE's *Every Boy's Annual*, in which at p. 300 there is a picture of an Esquimaux Boy, which alone ought to sell the book in consequence of the curiosity it must arouse to know all about him, and to learn if the Esquimaux have ever read *Pickwick*, and are acquainted with anything about the Fat Boy. If "Every Boy" for whom this work is compiled only knew about half of what is contained in one of these *Annals*, the Schoolmaster's occupation would be gone—as far as teaching goes—but the Birch Tree would still be in full vigour.

Little Wide-Awake (GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS), Mrs. SALEM BARBER's highly-coloured Annual for Children, illustrated by Miss E. EDWARDS, F. BARRAUD, A. C. CORBOULD, and several others. Each story only occupies a page; and any page might be worse occupied than in studying *Little Wide-Awake*.

The Changing Year, from the stores of Messrs. CASSELL, PETER, & Co., so full of excellent illustrations, that there is no more drawing room left, and no drawing-room should be without it.

From the same firm comes *Peter Parley's Annual*. Dear old PETER! We remember him since—ah—well—no matter; but this last observation does not apply to PETER this year, who gives us plenty of matter, with sufficient Art, and is not at all a re-peater of himself, but is faster than ever, and only like a re-peater, inasmuch as the volume is a striking one, and quite up to the time of day.

The Magazine of Art. Vol. V. (CASSELL & Co.) Most interesting. *Celare artem*—better put it away, or there won't be much left of it when wanted as a gift on Christmas Day, and much more may then be said of *A Parcel of Children*, which is quite a child's book.

FRED. WARNE & Co. give us *The Field, the Fox-Hunt, and the Farm*. It contains the Little Sportsman's Alphabet. The very book for a youthful sportsman whose hobby is a horse.

A Guide to the Modern County Court, by G. SMALMAN SMITH, is evidently a first-rate book to put into the hands of children at the same time that you give them their Christmas-boxes.

This should go as the commentary on *Layton Craft; or, the Story of a Prodigal*, by ALICE SOMERSON. The latter is rather serious, and the former will be found decidedly useful to all who can boast of their descent from some of the oldest County Court Families in England.

Abroad.—Evenings at home can be well spent over *Abroad*. We noticed this interesting and amusing book last week, but—

Quite forgot to say *Abroad*
Is published by MARCUS WARD.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.

AIR—"Teetotal Family."

If you are cautious, or comic, or critical,
If you are pious, or proud or political;
If you are popular, poor or poetical,
If you are earnest, intense or æsthetical;
If you are sober, serene or censorial,
If you've a longing for banquets pictorial—
Go to the Royal Water-Colour Society,
Where Sir JOHN GILBERT presides with propriety!

Chorus.

Tol-de-rol, tol-de-rol, tol-de-rol, li-ety!
Go to the Royal Water-Colour Society!

* * The Card for the Private View was sent by mistake to our Festive Frivoller instead of our Dreary Picture-Doer. We think our readers may congratulate themselves on the error.

FANCY the *Æsthetic* and Diaphanous Mrs. BERNARD-BEERE advertising the Laureate's *Promise of May* as a "Great Attraction for the Cattle-Show Week!" She expects to catch the Northern Farmer, and bring the scent of the hay (*pace PINERO*) in front of the footlights.



MAKING ONESELF AGREEABLE.

Monsieur Tromblon Bolivard (Impressionist, Socialist, &c., &c., &c.). "SACRÉS ARISTOCRATES, VA! I WOULD LIKE TO 'ANG ZEM ALL! YOU SEE ZE DUCHESSE OF PENTONVILLE! VELL, LAST NIGHT, VEN SHE VAS PRESENTED TO ME, SHE VAS OF A POLITENESS ZE MOST EXQUISITE!—AND HIS MORNING I GO FOR TO SAY TO HER 'GOOD DAY!' AND SHE TURN ME SIMPLY ZE BACK!"

Brown. "DID YOU—A—HAPPEN TO MENTION TO HER GRACE LAST NIGHT THAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO HANG ALL THE SACRÉS ARISTOCRATES?"

Monsieur T. E. "MA FOI, OUI, MON AMI! POURQUOI PAS?"

A LICENSING DEAD-LOCK.

THE unseemly squabble between the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, the Metropolitan Board of Works, and Messrs. SPIERS & Co. with regard to the merits and defects of the Criterion Theatre, only draws attention to the glaring defects of our licensing system. The Criterion is a curious compound building, standing in Piccadilly, which contains under one and the same roof an eating-house or restaurant, a huge drinking-bar, a ball-room or music-hall, and an underground theatre. The public-house department is licensed by what is called a District Board of Magistrates, composed largely of local tradesmen, with another licence from the Board of Excise for the sale of tobacco. The ball-room, or music-hall, which is situated near the clouds, is licensed by an irresponsible body of gentlemen, numbering several hundreds, who sit for two days only each year in Clerkenwell, and are known in these pages as the Meddlevers Magistrates. Against the decision of the local Magistrates there is an appeal to the Clerkenwell Bench, but against the decision of the Clerkenwell Bench there is no appeal.

The Criterion Theatre, which is placed just as low as the music-hall is high—being somewhere in the bowels of the earth—is licensed by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, a Court official, who is not allowed to act on his own judgment without a certificate from the Metropolitan Board of Works. The Lord Chamberlain's Department have publicly stated that they think the theatre one of the safest, if not the most safe, in London; but the Metropolitan Board of Works, in spite of similar testimony given by one or two of their leading officers, decline to authorise the LORD CHAMBERLAIN to grant a licence. Here is enough of licensing and divided authority for one unfortunate building.

To make matters worse, the public-house is allowed to communicate with the ball-room or music-hall, which is rarely used, but not with the theatre, which is used nightly,

although such communication would not make the theatre more of a public house, or house for the public, than it is at present, and would materially add to its safety as a public building. This latter restriction is in Lord NEVERDARE'S Act of 1873—a standing disgrace to so-called Liberal legislation. The Seldom-at-Home Secretary is said to be thinking over all these points in his new Municipal Government Bill; but long before this mighty measure is passed, a twopence-halfpenny portion of reform might surely be given to the poor patient stupid public!

COME INTO "THE GARDEN," MAUD!

A very Ideal Idyl of the (we hope not very remote) Future.

COME into "the Garden," MAUD!
For the Mudford blight is flown;
Come into "the Garden," MAUD!
I am here by the "Hummums" alone;
No garbage stench is wafted abroad,
And the slime from the pavement's gone.

For a breeze of morning blows,
Yet my hand is not compelled
To hold up my handkerchief close to my nose,
As it had to be always held,
When the shops in the market of old would
unclose,
And the cry of the porters swelled.

All night have the suburbs heard
The wheels of the waggons grind;
All night has the driver, with seldom a word,
His horses nodded behind;
And your waggoner is as early a bird
As in Babylon one may find.

I say to myself, "No, there is not one
To block up the street and stay
Till the hum of the City hath well begun."
I chortle in joyance gay.
"Now half to the Southern suburbs are gone,
And half to the North. Hooray!
Low on the wood and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away."

I say, this is better now, goodness knows,
Than it was but a short time syne.
Oho! my Lord Duke, I am glad to suppose
That much of the credit is thine,
That I need not go softly and hold my nose,
Or feel sick like a man on the brine.

No scent of rank refuse goes into my blood
As I stand in the central hall;
And long in "the Garden" I've strolled and
gazed,
Without feeling qualmish at all.
And I say, "This is really exceeding good,
An improvement that's far from small."

The paths, roads, and gutters are almost sweet,
And the stodge, like fetid size,
That used to impede one, and foul one's feet,
No longer offends one's eyes.
'Tis a pleasantish place for two lovers to meet—
Quite an urban paradise.

So, sweetest, most sensitive-nostril'd of girls,
Come hither!—the stench is gone.
Foul dust blows no more in malodorous whirls,
No cabbage-leaves rot in the sun,
Damp-reek from choked gutter won't straighten
your curls,
So come—'twill be really good fun!

A FIRST-RATE AND SAFE INVESTMENT.—Investing Dr. WATT REID, Medical Director-General of the Navy with the insignia of the Order of the Bath.

RETURN OF HERR JOACHIM FOR THE MONDAY POPS.—What did he play on his re-appearance? Why, quite appropriately, BACH again!



"SELECTION."

Brown (as he was leaving our Art Conversazione, after a rattling scramble in the Cloak-Room).
"CONFOUND IT! 'GOT MY OWN HAT, AFTER ALL!"

THE UNIONISTS IN PARIS.

(From the Representative of the Needy Knife-Grinders' Society.)

I AM one of the "prosperous artisans" who are supposed by the satirical Tory press to go to work in broughams, but me and the missus have not been in the habit of running over to Paris four or five times in the year; and, in point of fact, the Bullevards were rather less familiar to me than Rosherville when we crossed last week without our misuses. The masters cross without theirs, who are frequently cross with them; so why not we? Ain't we all equal before the law and the old woman? Besides, we were on business (ain't it business takes the boss over from Saturday to Monday, when he don't care about a nice quiet Sunday with his Mamma-in-law at Clapham?), and well, you know, the Bullevards ain't the kind of thing to be introduced all at once to a Lady who has never been out of Bermondsey, unless it was Southend in the Season.

They are an uneasy kind of people those Bullevarders. They had delegates to meet us; and the Knife-grinder who was especially appointed to look after me—they call him a *Repasseur de couteaux*—began by trying to kiss me, and talk about Fraternity and Solidarity, until I shoved him off, saying the only fraternity I had was my brother Jox, doing well in the

cat's-meat business; and as for solidarity, was there any place handy where one could get a square cut off the joint, with taters, and suet-dumplings to follow? But no, we must dine with them; and the mysterious talk that *Repasseur* had on the way was like a bit out of the old Vic. drama. He wanted to know how many bayonets I had turned out for the good cause, and whether my brother Jox knew the latest things in poison for the rats of the Royal Family.

It was worse when the speeches came. A big fellow, who wanted shaving badly, got up at the top of the table with a red flag. We'd rather have had the Trades' Union-Jack, but we said nothing until he began to say that Society ought to resolve itself into its original elements, when, "No," says I, "the original elements are all very well, but they didn't use no knives, and I'm a grinder, I am." Then they wanted to know if we were game for Anarchy; and a lot of us, thinking it was a new kind of drink to take with our after-dinner pipe, said "Yes." But you should have seen the disappointment when they simply handed round bombs in table-napkins, and asked us to pledge the Universal Nihilism in a draft of sugar-and water.

"I says slope," says my right-hand mate; and slope we did. And, after visiting the newspaper *Ni Dieu, Ni Maître, Ni Rien* (jolly simple title, *Lloyd's*), and assisting at a Socialistic Conference, where the orators made spittoons of each other's faces, we thought we had just better go and see the Folies Bergère alone; and likewise have a look in at the Elysée Montmartre. It's nicer than the other Elysée, though Grévy was civil as you please. But, would you believe that, when they heard we had shaken hands with him, those *Ni Dieu, Ni Nothing Else* fellows brought out a special number, saying we were all detectives in disguise.

It's a fine thing is Solidarity and the Universal Nothing, and all that, but give me short hours and long wages in Bermondsey, and I don't want no more of your Bullevards.

IVO BLIGH!

(AIR—"Nelly Bly.")

[The Hon. IVO BLIGH's Eleven seem to be doing remarkably well in Australia. They recently beat a picked Eleven in one innings, with 144 runs—the exact amount of Mr. LESLIE's individual score—to spare.]

IVO BLIGH had a shy
At Australian sticks,
Scored like fun, gave them one
Of the neatest licks.
Hi Ivo! ho Ivo!
Britons breathe once more,
Whilst they fill to your skill
And LESLIE's spanking score!

IVO BLIGH, England's eye,
MURDOCK fairly wiped;
LESLIE's "gross" retrieves our loss.
How he must have swiped!
Hi Ivo! ho Ivo!
Stick to it!—you will,
Not for "crow" just to show
England's "in it" still.

A NEW DECORATION FOR THE SULTAN.—The Order of the Turkish Bath. This, if the Porte had ever been in earnest, might have been sent to ARABI, and the SULTAN might have let him have it hot.

THE DIRGE OF DECORATION.

[A Weekly Paper remarks that "The Aesthetic craze is dying out, and we may expect shortly to see a return to the mahogany furniture of our youth."]

WE'VE now heard the last of High Art's palmy days, And all the oft-quoted æsthetic craze; We've done with our etchings in various "states," No longer our walls are all blue china plates; The dim stained-glass windows are gone from the stairs, And we hanker no more for old Chippendale chairs.

We've gone back to honest mahogany things, And sideboards with plate-glass and ponderous wings; Our chairs are of leather, a chocolate skin, With manifold buttons drawn carefully in! A bright Brussels carpet is gay 'neath our tread, And the dining-room paper's conventional red.

So oft to extremes doth the Briton take flight, We're sickened with Sweetness, and weary of Light; We've heard far too much both of Culture and Taste, So let girls stick to novels, and pinch in the waist: High thinking, plain living, are both under ban, So, declining to think, let's eat all that we can.

THE BRITISH "EL JAWAIB."—Hansard.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 114.



LORD BRABOURNE.

"THE FAIRY CHANGELING."

THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE.

WE understand that the following appropriate words are intended to be inscribed over the entrance of the different Courts as soon as they are open to the Public:—

COMMON LAW DIVISION.

"Agree with thine adversary quickly."

"*Vestigia nulla retrorsum.*"—*Anglice*, "No money returned."

CHANCERY DIVISION.

"*Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate.*"—*Anglice*, "Remember *Jarndyce v. Jarndyce.*"

DIVORCE AND PROBATE.

"*Gnosius hæc Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna.*

Custigatque, auditque dolos; subegitque fateri."

Our translator has failed to make out the exact meaning of these lines, but he thinks they mean something very unpleasant.

"If you wish to have your Celery nice and white," says Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "you should keep the plants well banked up with earth. As my Uncle the Dean used to say, '*Ars est Celery earth 'em.*' And no doubt he was right."

NEW BOOK, by the Author of *Hell and the Doctor*:—*Knocker and the Surgeon.*

WHERE ARE WE?

Or, at what Places of Entertainment are the following Remarks likely to be heard?

I.

I WISH I had been here the night Q. was here, then we might have had some fun for our money.

II.

How sinewy! how supple!—The curve of that left leg is quite too heavenly!—Not beautiful! why, I hear SWINBURNE has written a poem on her, and dedicated it to the Grosvenor Gallery, which, if it weren't absolutely unintelligible, would be—Eh?—oh no—it won't be published.—Why were all his pieces in five Acts?—I think his *Much Ado About Nothing* the best piece he has written.—Then, I disagree with you; *The Bells* is the best thing SHAKESPEARE ever did.

III.

Sai, Miss, you'd better get your voice out of your broom, it will catch cold houtside.—Going to another 'all, are yer; glad I ain't going with yer to 'ear yer sing that agine!

IV.

What Act is this?—Then that girl, the third from the end—She's Whatahername—My bonny boy, she was supping the other night with that Johnny in the side-stall there.—I wish you'd introduce me, old Chappie.—They're only paste, or, if they are diamonds, he stole them; he's stone broke!

V.

I wish you would keep awake.—That's good from you who have been snoring the last hour.—I remember BUCKSTONE in this part.—You ought to have seen CHARLES MATHEWS.—She's wonderfully good!

VI.

It's a very lucky thing for Author and Composer that he's a little man, or there would be nothing in the piece.—It is fortunate she is a very big woman, or no play could have been written.—Do you remember that old anthem which used to go exactly like this!

VII.

The Kid is looking very pretty.—Has he nothing to do but smoke?—Music is stupid enough.—They sing to the foot-lights in America, I suppose.—Another Act! I am off.

VIII.

Hack through!—Now then, Medicals, make a rush!—Blow the solos! let us hustle that old man!—Careful, Guys! Careful, Bartholomews! Here are the Police!—Let's go into the Hall, and have a pipe.

IX.

Don't care about him. Why doesn't he get something new?—Isn't Thingummy singing to-night?—What did they stop his best song for if they allow this, eh?—Had enough of it?—Yes, Going to do without 'em, Don't want any more, Heard 'em all before.

X.

Call this a Burlesque? What does it burlesque? Where are the Burlesque Actors?—Oh yes, he's good, of course, but then he can play burlesque.—She's not bad; but much the same as in *Engaged*, eh?—No songs or dances, no rhymes and puns in prose!—Oh, you saw it at the Gaiety, and it was much better then, eh? Ah, well—wish I'd seen it then; but now—Here, let's go!

MUCH wanted by the Underground Arti-choke District Railway.—"Sweetness and Light." [By the kind permission of the Commissioners of Sewers and the Board of Works.]

OPENING OF THE NEW LAW COURTS.

(A Personal Reminiscence of December 4th.)



A Law Suit.

WHEN MR. BERTIE MITFORD courteously informed the Authorities at the Punch Office that the Chief Commissioner of Works would not consider the show perfect unless Mr. P. was officially represented, and when this was communicated to me, I at once exclaimed, "My wig!" and subsequently added, "and gown!" for it was clearly stated that "full forensic costume" was as indispensable as whatever is indispensable necessarily must be. Now, where was my "full forensic costume?" The last time it had made its appearance with myself inside it was at an Old Bailey Trial, when the lady, for whom I was eloquently pleading "coercion" as being under the influence of her accomplished husband standing beside her in the dock, was so unaffectedly annoyed with my successful attempt at separating her from her guilty companion that she then and there took off her laced-boot and hurled it violently at my wig, taking, however, so poor an aim that it cannoned off Mr. BESLEY, caught Mr. POLAND (for the prosecution), and, but for its expended force, would have gone off at a tangent in the direction of the Clerk of the Court's nose, which it never reached, but fell on the desk in front of him.

After this brief but brilliant episode, I regret to say that, in the most guileless and good-natured way, I lent my "full forensic costume" to my then partner in Chambers, who has since become a Q.C. and a County-Court Judge, but who, at that time, represented himself as unable to start on Circuit unless I lent him my wig, gown, and bands, which I did, and have never set eyes on him or them again from that day to this. I believe, in fact, that such was his success in that "full forensic costume" of mine that he stayed on Circuit, became its leader, was made a Q.C., and is now a distinguished County-Court Judge in the North, where he will remain till he returns South to enjoy a pension of two thousand a year paid quarterly, and will never give a thought, unless I remind him, which I shall take the earliest opportunity of doing, of the "full forensic costume" to which I attribute, and he ought to attribute, all his successes.

When I come to think that I ought to have been in that wig and gown, that I, and not he, ought to have gone North, that I, and not he, in that wig, gown, and bands, which were my property, not his, ought to have gone on that Circuit till I led it, and that in all probability he never would have gone that Circuit at all if he had had to pay ready money for a wig and gown instead of "cheeking me out of it"—I am sorry, at this distance of time, to use the expression of a man now so eminent in his profession,—and telling me that I could not possibly want it, and that I had better stay at home and vary the proceedings at the Middlesex Sessions with occasional attempts at light literature;—I say when I come to think of all this and consider what prizes I must have chucked away with that "full forensic costume," I confess that my feelings towards my eminent friend are not untinted with bitterness.

But as a member of the Bar of England I was determined to behave as such on the 4th of December, when England expected that every barrister should do his duty in "full forensic costume." THUMP, Q.C., couldn't lend me any of his. They were all out for the day. Some of my barrister friends had only got one set, and others had lent their second-best for this occasion. *Happy Thought*.—The theatrical wig-maker, Mr. CLARKSON, in Bow Street. No sooner thought of than done. "Wig? Certainly, Sir," said the obliging Perruquier. "What sort? Working trick wig, a scratch, Brutus, brown George, or Second Charles?" he asked as he showed me into his back-shop among all the Pantomime big heads, false noses with spectacles, beards, moustachios, and wigs of all descriptions for general Christmas purposes.

Much as I should have liked to have appeared in the New Law Courts as Judge JEFFREYS—when I should have been admitted with the greatest deference by the Police, and shown out again with rather less ceremony—I confined myself to the "full forensic costume" of the Victorian—or Wigtorian—era; and though, in spite of the Perruquier's earnest assurances, I still had my misgivings as to whether the costumes hadn't been made for theatrical purposes, and whether there wasn't something about it which wouldn't stand the test of daylight, having been meant exclusively and originally for effect behind the footlights, I was, after the first quarter of an hour of the trial of my forensic costume or "Law Suit," perfectly satisfied with the result, until the Guards' Band, very soon after my entry into the Hall, struck up the music from "*The Trial by Jury*," when it occurred to me that Mr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN was directing the music, and had recognised my "full

forensic costume" as having been worn by the leading counsel in that Operetta. As, however, on this solemn and historic occasion, the staple of the musical selections seemed to come from this amusing composition, of which the great feature, the song, "*I'll tell you how I came to be a Judge*," was performed on the appearance of either the LORD CHANCELLOR or the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, I felt that the dignity of the legal profession was being trifled with, and was glad when the air changed to "*The Lost Chord*," though what this had to do with the opening of the Law Courts it would be difficult to say. Still, the effect was soothing.

Gradually, but with difficulty, recognising many familiar faces in strange costumes, it occurred to me that there must have been a great run on the stores of Messrs. CLARKSON's, MAY's, and NATHAN's. Here was Sir JULIUS BENEDICT as an Admiral; there Mr. J. L. TOOLE as himself (without a song); in the next compartment was Mr. EDWARD LAWSON in a splendid military uniform, got up probably as one of his own dashing Leaders; then there was Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD, in black velvet and lace, with a sword. Such a variety of cooked hats I have not seen for a long time: some that could be worn with difficulty, some that could only be worn with such an effort of strength as would render it improbable they could ever be taken off again, and others that could by no possibility be worn or have been ever intended for wearing.

Higher up I recognise Mr. EDMUND ATLAS, in the evening dress of a gentleman who is prepared to dine at any hour of the day; and further on is Miss ELLEN TREBY, who ought to have come as *Portia*, with Mr. IRVING, not as *Shylock*, though if they had brought with them a few of the Lyceum Company, they might have ascended the dais, and filled up one of the dull quarters of an hour with an intellectual treat from *The Merchant of Venice*, which, no doubt, they would have done, but for the awe-inspiring presence of Sir THEODORE and Lady MARTIN.

Then H.R.H.'s Attorney-General, Mr. CHARLES HALL, Q.C., walks up the hall in a great hurry, as if he had just come in to fetch something, and wanted to get away as quickly as possible.

The music has dried up. An awkward pause. Somebody, in grey trousers and morning dress, walks down the hall and out of the door, and it is generally supposed that he has been turned out on account of the colour of his nether garments. Stage-Manager MITFORD very busy. Pause. Excitement. Judges march down "a terrible show." They come down very stately, but finding that the official call-boy has summoned them long before they're wanted, they break up into groups and tell funny stories to one another, varying the proceedings by shaking hands with Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir W. V. HARCOURT, with all the *impressment* of men who are forgiving old grudges and making it up all round generally. Mr. TOOLE wishes to catch the Speaker's eye and relieve the "wait" with a little melody. Mr. GLADSTONE, however, advises him not, and says he'd better leave it till he comes to breakfast with him. Judges in procession, march out,—having resumed their dignity, each looking as "grave as a Judge" is proverbially supposed to be. Return of Procession, with Stage-Manager MITFORD bearing a Pantomime-key, as if they were going to play *Blue Beard*.

Then, at last, Her Gracious MAJESTY, not in robes of state, which disappointed those who wanted to see their Queen as The Queen with Imperial Diadem and Sceptre. Presently we hear her voice from one end of the hall to the other, sweet, clear, and distinct; then a sermon by Lord SELBORNE; and finally Her MAJESTY communicates, as a great State Secret, to Sir W. V. HARCOURT that the Hall is open (if it hadn't been, how could we all have got in?), and the HOME SECRETARY, who evidently cannot keep a Lady's secret, stands up, and before anyone can stop him, *clôture* him, and take him to Tower Hill, calls out, in stentorian tones, that the Hall is open; which breach of confidence apparently so annoys Her Gracious MAJESTY, that, after all the Judges have passed before her, and each given her a bob,—it wasn't more than this,—Her Gracious MAJESTY arose, and, leaving the brilliant assembly to get out as it best could, took advantage of the Hall being open at both ends to make her exit by a door at the back.

It was all over, bar shouting; and as Her MAJESTY drove off there was plenty of that, and then more for the Prince, who, as Chief Bencher (or whatever the title is) of the Middle Temple, went across the road to lunch with that august and most hospitable body.

Talk of Inns! Show me any Inns for food and comfort like the Inns of Court! "Take mine case in mine Inn"—rather! The luncheon was—like all the arrangements in the Middle Temple—admirably done, though the last thing we saw was an eminent Judge



An In-wig-orator and Refresher.

complaining bitterly that he hadn't been able to get anything to eat (which must have been his own fault), and that the Scandinavian Ambassador (or some such distinguished official) hadn't had any lunch. I should have been sorry to have been tried by that Judge on that afternoon.

It was a great success. *In medio tutissimus ibis*. You can't go wrong when you're lunching in the Middle Temple. Fancy four hundred pounds' worth of flowers! And then the Real Turtle! "Ah! far better," exclaimed a learned Brother, "than the 'soup' we used to get at the Middlesex Sessions!"—which professional *jeu de mot* did not go for much with the ladies, representing the Silk, who formed the majority of the audience. *Finis coronat opus*.

THE GRAND OLD MAN.

AIR—"A Highland Lad my Love was born."

In Tory bonds our BILL was born,
And Whiggery's doctrines held in scorn,
High Church and State was WILLIAM's clan;
Then a juvenile, he now has grown a Grand Old Man.
Sing, hey the jolly old, Grand Old Man!
Sing, ho the jolly old, Grand Old Man!
The Member for Midlothian;
The Right Honourable Gentleman, the Grand Old Man!

Betimes he turned to light from dark,
When under PEEL he served as clerk,
A fighter in the Free Trade Van;
First step to grandeur taken by the Grand Old Man.
Sing, hey, &c.

A member once of the Carlton Club,
His blue off reason made him rub;
That he perceived the better plan:
By pursuing it he got to be a Grand Old Man.
Sing, hey, &c.

Still striving, as the People's friend,
The elective franchise to extend,
He drove the Tories farther than
Himself he had proposed to go—a Grand Old Man.
Sing, hey, &c.

They had their day, or, say, their hour;
He went and talked them out of power.
Oh, for oratory nobody in England can
Be called fit to hold a candle to the Grand Old Man!
Sing, hey, &c.

We owe the Grand Old Man one thing,
For which all sides his praise should sing;
May his years exceed a patriarch's span;
Here's a health in Gladstone's Claret to the Grand Old Man!
Sing, hey, &c.

WHEN are the New Law Courts to be used for business? Why didn't the Last of the Barons, with his twelve merry Jurymen, his busts of "laughter holding both his sides," come up to the New Courts and continue the *Belt v. Lawes* case on new grounds?

Cockney Conceit.

(By a Disappointed Would-be Observer of the late Transit.)

VAIN the desire to "focus" thee, fair Venus
(On this thy latest only living men's day),
With this vile veil of London smoke between us.
Alas! "Sic transit gloria Mun—" no, Wednesday!

ODD!

It is stated that the SULTAN is a victim to acute monomania, and is always issuing new "Hatts." A curious Oriental illustration of the old Western saying, "As mad as a Hatt-er."

PARADOXICAL.—That when a Statesman tires, he should express a wish to re-tire.



BEWILDERING.

Mr. Wuzzles (up for the Cattle-Show). "CHEESE, WAITER!"
'Robert.' "YESSIR! ROCKFORD, COMMONBARK, GREW'ERE, NOOCHATELL, GORGUMEO—" Mr. Wuzzles (testily). "No, NO! I SAID CHEESE!"

A PLOT AGAINST PADDY.

Briton (in a Club-room laying down a newspaper). So! More outrages in Ireland. Frightful state of things. Jurors and witnesses murdered for not perjuring themselves, constables for doing their duty, a judge's life attempted, and all by the sentence of a villainous Vehmgericht and Committee of Vigilance—a terror to well-doers.

The O'Bugaboo. Bedad, Sorr, you're right. Ye may say that of 'em.

Briton. What are they? Fenians, Ribbonmen, Whiteboys, Moonshinites, Mooncalves, or whatever you call them?

The O'Bugaboo. Divil a bit, Sorr. Blackgyards of a different species from that sort intirely. None o' the likes o' them at all at all.

Briton. Who then?

The O'Bugaboo. Sorr, in my belief and opinion a desatful and truculent secret Society of Tories, that has conspired to sthir up rebellion and occasion such atrocities as to give the British Public and mankind ivery reason to say, "See what a mistake it was to consade Catholic Emancipation, to relave tenants of tithes, to disestablish and disendow the Protestant Church, to pass Land Acts, and grant all the other concessions that have been followed one after the other only by redoubled agitation, sedition, and shindy, worse and worse each time than iver before, all the way back from now to eighteen hundred and twinty-nine. And they've so far succeeded, the varmint! bad cess to them! that all civilised society in Europe, and even America, is as fast as possible losin' all sympathy with shouts for Home Rule, and beginnin' to lave off payin' any more attention to the complaints and even the rale wrongs and genuine groans of poor old Ireland. Depind upon it, Sorr, all a dark and desperate plot, contrived by dirty Tories as a base and brutal stratagem to bring the great and glorious Irish nation into contimpt and odium with the universe, and pave the way to the re-enactment o' the Panal Laws. The divil fetch 'em!

THE French papers about Madagascar and England are simply mad-a-gascarnading. [A deliberative assembly has decided that this joke was intended to represent "mad-a-gascarnading." If it hadn't been forwarded from a mos influential quarter, and with a signature which— But we say no more, and shall not comply with the request as to postage-stamps to be sent to Baron H-DDL-ST-NE, Queen's Bench Division, Westminster.



FRANKENSTEIN!

(Brown goes in for breeding Champion St. Bernards—and at last succeeds.)

"WELL, YOU OUGHT TO BE HAPPY, NOW, MR. BROWN! HE IS A SPLENDID SPECIMEN!"

"HAPPY! I'M THE WRETCHEDDEST MAN ALIVE! WHY, HE'S SO BEASTLY FOND OF ME, THAT IF I LEAVE HIM FOR FIVE MINUTES HE HOWLS THE HOUSE DOWN! HE REQUIRES SIX HOURS' EXERCISE PER DIEM, AND WON'T STIR OUT OF THE HOUSE WITHOUT ME! HE WON'T TOUCH A MORSEL OF FOOD UNLESS I FEED HIM WITH MY OWN HAND, AND HE WANTS FEEDING ALL DAY! MY WIFE WON'T HAVE HIM IN THE BED-ROOM BECAUSE HE SNORES SO, AND I HAVE TO SLEEP WITH HIM IN THE PANTRY! WE'VE HAD TO SEND ALL THE CHILDREN TO SCHOOL, BECAUSE HE'S SO FRIGHTFULLY PLAYFUL WITH CHILDREN! NOT A SOUL COMES NEAR US, BECAUSE HE ALWAYS INSISTS ON GIVING HIS PAW! AND WHEN I SEAT HIM, HE JUST SITS LIKE PATIENCE ON A MONUMENT, SMILING AT ME! BY GEORGE, I'VE HALF A MIND TO GO AND BURY MYSELF IN THE SNOW, WHERE AT LEAST HE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FIND ME AGAIN!"

(Exit with his Keeper.)

A "CAPITAL" SENTENCE!

(From Abdul Hamid at Yildiz Kiosk to "Arabi the Egyptian" in Clover.)

ARABI reads—and remarks:—

"VERILY thou art a lucky dog!" (In more ways than one, O Caliph!) "Out of the snare of the Infidel fowler" (and thine) "delivered, thy roseate retirement is enviable well nigh as the hour-tended rest of a fallen warrior of the Faith." (Well, it is better than a palace on the Bosphorus and a pair of scissors: and it is pleasant to have a comfortable confidence in one's coffee. Puff! puff! Allah be praised!) "Vanished, indeed, is our joint vision of—well, thou knowest, and the gold-throned Giaour of the West knoweth not—whatsoever he may 'reasonably suspect.' A pity, indeed, hadst thou been exalted. Not that thou 'carest for accidental titles of honour.'" (Bismillah, no; nor for other "accidental" exaltations.) "But the glory of having justified all the praises of BLUNT and all the pleas of BROADBURY!! For the former, he hath been thy fast friend; but when he dares to class me, with TEWIK, amongst those 'who have betrayed their political trust,' thinkest thou not, O AHMED ARABI the Egyptian, that he merits rather our conclusive bowstring than thine effusive thanks?" (Puff! Puff! If all had their deserts, who should 'escape—the Bosphorus?")

"Not unamusing, the committal of the impeccable Giaour to what, in other circumstances, he would austere have called a Judicial Juggle, or Oriental Farce." (Not—Allah and "the enlightened men of the English Nation" be thanked!—terminating in the customary Tragedy. How comfortable is this cushion! How enjoyable this—but no matter.) "That the dog DUFFERIN should be thus muzzled consoles me for much." (Not, O Padishah! for the reason thou suggestest only.) "Speaking of muzzles, ARABI mine, let not the Infidel's figment called 'parole' be the only restraint upon thee. Thou understandest?" (Rather, O Caliph! Winks expressively.)

"For myself, I am not, like thee, greatly at ease. What with DUFFERIN and my Magicians, thoughts of Tel-el-Kebir, and dreams of ABDUL AZIZ, the strange unpunctuality of the MEHDI, and the equivocal proceedings of the Great Comet, I am a prey to perturbation,—my enemies—may sucking-pigs dance sarabands on the graves of their ancestors!—say to monomania.

"I never go out without a couple of six-chambered revolvers, like a Western burglar, and fancy the Father of the Faithful reduced to grinding his own coffee!" (Humph! a Turk is good at grinding! Puff!) "Whilst thou—O ARABI, I could almost envy thee thine opportune deportation—thy comfortable exile. I would fain share with thee the fruits of 'revolt' and of 'pillage.'" (Doubtless, O Padishah!)

"ARABI—but ah! a footfall without! I must look to my pistols! Bah! only a slave with sherbet. I kick the dog down-stairs. I empty the draught into the earth of a jasmine jar. I must take another turn at the Coffee-Mill. ARABI—ARABI! Keep thou the tongue of silence between the lips of ly—I mean discretion, and remember with compassionate regard Thy Friend, "ABDUL HAMID."



A "CAPITAL" SENTENCE!

OR, "ARABI THE BLEST!!"



OUR ADVERTISERS.

What they don't tell us. Domestic and Financial.

SWAMPDALE PARK ESTATE.

WHERE NOT TO LIVE.

SWAMPDALE PARK ESTATE, unhealthily situated, at an inconvenient distance from London, on a line noted for its irregular and unpunctual passenger service, is a neighbourhood to be avoided, not only by rational people of ordinary business habits, but by every one to whom domestic comfort, economical living, and the preservation of good health and spirits, are objects of the slightest consideration.

SWAMPDALE PARK ESTATE.—Showy, but infamously constructed. Villas are now to be had in the above dismal and ill-drained locality at anything but moderate rents.—Apply to Messrs. LITTON AND LEAVEN, Builders, at the Office.

THESE UNIQUE RESIDENCES having been run up at the lowest possible cost, constructed entirely of unsound, unseasoned, and rotten materials, and fitted with an exploding warm-bath (plentiful internal cold water supply on all the landings and staircase during frost), ventilating window-frames and removable bell-handles, will prove a constant source of expense, annoyance, and even alarm to the most indifferent and easy-going tenant. Moreover, freely accessible to damp, and built on a pestilential subsoil of such decaying vegetable matter and other dangerous refuse as has been shot there and allowed to accumulate for years, with a view to providing them with a suitable fever-producing foundation, these appalling modern residences possess the still further sanitary advantage of being entirely devoid of any drainage system whatever.—For all further particulars apply at the Office, as above.

CHARMING BIJOU RESIDENCE.—To be let, the above, situated in a side street leading to a fashionable Mews, adjacent to a rapidly improving West-End Square. Gas escaping on a new system under all the floors, and water (continual supply) laid on through the roof. As the late tenant is only leaving without paying his rent and rates, in consequence of having been nearly driven out of his mind by the rats, he will part with the valuable remainder of the lease of the above for the extremely low premium of £500, which will include the stair-rod, an immediate attack of chronic rheumatism, and a hat left by the last man in possession.—Apply to Messrs. BURKE AND BLINDUM, House and Estate Agents.

THE CYCLOPS STOVE.

WHY NOT WASTE YOUR COALS?

THE CYCLOPS STOVE.—Puzzling, intricate, and dangerous, letting you in for an extra outlay of at least 125 per cent. for fuel.

THE CYCLOPS STOVE.—A riddle to Cooks. Can't be managed by anybody. Always red hot. A perfect marvel. Roasts and boils everything and everybody in the kitchen simultaneously.

THE CYCLOPS STOVE.—Warranted to set any house on fire in fifteen minutes.—For further particulars apply to Cyclops Stove Company at the Manufactory, Barrow-in-the-Furnace.

CHOKE'S INFANT DIGESTIVE.

CHOKE'S INFANT DIGESTIVE is not a nutritious food.

CHOKE'S INFANT DIGESTIVE is a substitute for nothing.

CHOKE'S INFANT DIGESTIVE must not be confounded with an efficacious medicinal preparation.

CHOKE'S INFANT DIGESTIVE is composed entirely of carefully-selected damaged and deleterious ingredients.

CHOKE'S INFANT DIGESTIVE surprises the Baby.

CHOKE'S INFANT DIGESTIVE amuses the elder brother.

CHOKE'S INFANT DIGESTIVE is fatal to Rats.

CHOKE'S INFANT DIGESTIVE puzzles the medical man.

CHOKE'S INFANT DIGESTIVE sends the Mother into hysterics.

CHOKE'S INFANT DIGESTIVE.—The Proprietors of this peculiar preparation have much pleasure in publishing the following:—

"The Laboratory, Houndsditch.
"DEAR SIRS,—Your cheque to hand. Thanks. I have examined the specimen of your 'Digestive,' and finding it contain oxide of bismuth, copperas, treacle, fullers' earth, and plaster of Paris in large quantities, should not advise you to recommend more than five table-spoonsful a day as a dose for an infant three months old—unless, of course, the sale happens to be unusually flat. However, if you will take my advice, I think your best course will be to change the label, and start it as a Veterinary Hair Wash. It may flay, but anyhow, you won't be in for manslaughter.

"Yours analytically,
"P. KUTZ, R.S.R.M.C."

FURNITURE.—RARE OPPORTUNITY.—A Gentleman is desirous of finding an immediate purchaser for the following splendid articles, comprising the almost new and costly Furniture of his Drawing-room. A grand centre-table with massive claws, spring back patent creek and tilt movement. Fine rich over-mantle, 50 x 46, beautifully bevelled, with distorting plates. Very bold German lounge, with swing legs; Gent and Lady's ditto to match, and half-a-dozen pleasantly starting walnut chairs, the whole upholstered in best Hackney Lyons velvet; together with suitable cabinet and Parisian one-day clock, warranted to strike all the hours at once. As the proprietor only quite recently bought the above for a mere song, and will be contented, after paying a per-centage to the middleman, with a profit of nearly two hundred per cent., he will be open to any reasonable offer.

N.B.—Every article guaranteed to break up and split to pieces the moment it is set upon.—Apply at once to GLUE AND SELLUM, the Diddlem Furnishing Company, Old Cut, S.

COALS, 18s. a Ton. Why give more? The South Woo and Weal Company are prepared to deliver any quantity of their famous Kitchen Paving-stone at the above low current price. Combines cleanliness with economy. Won't light, won't burn. Puts fire out, and if over-heated, blows up.—Order at once.

MONEY ON UNEASY TERMS.

MONEY.—The Imperial London and Seven Dials Discount and Banking Credit Company are prepared to appear to be willing to advance any amount they can afford to the first remarkable idiot who happens to be in sufficiently disagreeable straits to warrant his making application to them for a loan. For further particulars apply to the Secretary, Skinner's Chambers, E.C.

MONEY.—NO SECRESY.—A highly disreputable firm of Solicitors, the individual members of which have all in turns been struck off the rolls, are ready to pretend that they have a Client who is so permanently insane as to insist on advancing sums of money from five shillings to £50,000 off-hand, without inquiry, reference, or security, to everybody who is at all embarrassed and wants to get out of a mess as quickly as possible at somebody else's expense. Apply to Messrs. SCALDING AND FILER, 32A, Cripplegate, who on receipt of a guinea for preliminary charges and inquiry fee, will promptly terminate the whole negotiation, and never be heard of again by the applicant.

MONEY.—THE UNREAL ADVANCE AND PERSONAL DISAPPEARANCE COMPANY.—Trustees sent out of their wits on the very shortest notice by negotiating with the above.—Secretary, Company's Offices, 397, Long-firm Acre, W.C.

MONEY.—SOLVENCY AVOIDED.—Country Clergymen, Farmers, Provincial Tradesmen, and other people of weak intellect and a confiding disposition residing at a distance, can be instantly accommodated by a private Gentleman with Loans to any amount, at the moderate rate of interest of 3 per cent. No fees, inquiries, sureties, or security required or expected; a small charge being merely added to defray the cost of the stamp on the promissory note, as under:—

Advances £ 50	Twelve Monthly Payments of	£ 9 14 3
" £100	do. do. ...	£ 23 19 9
" £500	do. do. ...	£117 1 5

The amount of the above instalments being carefully calculated on strictly equitable principles to cover only a limited margin of profit, all costs incurred for brokerage and selling up will be secured in the usual way by proceedings in Bankruptcy.—Apply, by letter, to "CONFIDENCE," Post-Office, Hookam Wick, E.

MONEY.—Eldest Sons and all other extravagant Fools entitled to Property by Will or Settlement on the death of relatives, can play ducks-and-drakes with their prospects, anticipate their future, infuriate their families, and ruin themselves, without payment of fees, by applying to the UNIVERSAL REVERENDARY AID AND INFANTS' EQUITABLE INSOLVENCY AGENCY.

WHY HAVE ANY INCOME?

TO THE EMBARRASSED.—All persons in comfortable circumstances to whom a prospect of 75 per cent. presents advantages can instantly answer the above question in a practical manner by sending for the *Universal Bogus All Sound and Nothing Else Stock and Share Circular*.—Send Postage Stamp to Mr. BACKGUT, Bolt Buildings, E.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE AND CHRISTMAS-CARD BASKET.



Sixes and Sevens. (Published by HILDESHEIMER AND FAULKNER.) Written by F. F. WEATHERLY, and illustrated by J. M. DEALY. Here and there a figure may be a little wooden, though this is only characteristic of DEALY, but taken as a whole, all the Little Sixes and Sevens will be deely-ighted with the work.

From DE LA RUE & Co.'s come *Rhymes and Reasons To suit the Seasons*, and *Pictures new To suit them too*; so well got up, they are certain to go down with the Public. From the same Publishers we have also a new edition of the Grimm old tale of *Rumpelstiltskin*, illustrated by GEO. R. HALKETT. This is thoroughly Christmassy, as a dear old familiar Fairy Story always must be at such a thoroughly goblin' time as that of the annual Plum Pudding Festival.

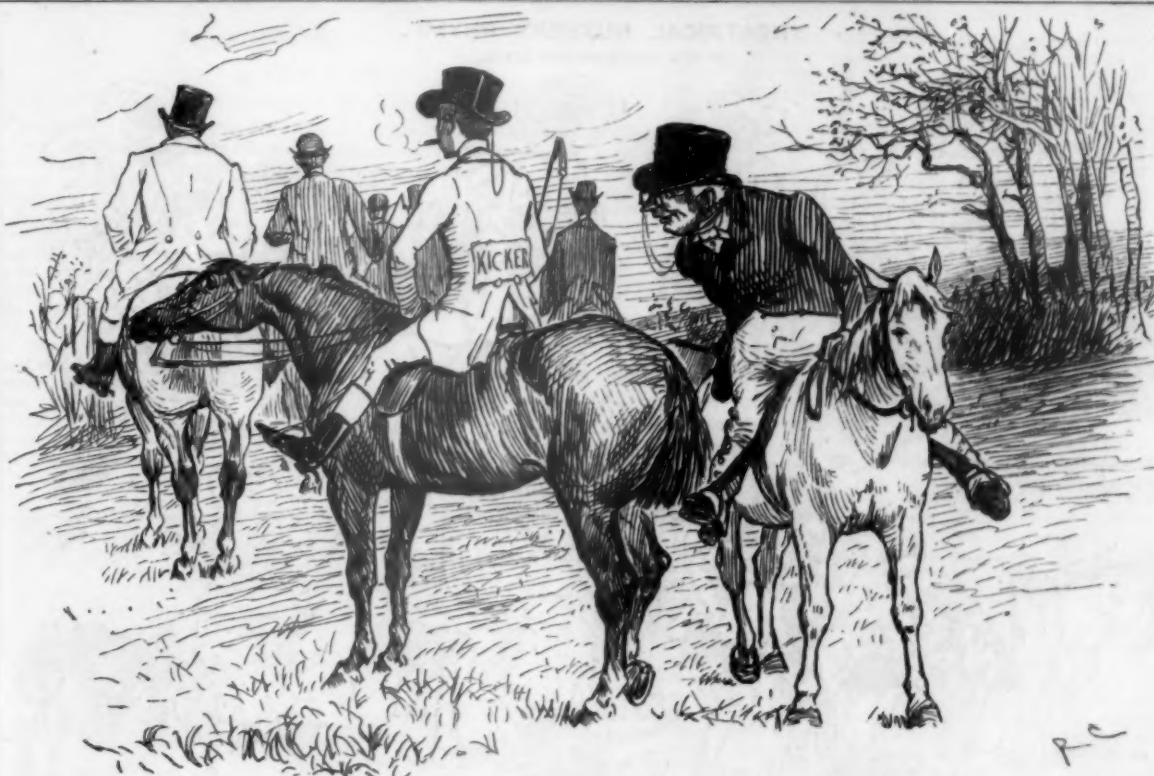
SOOTHERAN & Co.'s *Sonnets* by a certain Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (Author of *Othello*, *Macbeth*, &c., &c.), a book with ornamental borders—(what an attraction for a boarding-house, "Ornamental Boarders!")—designed by G. EDWIN F. ELLIS, and etched by TRISTRAM J. ELLIS—(nobody Ellis being engaged on the work)—is a first-rate gift-book for the Season.

Every Boy's Pocket-Book (ROUTLEDGE) for 1883, arranged by HENRY FRITH (perhaps suggested by Sir GARNET'S *The Soldier's*

Pocket-Book) will be most useful for every boy with a pocket, and the same Firm publish Mrs. SALE BARBER'S *Feathered and Four-footed Friends*, which is just the very thing for young children, as are all this Lady's Christmas books. By the way, a friend who was both "feathered and four-footed" would be worth exhibiting—quite a *lusus nature*. Several editions of this will go off without any necessity of marking them "Sale or return." The child-readers may shout, with *The Bay of Biscay* song—

"A Sale in sight appears;
We hail it with three cheers."

RAFAEL TUCK AND SONS have gone in for Royal Academy Christmas Cards, the best being those by Mr. MARCUS STONE. This comes of having been christened RAFAEL, which must be at once suggestive of the highest Art. Personally we should rather have preferred *Friar Tuck's* Christmas Cards, which would probably have been more genial and Christmassy, though these are, according to the verdict of Our Mistress of Arts and Local Examiner, "Most Lovely!" The same learned Theban Lady has highly eulogised the satin cards of DE LA RUE, their book-markers, and their diaries, which latter our M.A. pronounces "Really charming!"



'Q. E. D. !'

Elderly Inquisitive Gentleman (very near-sighted). "DEAR ME! WHAT HAS THAT MAN GOT ON HIS COAT! I REALLY MUST——"
[Approaches quite close to read the placard THE HORSE EXPLAINS!]

MARCUS WARD is to the front with his show, and all his Christmas Cards are trumps. Then, generally speaking,

There are none much sublimer
Than those of HILDESHHEIMER.
Likewise very good
Are those of SPOTTISWOOD.

And of "Sparagnapane"
We can't complain,
With his precious packs
Of bright Conquest.

and many others, including our old friend and cracker TOM SMITH, who all might join in the chorus of—

"Vive l'amour! cigars! and cognac!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Hurrah for the Cosaque!"

TWO LATE LOSSES.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL TAIT.—ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Two men whose loss all Englishmen must rue,
True servants of the Studio and the State:
No manlier Churchman TROLLOPE's fancy drew
Than History will portray in gentle TAIT.

OUR BARNUM Junior is going it. This is his advertisement about *Iolanthe*:—

"All performing Rights in this Opera are reserved. Single detached numbers may be sung at Concerts, not more than two at any one Concert, but they must be given without Costume or Action. In no case must such performance be announced as a 'Selection' from the Opera. Applications for the right of performing the above Opera must be made to 'Mr. D'OVLY CARTER, Savoy Theatre, London.'"

"All performing Rights"—(what becomes of the Lefts?)—"are reserved." Delighted to hear it. The "Performing Rights" are evidently most respectable persons. No one dare send any one of them an invitation to supper. "Single detached numbers may be sung at Concerts." How kind! "Not more than two at any one Concert." That is still kinder. Thank goodness, there's a chance of hearing two numbers from *Iolanthe* at any one concert. "But they must be given without Costume"—(Oh, Mr. D'OYLE, oh! . . . Spare our blushes . . . Oh! . . . Police!! LORD CHAMBERLAIN!! hi!)—"or Action." He couldn't be guaranteed against an action. "In no case must such performance be announced as a 'Selection' from the Opera." Hooray! No selections from *Iolanthe* in any case! &c., &c. "Again we come to thee, Savoy," as the song says.

We should like to give the music another hearing, but we doubt whether there is any one song in it equal to the charming "Letter Song" in *Rip Van Winkle*, which, by the way, is one of the very few good things in that inexplicably popular Opera.



THE TON-AND-HEELECTRIC LIGHT FANTASTIC STEP. BY PERMISSION OF THE CHAMBERLAIN. CORPORATION CORPS DE BALLET,—THE FIRST LEADS.

VESTRYMAN.—A gentleman who never expects snow in December.

THEATRICAL NURSERY RHYME.

IN THE CALDECOTTIAN STYLE.



"ROBERT" ON MUNICIPAL REFORM.

WELL, I spose as I am to live a life of supprises, but suttently I never expected to live to hear a Lord Mare, and sich a Lord Mare as I prospected he would be, aschally a-saying, as I herd him with my own years, to the Washpfool Cumpny of Founderers at their capital dinner last week, as how as the ways of his Copperashun is cumbersum and the mashinery wants iling, and must be made to agree with the wants of "the Times!"

Well, if that ain't flat rebelyon I don't know what is.

I should have thort from what I sees and hears, that if there was one Institooshun in the hole civilised world that allers keeps its mashinery jolly well greased, it's the grand old Copperashun. And yet the werry hed and front of it says as how it wants haltering and must be made to fit the wants of "The Times."

Who cares for "The Times" now? I prefers the "Evening Noose," for I sees in that new horgan of Conserwatism, lots of things as I don't see no wheres else. Brown says as they ain't true, but, how does Brown know. Brown ain't everybody, tho' he is a Hed Waiter. But what do I care? What I reads there emuses or staggers me, acordin to sukemstances, jest as much as if they was as true as steal. We all gos to the Play, don't we? but the Play ain't true, and yet we all likes it quite as much as if it was, p'raps more, and we larfs and we crys if we're in the Gallery, as I generally am when I pays, or we smiles and we pertends to have a bad cold if we're in the Boxes, as I am sumtimes when I has a order, jest as if all the haoters and the haotresses ment all as they said and did.

Take my own case. I am I hopes a neffectionet Husband and Farther. Well, I gos to see *Othello*. Does ennysbody think as I should enjoy the last haet of that wunderfool play more than I do, if I thort as how it was all reel. No, suttently not. It 'ud be no pleasure to me to see a black Gentleman a-smothering of his bootiful white wife, poor thing! in bed, with a pillar, if I didn't know as it was all a sham, in fact I feels sure as I shoud at once call for the pelisse, as of course I ought to.

I wunce had a great respec for age, and it seemed to grow stronger as I grew older, but if the Grand Old Man is a-going to reform the Grand Old Copperashun insted of symperthising with it as one

would natterally egsapo, all I can say is, give me Youth and Contentment before Old Age and Reform.

Let us renew our forces, my noble Paytrons.

The sacred House of Lords is with us to a man, aye and to a Bishop too, as we all knows. The Markis of SAULABURY tells us as all the young men are Conservatives, so they're all for us. Mr. JOHN MILLS once told us as all the old women was Conservatives, so they're all right, and of course all the old lovers of the good old times as is left is right.

Then what does his Lordship fear?

How our ennemys will rejoice, not that I thinks much of them or their ways either. Just phansy, they've bin a egaiting their-selves and a trying in wain to egait others for about two long ears, and yet they've never wunce had a single dinner! Much they must know about Human Natur.

The sillybrated Scotch Gentleman Mr. FIRTH OF FAOTH, commonly called the Sage of Chelsea, will clap his glad wings and crow when he reads the Lord Mare's confessions, and the Treasurer of the League will shake his emty purse with joy, and in his dreams see it owerflowing the werry brim.

And now, as if to heap staggerer on staggerer, the learned and gallant Alderman HAWSON, of all Aldermen of the City, returns his lead when the LORD MARE leads such a bad sute, instead of leading off trumps at once, as all us Waiters nat'rally egspected.

I shoud respectfully recomend him to reconsider his sentyments. He can't have much else to do. He's only a Alderman and a Knight and a Master of Hearts and a Leftennant and a Feller of the Serciety of Antequerys and a Shipright and a Merchant Taylor and a Kernel and a School Boarder, that's all, so he must have plenty of time to spare. But it's the old story I suppose, *Sumboddy* finds sum mischief still for idle hands to do, so the sooner he gits something more to do, the better. I shoud venture to sudegest as a little relaxation, the Bored of Gardiens or the Small Pox Asylums Bored.

And now, in conclushun, if I might venture to give jest one word of advice to the four million an a quarter of us Londoners, I would say respecfoolly, in the words of the emortal Poet, "better put up with all the good things as we have, than fly to a lot of bad things as we knows nothink about."

ROBERT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

HISTORY RE-VIEWED.

By Whyte Washker.

No. III.—LOUIS THE ELEVENTH, THE TYPE OF UNSELFISHNESS.

THE general impression, relative to the character of this great and good King, has been for many centuries dreadfully unfavourable. He has been accused of meanness, deceit, heartlessness, fraud, and even murder. He is frequently supposed to have caused the death of his father, and to have poisoned many of his nearest relatives. It is needless to state to those well conversant with the real facts of the case, that these rumours and reports are of a distinctly libellous character—quite needless. But those who have not made the reign of the Eleventh LOUIS their study, those, in fact, who know nothing whatever about it, may be safely informed that these scandalous biographical incidents are largely adulterated with exaggeration. The subject of this sketch may have had his faults (who has not?), but they were all on the surface, and were the outcome of a great, a thorough, a sublime unselfishness.

At sixteen, he organised a scheme for soothing the declining years of his father, which, had it been successful, would have put him to great personal inconvenience. The idea was to induce CHARLES THE SEVENTH to resign the throne, and so arrange matters that he should pass the remainder of his days in a fortress, a monastery, or some other retreat equally retired and peaceful. And yet, had CHARLES (through the instrumentality of his son) been dethroned or murdered, LOUIS would have had to reign in his stead—this at an age when



Mutual Confidence.

the restrictions and formalities of Court-etiquette would have been more than usually irksome. But the good son did not allow these considerations to influence him in the least, and was quite ready to assist at his father's enfranchisement. The scheme failed, and CHARLES insisted upon treating the Dauphin's companions as traitors. Rather than vex his father by opposition, LOUIS accepted this view of the case, and received the news of their fate with resignation and even cheerfulness. A few years later, the good young man was accused by a certain Count DAMMARTIN of having attempted to bribe him to murder a person who was known to be obnoxious to the former. Fortunately for LOUIS's good name, there was conclusive proof that the Count, in this matter, had been guilty of deliberate falsehood. The proof rested upon the firmest ground—the Prince's own word. LOUIS settled the matter once and for ever, by promptly denouncing DAMMARTIN as a "naughty storyteller." Strange to say, CHARLES refused to believe his own son, and the Dauphin was banished from Paris for four months. LOUIS did not return, but went to the Court of the Duke of BURGUNDY, who received him with the greatest kindness. While there, he amused the people by sowing dissensions between his host and his eldest son. This was an act of pure unselfishness, as, had his tactics been discovered, he would undoubtedly have got into disfavour with both parties.

But it must not be imagined that he had forgotten his absent parent. Always mindful of his father's comforts, LOUIS contrived to provide CHARLES with a number of little delicacies, of which he deprived himself, through the hands of his domestics. For some time the King refused to eat them, but breaking his rule one day, he died rather suddenly. So did AGNES SORRELL, a lady of the King's Court, who was also present at the banquet. And yet LOUIS did not hesitate to furnish his father and his father's friends with food that, had he kept it for his own table, would have been sure to have produced a profound sensation. And this is the man who has been painted as a monster of selfishness!

The moment LOUIS became king, he dispossessed his younger brother of everything that had been given to him by their father, not for his own aggrandisement, but because he wished to save the Duke of BERRI from temptations inseparable from rank and property. Moreover, to teach the Duke of BURGUNDY this wholesome adage, "that you should treat your enemy as if some day he will become your friend, and your friend as if he will some day become your

enemy," he spent the greater part of his long reign in making hollow peace and real war with the man who had shown him kindness in his youth, when sympathy was more than usually valuable. And yet this disinterested conduct has been condemned by the thoughtless as treacherous and ungrateful! It was neither. It was the ambition of LOUIS to make the Duke of BURGUNDY one of the greatest masters of strategy of his age. Under his tuition he became so. On one occasion the King was unwise enough to place himself in the power of the Duke at a time when he (the King) was bribing the servants of the Duke to betray their master. LOUIS was anxious to see what the Duke would do. His pardonable curiosity was speedily gratified. The Duke made his guest his prisoner, and only granted him his liberty on condition of his assigning certain provinces to his brother, the Duke of BERRI. The King was profuse in his liberality. He not only made over the provinces, but gave his brother a very fine peach. After the Duke of BERRI had eaten the peach, he died; and LOUIS, overwhelmed with grief, kept the provinces as a memento of his poor brother's sudden decease.

From these little anecdotes it may be gathered that he was a good son and a kind brother—he was also an affectionate father. He never allowed his son to go to school, not because (as has been cruelly suggested by the malicious) he wanted to keep him too ignorant to be troublesome, but because he knew the Dauphin, boy-like, preferred play to work, and did not wish to run counter to his inclinations. And it speaks volumes for the really affectionate nature of LOUIS that his son contrived to outlive him.

Finding them shunned by most of his other subjects, he made his barber and hangman his constant companions. He was never so happy as when he had them in to tea. It was a pretty sight to see the good-natured monarch entertaining these strange, weird guests, and attempting by witty and amusing conversation to dispel their gloom. And it says a great deal for the prejudices of the age that these two persons never accepted an invitation to the palace without providing themselves with enormous bottles of antidotes. These merry meetings used to take place in the royal library, which was filled with volumes of the King's favourite authors, amongst whom were included practical jokers of all descriptions, from the author of *The Witticisms of Joe Miller* up to the inventor of the Thumb-screw and the Scavenger's Daughter.

In many other matters this monarch showed his unselfishness. Fond of fighting, he yet bought off EDWARD THE FOURTH and his army, when they spoke about the hostile invasion of France, by arranging to marry the English King's eldest daughter. He subsequently denied himself the extreme pleasure of wedding a bride he had never seen by leading to the hymeneal altar some one else.

Again, politeness to ladies was his favourite hobby, and yet, when he had a confidential letter from the youthful Duchess of BURGUNDY, he did not hesitate for a moment to hand it over to her subjects, although well aware that she would consider the proceeding a sign of the greatest discourtesy, as it would put her to grave personal inconvenience.

But perhaps the best proof of his extreme thoughtfulness for others, and utter abnegation of self, was afforded by his great exertions to keep alive. Although extremely ill, he warded off death by every means in his power to the very last moment, for the simple reason that he was unwilling to give unnecessary trouble—to the undertakers. And with this triumphant example of his disinterestedness, this short memoir of his life is brought to an appropriate conclusion.

Overheard at the "Globe."

HE only said, "The Play is dreary,
When all is done and said."
He said, "I am weary, weary,
I would I were in bed!"

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM's Uncle has had another severe attack, but she tells us she has sent him *La Physiologie du Gout*, by a French Physician, Dr. BRILLIANT SAVARIN, a well-known authority on the complaint, so she hopes it will do him a great deal of good.



DOMESTIC GOVERNMENT.

Working Joiner (button-holed on his way home by Political Plumber). "LOOK 'ERE! COME ALONG, AND MY MISSUS WILL GIVE US A CUP O' TEA, AND YOU'LL SEE THE SPEAKER AN' THE OPPOSITION AN' 'OME RULE ALL IN ONE!"

DRAMATIC DOINGS.

No Theatricals this week to speak of—that is, for us to speak of. "We're going to do without 'em, We don't want any more"—till next time, but just note *en passant* that at the Opéra Comique Messrs. SAVILE CLARKE and SLAUGHTER, with their *An Adamless Eden*,—have scored a success. Mr. SLAUGHTER scored the music. The collaborators have "invested" the Clay figures—the Lila Clay figures—"with artistic merit."

At the Princess's, Messrs. HERMAN and JONES's *Silver King* is earning golden opinions. Mr. WILSON BARRETT is "getting a big boy now." So is his brother GEORGE. More on this subject—anon.

M. BARDON has brought out a new Play, called *Fedora*, with the diaphanous SARA DAMALA as heroine. One of the chief situations of the piece appears to have been suggested by the Author's own *Patrie*, while the character of Countess Olga the Russian spy reminds us of a similar part in *Dora*, and bears a still stronger resemblance to the heroine in *La Main Coupée*. Mr. BANCROFT, who was the happy possessor of *Dora*, has purchased *Fedora*, and should there be any difficulty as to casting the divine SARA's part, he will, of course, play it himself. Well, he will really play it very nicely.

At "HARE and KENDAL'S" Establishment a serious Play has been produced, with a title peculiarly suggestive of the style of piece associated with the Criterion. It is called *Impulse*. Any playgoer can, without much difficulty, imagine Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM acting on impulse. The Drama at the St. James's is founded on *La Maison du Mort*—an announcement which seems to have puzzled the Critics, who were wild at having to acknowledge their ignorance of the original.

The Westminster Play *Phormio* was a success. It was written some time ago by an Irish Author known as TERENCE, and was translated into Latin from the original. Its full title as given by the Westminster Scholars was, of course, *Sixth-Phormio*. It was whispered at the last moment that the LORD CHAMBERLAIN would have refused to license it if he had had a "crib" at hand, but it is probable that he received one too late to withdraw his consent. It

HEDGING A THRONE.

(Lord High Chamberlain's Memoranda.)

7 A.M.—Let his shaving-water by a string down the chimney, put his iron-plated shirt under the door, shook the dynamite out of his boots, and brought him his morning antidote.

9 A.M.—Breakfast. Poisoned muffins. Herring full of arsenic. Coffee made with laudanum, and enough strychnine in the sugar-basin to settle a whole regiment. Had the Cook, Financial Controller, and deputy Red-Stick in waiting up, and made the three of them finish the whole thing straight off between them. Funny.

11 A.M.—His Majesty hungry. Go out for him disguised as British Ambassador, and buy a halfpenny roll in European quarter. Sell it him for twopence down and a province in Asia Minor. Funny again. Hear somebody coming. Put a dish-cover over his head, wrap him in a hearth-rug, and hide him in a crockery-cupboard.

1 P.M.—Several strangers present themselves at intervals during the morning. As a precautionary measure, pop at them with an air-gun. Finally, have them all put in sacks, and consigned to the Bosphorus. Turns out that they are tradesmen calling for orders. Immensely funny. Tell his Majesty. Puts him in such roaring spirits that he says he'll venture out for an airing. Risky.

3 P.M.—Start all the Cabinet Ministers in different directions on horseback, got up like "the Sultan." All of 'em shot at one after another over and over again. Road clear at last. Off we go in a steam-roller, His Majesty carefully packed away inside revolving drum. Pick out a quiet side-street, and go up and down for five hours and a quarter. Can't hear him saying "he has had enough of it." Screaming fun this—but no one suspects anything.

9 P.M.—Home a little tired. His Majesty complains of a headache. Says he's sure I've put something in his tea. The idea! See him comfortably to bed in an inverted diving-bell. But, just for the fun of the thing, drop a couple of French-beans into the air-pump. Time to go. Have myself tied up in a sack and directed "with care" to the Russian Embassy. Close, but safe. Get out, shake myself, and resign my office by post-card. An eventful day. To bed in fits.

is significant, however, that the *Phormio* has been withdrawn and will not be repeated.

Our friend Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM says she shall go to the Strand Theatre when they produce SHAKESPEARE'S Play, called *The Two Romeos*. Mrs. R. knows all about the plot, and says that "there are two Theolophuses in it, and of course Mr. IRVING will play one of the *Romeos* and Mr. CLARKE the other, and both be mistaken." She doesn't think there can be two *Juliets* after having once seen Miss ELLEN TERRY.

Of course there is nothing from the French at the GERMAN REEDS'. But of the entertainment given by the St. George's Hall Co. (Limited), we shall have a good deal to say—when—when we've seen it. As the melodramatic ruffian growls aside, as he scowls at the stalls, "A time will come. Aha!" *Exit*.

PUNCH'S CHRISTMAS CARDS.

To Mr. Henry Irving.—"Ado, Ado; remember me!"

To Captain Shaw.—"A plague on all your houses!"

To the Duke of Melford.—"No Thoroughfare."

To the Last of the Barons.—"You fool us to the top of our Belt."

To the Right Hon. J. Chamberlain, M.P.—"Reform it altogether."

To the Premier.—"A Sentry for half a Century."

To Charles Reade.—"Pieces that run by READE."

Edison.—"New Lamps for old ones!"

Arabi Bey.—"Things are going on swimmingly!"

Dr. Arthur Sullivan.—"Sometimes, though not often, he doctors weak music."

The Duke of Edinburgh.—"He plays the fiddle like an angel."

J. L. Toole.—"Boys and Girls come out to play."

Lord Wolseley.—"Wake me at cock-crow."

The Prince of Wales.—"The right man in the right place."

NEW WORK by the Author of *Nothing but Leaves*:—*The Perpetual Furlough*.

DERBY AND JOAN.



WILEY. JAMBORNE. IN. ET DEL.

AIR—"Derby and Joan."

PREMIER sings:—

DERBY, dear, I am old and grey,
Fifty years since my Newark day;
Changes will come to every one
As the years roll on.

DERBY, dear, when the votes went wry,
Out in the cold and alone was I;
Ah! but the thought of you cheered me then,
"Tis not for long he can hold with BEN."
Always the same, DERBY, my own,
Always the same to your old GLAD-STONE!
Always the same to your old GLAD-STONE!

DERBY, dear, but I did feel riled,
When the Jingoos with joy went wild,
Until hope whispered Knowsley's lord
"Loveth not the sword."

DERBY, dear, 'twas your backing out
Showed the way for the Tories' rout,
Ah, dear! how you stilled my fear,
Life appeared better and office near.
Always the same, DERBY, my own,
Always the same to your old GLAD-STONE!
Always the same to your old GLAD-STONE!

Hand in hand we can go to-day,
Hand in hand on the old Whig way;
Chop and change sides for everyone,
As the years roll on.
Hand in hand though the Carlton sneer.
You were never true Tory, dear;
Ah no! I was sure of you when
Jingo you flouted, and turned up BEN.
Always the same, DERBY, my own,
Always the same to your old GLAD-STONE!
Always the same to your old GLAD-STONE!

SOMETHING LIKE A COMIC SONG.

SIR.—It has been the constant complaint that we as a nation have no music. This is nonsense. You have only to look at the list of the bailed publishers, to find that the supply certainly equals the demand. I have no doubt the cry to which I have alluded is raised



The Serio.

by the less successful of our song-writers who, having produced a mournful ditty, and failed to please the Public, have consequently lost heart, and retired, so to speak, into their musical shell. These composers were, to say the very least, particularly unwise. Nowadays, thanks to the "serio-comic Ladies" of the Music-Halls, the most pathetic composition has a second chance given it if it proves a frost on the first hearing. If it is hissed as bathos, it may be applauded to the echo as rollicking waggery.

To show you what I mean, I will "do" a pathetic ballad into "serio-comic" myself, and then you will be able to see what advantage Apollo may have by possessing a second string to his bow.

With your kind permission I will take "Remembered," an old ballad of VIRGINIA GARRIBEL's, with words by RUSSELL GRAY. Here is the first verse, which I give you in its purity before transposing it:—

"Have you forgotten it? I never can.
One blessed night in June.
How bright the sky, how pale your face
In the wan light of the moon.

"Do you remember it, for oh! I do,
The scent of the flowers there?
Was it the birds upon the trees,
Or the red rose in your hair?"

There it is, Sir. And now to "serio-comicise" it. But this I must do in a dramatic form:—

SCENE—A Music-Hall Stage. Enter Miss TOLLY-DE-ROL dressed as a burlesque Prince. Enormous applause. She winks at the Audience, and taps the Chairman on the head with a dress cane. Renewed tokens of approbation. Flourish from the Band.

Miss Tolly-de-Rol (leering through an eye-glass). Glad to see you, dear boys!

Audience. Yah!

Miss Tolly-de-Rol (sings). "Do you remember it?" (Spoken.) What, eh? You don't know! Get out with you! (In a very deep voice.) Ugh!

Audience. Hooray!

Miss Tolly-de-Rol (continuing her singing). "I never can—one blessed"— (Spoken.) One blessed what? Eh? You don't know?

Blessed—

Audience. Blessed booh!

Chairman (rapping his table). Order, Gentlemen! Order!

Miss Tolly-de-Rol (with a wink). No, not blessed booh, but— (Sings.) "One blessed day in June, How bright the sky, how pale your face, In the wan light of the—" (Pauses abruptly, and winks.) Wan light of the what, you Juggins?

Audience. Of a farthing night-light.

Chairman (as before). Order, Gentlemen, order!

Miss Tolly-de-Rol (gruffly). No! Not a farthing rushlight, but (sings) "In the wan light of the moon. Do you remember it? for, oh! yes (with a wink) I do. The scent of the flowers there." (Spoken,



The Comic.

Yes; at Covent Garden. There, dear boys, that's the place for a larddarddy stroll. Like this don'toherknow. [Struts about.

Audience. Hooray!

Miss Tolly-de-Rol. But as I was just going to observe when you interrupted me (sings) "Was it the birds upon the trees, or was it the red rose in—" (spoken) In what? Now, then, step up and say!

Audience. In your bonnet!

Miss Tolly-de-Rol. In my what?

Audience. In your bonnet!

Chairman (once again). Order, Gentlemen, order!

Miss Tolly-de-Rol (in a very deep voice). No, not in my bonnet; but— (Sings.) "In your hair." (Spoken.) Told you as how you was wrong! Sold again! And now then—all together. "Have you forgotten it?" Not you! Well, then, away we go!

[Repeats chorus, singing a note here and there, and leaving the audience to do the rest. Dance, and exit.

There, Sir, that's my case! I ask you, Sir, is not this an inducement for unlucky song-writers to try again?

Yours, hopefully,

TENNYSON JOE MILLER JUNIOR,

Author of "Dying Away in the Moonlight," "Bang, wong, wong! Here's a Jolly Spree!" "Let's Bleed for the Flag of Old England," "The Slavey of Jones' Second Floor," &c., &c.

Junior Green Curtain Club.

GRAM AND CRASH.

Something about it, from an Indian Civil Servant's Diary. Vide recent correspondence.

1870.—Settled to go in for it. Splendid pay, fine opening—then the competency for life to finish up with. Feel I must put my shoulder to the wheel. Here goes!

1873.—Hurrah! Floored it. Thirteenth on the list. By Jove! that fellow BINKS is a first-rate crammer, and no mistake. I managed my French, Italian, German, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Law, Literature, Philosophy, History, Political Economy, Geology, and Lower Mathematics, fairly enough by myself, by giving them sixteen hours a day for two years and a half; but I never should have squared Dynamics, Hydrostatics, Optics, Bengali, Arabic, Sanscrit, Persian Metaphysics, and the Political History of Medieval Eastern Asia, if I hadn't sat up as well all night with BINKS! However, it's over now, and I'm down for Bombay—and I'm as fit as a lark. Wonder, by the way, what's the matter with my right eye, that when I look steadily at anything for half a minute I seem to see an illuminated arm-chair revolving backwards on its own axis. Curious.

1879.—Jumped out of window again this morning. Feel if this goes on much longer I shall have to give up Gibblepore, and go home on sick leave. Can't make it out. I seem to have a carving-knife and fork through my head sideways, and yet no control over my legs on horseback; and I am continually fancying I see empty furniture-vans floating across the ceiling topsy-turvy. This is what makes me unconsciously jump out of window when in low spirits. Heard too, this morning, that SMITH, JONES, BROWN, ROBINSON, WILLIAMS, and JENKINS, have all had to be locked up in different Lunatic Asylums. Poor fellows! So odd too, for they all did such capital papers in Differential Trigonometry. Much better than me. Hulloo! here comes the furniture-van! Can't stand it. Hou-p-là! Out we go again!

1882.—Been bad—so they tell me. Of course the voyage home upset me. How could it help doing so? And how could I help, the very first thing when I arrived, "going for" the Civil Service Examiners with a leaded hop-pole, and trying to get BINKS's head off with a hand-saw? Natural enough—eh? I fancy I managed that job neatly, too. Ha! ha!—Hulloo! Here's my keeper! Ready for him? Rather. Where's the poker? I'll teach him Bengali. Woohoooh! Give him a life-competency? Ha! ha! ha! Half-a-dozen if he likes. Woohoooh!—there!

N.B.—Mr. Punch, in publishing the above, appends a note expressive of his hope that such journalistic extracts are rare, and that the melancholy reports of over-strain that have lately reached him are somewhat exaggerated. At the same time he feels bound to add that he fears they are not altogether devoid of truth, and that the culpably insensate cramming that has of late obtained only too widely in certain quarters has been productive, if not of absolute catastrophe, at least of much suffering and disappointment. Mr. Punch will keep his eye on this matter.

CONCURRENCE (for the Opéra Comique).—At what two Schools was ADAM educated?—He was brought up at Eden. When expelled from Eden, he went to harrow.



"OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN," &c.

Parson (to Ne'er-do-well). "WHAT'S THIS I HEAR, GILES—THAT YOUR WIFE HAS LEFT YOU! AH! THIS IS WHAT I—"

Giles. "SHE MIGHT DO WORSE THAN THAT, SIR."

Parson (shocked). "WORSE!" Giles. "SHE MIGHT COME BACK AGAIN!"

REPORTS OF OUR OWN CITY COMMISSIONER.

No. II.—LIVERY COMPANIES.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

HAVING in my first Report described the origin and present condition of these curious but, in some respects, most interesting Institutions, I shall now proceed to refer to some of the rather startling evidence I elicited about two years ago, and conclude by suggesting such reforms as the progress of the age (as it is somewhat ironically called) demands.

The first strange fact that I learnt was that the Members of the various Guilds have, as a rule, no connection whatever with the several Trades the Guilds are named after and were originally established to govern.

For instance, the Master of the Worshipful Company of Grocers may be really an Ironmonger, and deal in Scotch Figs; while the Master of the Ironmongers' Company may be a Grocer, giving his scientific mind to dates and currants. This is, of course, all wrong, and must be changed accordingly.

But as no good reform should be sudden, I should recommend that a new Commission should be immediately issued, with good handsome salaries—who should be the Chairman of such suggested Commission, it is not for me, even remotely, to suggest—to ascertain the actual trade or calling of every Master, Warden, or Member of the Court of Assistants of each of the twelve principal Companies, and then so to arrange them, by means of exchange, as to remedy, in some degree, this gross anomaly. Supposing, for example, a real live Fishmonger should be on the Court of the Worshipful Company of Skinners, and a real live Skinner should be on the Court of the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers, they would have to exchange Companies, so that the real Fishmonger would cease to be a sham Skinner, and the real Skinner would join the Skinners' Company with all the experience in skinning that he had learnt from his brother Fishmongers.

Again, supposing a real Salter (whether Dry or Wet) was on the Court of the Vintners' Company, and a real licensed Vintner on the Court of the Salters' Company, they also should exchange Companies, so that the real Salter should cease to be a sham Vintner, but join the Salters with all the useful experience he had gained among the Vintners, and the sham Salter would become a real

Vintner, with a keen recollection of his old motto, "*Sal Sapit Omnia*," which he might find of considerable use to him and his brother Vintners in the mysteries of their private calling.

The second point in the evidence to which I would call your special attention is the system of Apprenticeship. The Master of the Bellows-Menders' Company stated, with a degree of frankness very much to his credit, that the whole thing was a mere sham; that he himself had, as an apprentice, the son of a wealthy Baronet; that, of course, the son of a wealthy Baronet did not want to learn the mysteries of bellows-mending; and that if he did, he, the Master, could not teach him, as he happened to be a Dry-Salter.

This bad system I should at once reform by changing the sham Apprenticeships into real Travelling Scholarships for learning abroad all that can be learnt of the art and mystery of the various Trades the Guilds represent. To show how earnest I am in this important matter, I beg to state that, happening to have three strapping sons, with magnificent appetites, between the hungry ages of sixteen and twenty-two, I am willing to so far sacrifice my paternal instincts as to allow them to be among the very first to test the practicability of my magnificent scheme. I have submitted the matter to them, and, with true patriotic ardour, they state that for a mere paltry allowance of, say, £300 a-year each, they are willing to start immediately.

The next point for consideration arises from the very remarkable evidence of the intelligent Beadle whom I had under examination in January of last year. He stated that whereas formerly the Members of his Court when they received their frequent fees of five guineas each, were accustomed to retain the five pounds, and to put the five shillings in the Poor-Box, that of late (to use his own emphatic language) "they wraps their half-crowns in their five-pound notes, and quietly pockets the lot." I cannot but look upon this as a step in the wrong direction, utterly unworthy of such distinguished philanthropists, and I recommend its instant abolition and a return to the good old custom of condoning the offence by the sacrifice of 5 per cent. for ready money.

Another point, suggested to me by a remark of the candid Master whom I examined, is the almost infinitesimally small power possessed by the Livery. I consider these powerful Courts of Companies as about the only specimens of pure Oligarchies remaining in this free country. It may be considered desirable to retain this objectionable form of government in these particular instances, as showing us what to avoid; but, however that may be, it shows with what an Ironmonger's grasp the Livery are held in bondage, when a Master can exclaim, "Who cares for the Livery? They don't dare say a word. They know that if they did, we should never put them on the Court!"

The obvious cure for this state of things is to let the Livery elect the Court.

This is said to have been suggested lately at the Hall of the haughty Drapers; but a threat by the Court, if it were persevered in, to at once disallow the beautiful Boxes of Sweetmeats, called "Services," presented to the Livery at their grand banquets, effectually stifled the rebellious idea.

Here, for the present, I pause; but will finish the subject in my next Report.

"YOUR OWN CITY COMMISSIONER."

Temple, December, 1892.

HAMLET ADAPTED.

"After all, it is just as well to recognise, as so many of our Railway Companies do, that a station is, in the words of an eminent Critic, 'the very temple of discomfort.'"—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

SEE what an incubus sits on our City!
Pentonville's gloom, the front of a huge workhouse
A draught like ice to palsy and to pierce;
A Station like a leaden-Limbo-waste,
Dim-lighted as a fog-bound Ludgate Hill.
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every hideousness doth set its seal
To give the world assurance of—a Horror!
Such is our Terminus!

HOW TO TELL A CHRISTMAS STORY.—Say that you enjoy it.



A GALLANT REPLY.

Miss Lucy. "HERE'S WHERE YOU AND I ARE TO SIT, MAJOR!"
The Major. "BY JOVE!—A—RATHER A WARM PLACE!"

Miss Lucy. "WHAT—YOU A MAJOR, AND CAN'T STAND FIRE!"
The Major. "NOT AT MY BACK, YOU KNOW, MISS LUCY!"

"CHRISTMAS IS COMING!"

CHRISTMAS is coming! Furl your broad war-banners,
Good gentles all, for some few hours of truce.
Lay down your arms and mend your blust'rous manners,
Drop for awhile thumb-biting, blows, abuse.
In jest or earnest, men are mummers still,
Try for the time the cheerier sort of mumm'ing.
The Season's here of laughter, peace, good-will—
Christmas is coming!

Christmas is coming! Ye are all but youngsters
In Time's large eye. Be boys and girls to-day.
Oh, stubborn fighters! and oh, strenuous tonguesters!
Tire you not of the swordy, wordy fray?
Mellifluous spouter, hold that grand old jaw,
And, mimic Mars, shut up that noisy drumming.
Life is not one continuous clapper-claw—
Christmas is coming!

Christmas is coming! Sour SMELFUNGUS sniggers.
"The DICKENS' vein," he whispers, "is worked out."
Pooh! Boz's "boosh" is better than—say BIGGAR's,
Our *Clôture* on the Cynic's frothy flout.
The Egyptian Sphinx! Oh, drown it in a bowl,
A Titan bowl, with right good stingo humming.
Leave spout and shindy to the small of soul—
Christmas is coming!

Christmas is coming! Let all Parties greet him
The one unquestionable Grand Old Man!
Drop hobby-horse and wooden sword to meet him.
See Herald PUNCHUS, posted in the van,
Throws down his warder, draws aside the curtain.
Tootle, ye horns! ye lutes, cease not your thrumming!
Peace and good-will for some fleet hours make certain—
Christmas is coming!

THE COUNTRY CLIENT IN TOWN.

WHY are the new "Royal Courts of Justice" described as "open, when all the Judges are still either at Westminster or Guildhall?" Does this steep, narrow, and gloomy-looking flight of steps lead to the Chancery Offices, or to the dungeons for convicted criminals?

My Solicitor told me to meet him in "the Hall," when we could have a quiet chat about my great case, which is coming on, against "the Amateur Stockjobber, or Share-and-Share-alike Company, Limited." But where is the Hall?

Ah, Policeman! Here we are again. This is the fifth time that I've come back to you after a long and fatiguing ramble up stone-steps, down stone-steps, round corners, through corridors, and under arches, in an utterly futile attempt to discover the Great Hall.

If the Policeman did not seem to be on the point of taking me up because of my movements being suspicious, I should ask him if this sort of thing is what the Lawyers call "going circuit."

The Gentleman who has just fallen rather violently down the flight of steps leading to the Strand, owing to a collision with me round a particularly dark corner, may perhaps sue me if I remain to inquire how he feels.

I notice that the style of architecture is described as "Modern Gothic." Then I suppose that streaking a building all over with alternate zig-zags of red and white brick, so as to give it the appearance of a faded quilt counterpane, was really the Gothic idea of ornamentation.

This deathly silence on all sides is beginning to be quite alarming. Is it possible that, as the Porter and Policemen both seem to think, my Solicitor may, after all, have intended me to meet him at Westminster, and not in the Strand?

"My Cousin," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "was anxious to be Mayor of Snoggleshorpe; but his opponents said his candidature had no *raison d'être* whatever; which observation, seeing he was the principal grocer in the place, I thought extremely rude."



“CHRISTMAS IS COMING!”

"COMPETITIVE IS COMING"





MR. BODGER SELECTS A QUIET MOMENT, AND MAKES HIS FIRST ATTEMPT AT SHORTENING HIS STIRRUPS WITHOUT GETTING OFF.



"A FINE!" EXCITEMENT OF MARR, ALSO OF BODGER.
"STAND STILL, WILL YER!"

CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.

(From the Nursery Point of View.)

One, Two—Crimson and blue!
Three, Four—Holly galore!
Five, Six—Mistletoe tricks!
Seven, Eight—Big coloured plate!
Nine, Ten—Pencil and pen!
Eleven, Twelve—Mirth-mines to delve!
Thirteen, Fourteen—Courtin' and Sportin'!
Fifteen, Sixteen—Children with fix een!
Seventeen, Eighteen—CALDECOTT great in!

Postscriptum by Publisher.

Nineteen, Twenty—Shillings in plenty!

Hardy Plants.

It is rumoured that Mr. HARDY will bring out a series of Novels to follow his *Two on a Tower*. They will bear the titles of, *One in a Well*, *Three on a Thread*, *Four on a Flag-staff*, *Five on a Fish-hook*, *Six on a Spire*, *Seven on a Semaphore*, *Eight in a Hansom*, *Nine on a Needle*, and *Ten on a Tintack*.

A CASE OF DOUBLE X.—Mr. CHILDERS seems to be always on the move. He no sooner puts after his name as a Minister Ex-War, than he has to add Ex-chequer.



"GONE AWA-A-A-AT!" THE END OF BODGER'S FIRST ATTEMPT AT ALTERING HIS STIRRUPS WHILST STILL REMAINING IN THE SADDLE.

"NOT OUT OF THE COMMON."

THE Ecclesiastical Commissioners are seeking to grab more land at Fulham which ought to be dedicated to the public. Wouldn't it be more decent and Christian if they were to abandon this project, and give up their grip upon the Archbishop's Garden at Lambeth?

A FRIEND IN NEED.

THE following appears in the current Number of the *Friend*, which journal is understood to be the organ of that Society which numbers the Right Hon. JOHN BRIGHT among its distinguished members:—

WANTED, a Godly-minded Woman, to be HEAD MATRON of a Home for twenty-five naughty Girls, over sixteen years of age. No one without strong individuality, good health, and great patience, need apply, as the work is difficult.—Apply, &c.

The Head Matron of such a home as that indicated would indeed find "the work difficult." She would be in a more perplexing position than the famous Old Woman who lived in her Shoe. Possibly the adoption of the views of the aforesaid excellent Dame might meet the case. Breadless broth, subsequent homilies accentuated by the birch-rod, and early retirement to rest, might make the "twenty-five naughty girls" as good as gold. Who knows?

Comic Stave for Christmas.

Don't talk to me of Coal, you know.
For Wall sends spoil the fun;
When Christmas comes, I always go
The Yule-Log or none.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

To dine alone at your Club, and to say that you prefer it a thousand times to joining a silly social gathering.

To growl at the weather, be it warm or cold, saying that sunshine is unseasonable and unhealthy, and that frost knocks up everybody and only benefits the doctors and undertakers!

To eat heartily of roast beef, turkey, mince-pies, and plum-pudding, and to say if there is one thing in the world you hate it is a *menu* of a traditional Christmas dinner.

To find that your balance at your banker's is considerably more than you anticipated, and yet, to say that the accounts you provided for months ago and which are now sent in for the first time will be your ruin.

To enjoy yourself thoroughly at the performance of a pantomime, and to say that you only go to a theatre to look at the little ones. And lastly, to pass a really pleasant Christmas, and yet to say afterwards that the whole thing was a bore, and you're glad it's over!

"Killing no Murder."

THE dismal records of starvation in London are reaching one a day, and even Juries are getting indignant with relieving-officers and work-house officials. Forty millions and more of local taxation a-year ought to provide a few loaves of bread when needed; if not, perhaps the Vestrymen will forego their periodical dinners.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 115.



RIGHT HON. H. CECIL RAIKES, M.P.

"AND I'VE BEEN STANDING FOR A UNIVERSITY; I'VE GOT-IN-UN!"
("Anti-Jacobin" very much adapted.)

ADVICE TO AN ACTOR.

Do not call your part a *rôle*; it is not English. Never speak of a *programme*, when you can say *bill*, and do not call the wings the *coulisses*. Do not style yourself an *artist*, or an *artiste*, as the case may be, and do not speak of applause, however loud and genuine, as a perfect *furor*. Do not describe a performance given at three o'clock in the afternoon as a *matinée*, and do not call a burlesque a *travestie*, or *extravaganza*. When a Concert or mixed entertainment is given between more solid pieces at a benefit, there is no occasion to describe it as a *mélange*, or *inter-mezzo*.

When you speak of the under-floor of a Stage, you are not compelled to call it the *mezzanine*, and you cannot feel astonished if an ignorant carpenter corrects you by suggesting the mongrel term *mazarine*. The word *Théâtre*, which ought to be spelt *Théâtre*, has obtained a footing by long usage; but *Playhouse* is much more agreeable to worshippers of the British Drama.

"ANOTHER Fire! Well, I'm SHAW!" cries the Fire King of the Brigade, whose alacrity in arriving on the spot suggests that the old proverb of "Slow and Sure" should be altered for him to "Quick and SHAW."

A NICE CHRISTMAS - BOX FOR DEAR PAPA.—The School Trunk heralding the arrival of Master TOMMY!

CHRISTMAS À LA MODE.

(Regarded from Various Points of View.)

The Idealist. Holly and mistletoe. The old ivy-grown church embedded in the snow. Rosy-cheeked children welcoming their silver-haired grandsires to the family-board. Yule log, ancient customs, and general goodwill.

The Representative of Matter-of-Fact. Fog and rain. Rates and taxes left with a peremptory message. The boys home from school with a fresh repertoire of practical jokes. Bills, Christmas-boxes, and extortion everywhere.

The Maiden of Sweet Seventeen. Dreams, sighs, and Christmas cards.

The Widow of Forty. Dresses, simpers, and wishes for Leap Year.

The Pantomime-Writer. Produced on Boxing-Night, after having been ordered in January, sketched in April, written in June, mounted in August, and rehearsed from October.

The Pantomime-Player. Here we are again! The same old wheezes, the same old pokers, the same old business, and best of all—the same old salary!

The Card Worker. Well, it brings in a very useful custom, which keeps us employed nearly all the year round. Most fortunate now that valentines are out of fashion.

The Card Deliverer. Ridiculous idea! Means nothing but a lot of extra work to us. And a postman had quite enough to do before!

The Schoolmaster. Oh, certainly! Glorious institution! Relaxation most necessary for the young. Quite a question whether an extra week of Christmas vacation might not do both Mentor and

Telemachus a great deal of good! Surely, the marriage of the Duke of ALBANY merits recognition!

The Pupil's Parent. Certainly not! Absurd custom! Discipline imperative for the young. And if Dr. BIRCH once more finds an excuse for lengthening the Christmas holidays by a single hour, young Master TOMMY shall go to another school at Easter!

The Tradesman. Christmas here again! Must get out the circulars about "My little account."

The Householder. Christmas again! Half a mind to go to Paris without leaving an address!

The Public Generally. Christmas! No, no! Everything that is disagreeable! All bosh to pretend we like it. We don't!

And Mr. Punch in particular. Christmas! Yes, yes! All that is pleasant! Quite sensible to like it. You know you do! Come, come, my good friend, even if you can't deceive other people, at least you may humbug—yourself. So here's a Merry Christmas to all of us!

MONEY MARKET (City Office, 4 o'clock, Tuesday).—There is no change in the Bank to-day. Dealings in the Stock Exchange have been very moderate. The fire in Madrid caused Spanish Stocks to fall about three-farthings, and the rumour that M. DE BRAZZA had obtained a further advance of twenty pounds from the French Government, for operations on the Congo, caused the French Rentes to fall about three-halfpence. Turkish A, B, C, D, E and F were much depressed, but G, H, I, K and L were very lively. No cause can be assigned for either movement. American railways were firm, except in a few places where they had been undermined by floods, and Brighton Deferred, like Hope deferred, maketh the heart sick. The Ohio First Mortgage has not disgraced its title, and Erie nothings are still largely dealt in at speculative prices.

FOND BELIEFS.

THAT money can be borrowed from Bankers.
 That there is only one tailor who can make a coat.
 That Poets encourage the "elevation of the Stage" by selling Poetical Dramas for next to nothing.
 That Mr. BRADLAUGH could not be converted if the Bishop of WINCHESTER gave him one-third of his income.
 That people who are found starved to death have died from obstinacy.
 That Bill-discounting is a profitable business.
 That the Wardour Street Drama is the highest form of dramatic art.
 That the Metropolitan Board of Works is the most perfect institution under the sun.
 That rates and taxes are fairly divided over the whole area of the population.
 That Parliament ought to meet for talk and not for work.
 That every private Soldier carries a Field-Marshal's staff in his kit.
 That pure water and brilliant gas can be had by paying for them.
 That the Electric Light will never get beyond the stage of stock-jobbing.
 That the muck-carts of Covent Garden are a pleasant *rus in urbe*.
 That prize-fighting has been abolished.
 That pigeon-shooting is free from cruelty, and will last for ever.
 That Lord BRABOURNE is the most conscientious Peer ever created.
 That the House of Lords is the sheet-anchor of the Constitution.
 That tramways are quite agreeable to vested interests.
 That the Licensing Magistrates have improved the tone of public amusements.
 That a Policeman is made any cleverer by being put into plain clothes.
 That the Bank rate of discount has much to do with the Money-Market.

CHRISTMAS HAMPERS FOR THE MILLION.—Bills!



A VOCATION.

"I KNOW WHAT I'M GOWIN' TO BE WHEN I GROW UP!"

"WHAT ARE YER GOWIN' TO BE WHEN YER GROW UP!" "A WIDDER!"

A HANDBOOK OF KNOWLEDGE.

No. IX.—RAILWAYS. PART III.—*Ins and Outs*.

Q. When the traveller has been directed to the platform from which his train is to start, are his difficulties at an end?

A. By no means. He is quite likely to have been misdirected.

Q. What then happens?

A. One or other of several unpleasant things. He may perhaps be carried to some distant bourne quite other than his desired haven. If it should not go quite so far as that, however, discomfiture awaits him in other forms. Probably, just as he has seated himself, and adjusted his belongings, a whiskered face will be thrust in at the window, and a peremptory voice will demand, "Where for?" In the innocence of his heart the passenger will cheerily and confidently give the name of the Station he wishes to alight at. Then a look of coarse scorn will mantle the countenance of the myrmidon, and the passenger will be hurried and hustled again on to the platform, to a running commentary of sardonic and disparaging remarks on the part of the whiskered one.

Q. But why does that official not confine himself to civilly informing the passenger that he has got into the wrong train?

A. Simplicity combined with civility would afford no scope for the indulgence of the ruling passions of the railway mind.

Q. What are these?

A. Bumptiousness and bad temper.

Q. Pray proceed.

A. Another form of the great transfer joke is the sudden and clamorous summons to all the passengers in a particular train to shift, at the last moment, into another. The guards and porters in this case rage up and down the platform howling "All out! All out!" in stentorian tones, and when the startled passengers have fairly grasped the meaning of this unexpected *charivari*, they have to grab together their impedimenta, make headlong exit from their carriages, and scuttle wildly about in search of others. Those who happen to be deaf, drowsy, or preoccupied, stand an excellent chance of grasping the situation just a little too late.

Q. Supposing the passenger has really hit upon the right train?

A. It behoves him then to take great care that he doesn't get into the wrong part of it. To this end he will have to peer up at small

boards painted in minute characters, erratically distributed, and conveying partial and imperfect information. In their absence or absolute unintelligibility, he will have to fall back on the painful alternative of "asking questions," a pernicious practice which railway officials hold can only be kept within reasonable bounds by rudeness and wrong answers.

Q. But is it not the very business of railway officials to furnish the public with all needful information?

A. Undoubtedly. But, then, it is not always their pleasure.

Q. Having discovered the right carriage, what is the passenger's next difficulty?

A. Entering it; often a task of much labour and some risk.

Q. How so?

A. In various ways. The handles of railway-carriage doors are very often so arranged that it is impossible for any but powerful male fingers to move them. The doors themselves are dreadfully given to sticking fast. This is awkward when you are outside, because you are compelled to summon assistance. It is more awkward when you are inside, because the train may possibly move on before that assistance comes. Then the ascent and descent of the carriage-steps are compassed about with many perils. To step from the platform over a foot of yawning space up two feet on to a sharp door-scraper-like footboard, to scramble—or fall—down three feet of darkly uncertain descent on to a gravel slope, where platform there is none—these are involuntary gymnastic exercises provided for elderly gentlemen and nervous ladies by the paternal despotism of the Railway Autocrats.

Q. Could not the necessity for these athletic feats be avoided?

A. Easily; by the adoption of such common-sense arrangements as continuous footboards of sufficient width, and platforms of uniform height and adequate length. But with the introduction of these would disappear many of the existing facilities for comic contusions, funny fractures, humorous sprawls of persons, side-splitting scatterings of properties, amusing maimings, and droll deaths. Not all, however, for the way that trains, supposed to be stationary, have of making sudden and, as it would seem, purposeless plunges, forwards and backwards, at the most unforeseen moments, would still provide the Public with unsought opportunities for awkward flounderings and dangerous falls.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE AND CHRISTMAS CARD-BASKET.

HARDING'S Christmas and New Year's Cards, on white satin, ivory and silver are exquisite. Fancy white satin, ivory and silver for cards!! The floral designs by Miss HEWITT call for special remark—

Miss HEWITT
knows how to do it.

Which rhyme had it occurred in a Savoy Fairy Opera would be considered by some critics as something quite too-too-overpoweringly brilliant.

The firm of Messrs. CASSELL, PETER, & GALPIN is like the Inexhaustible Bottle. They're still at it, the latest at our Booking Office being *The Little People's Album*, which contains pretty little stories for pretty little people able to read 'em, and a new edition of the immortal *Bo-Peep*. There are three memorable beauts—BEAU NASH, BEAU BRUMMEL, and BO-PEEP—which last might have been, had the notion occurred to anyone at the time, the sobriquet of the celebrated PAUL PRY. But the fame of LITTLE BO-PEEP, who was born long before the other beauts, has survived that of the others and, like the Giantess MARIAN, is "still growing."

BLACKIE & SONS, publishers, &c., in no way connected with the ebony musicians who "never perform out of St. James's Hall," as the name might suggest—have brought out *Facing Death* (a lively and reasonable title), which is a "tale of the coal-miners," appropriately brought to light by BLACKIE & SONS. It is well illustrated, and is a real good story really well told. So is *Under Drake's Flag*. The sequel to this might be *Under Duck's Wing or the Lost Stuffing*. Another capital story, also from THE BLACKIE'S house—one BLACKIE more—is *In the King's Name* by MANVILLE FENN. First rate for boys. From MR. PUNCH'S own publishers, Messrs. BRADBURY & AGNEW, comes *Nature at Home*, illustrated by KARL BODMER, who, to judge from his admirable work, must have lived for years in a state of Nature. Of this book we can only exclaim with the once celebrated Herr VON JOEL, when he used to go into ecstasies about the glee-singing at EVANS'S, "Pootiful! Pootiful!"

CABINET PIECING.

SCENE—Downing Street. MR. GL-DST-NE standing at fireplace, vainly endeavouring to pull the edge of his shirt-collar half an inch nearer the roots of his hair.

MR. GL-DST-NE. Heigho! Life would be endurable only for its patronage. Somebody's always dying or resigning, and I have to put some one in his place. Perhaps I make one friend; certainly I make a hundred personal enemies. Worst thing of all is to make a Dean. There isn't a man in Orders who doesn't think he would make the best possible Dean. Bishops are bad, but an Archbishop is moderately easy. I don't believe there are more than five hundred reverend gentlemen who think they have insuperable claims to be Archbishop of Canterbury.

(Enter Lord D-RBY.)

Good morning, my Lord. Glad you've come. I wanted to talk to you about entering the Cabinet. Now we've lost Joan we must have Darby, you know.

Lord D-RBY. What do you mean by Joan?

MR. GL-DST-NE. Why, JOAHN BRIGHT, of course. But, perhaps, you are not accustomed to jokes.

Lord D-RBY. No; I can't say I am, and I don't know what good they fulfil. I'm afraid this comes of your having TOOLE to breakfast. I never liked that move. It was going too far in one extreme. I always keep the middle course myself. If I wanted an Actor at breakfast I would have made inquiries as to who stood exactly midway between TOOLE on one hand, and IRVING on the other, and would have invited him, with a safe man out of the Church—T-OWM-UTH SH-NE for example, and then no one could have been hurt.

MR. GL-DST-NE. And a nice cheerful breakfast you would have had! The three wits would have frightened one another! But I mustn't make any more jokes. What do you say to joining us?

Lord D-RBY. That would be a step to be long, carefully and deeply considered. Once taken it could not be retracted.

MR. GL-DST-NE. Of course, you cannot keep the thing always going. You can't leave us at the end of our fifth or sixth year, and go back to the other side.

Lord D-RBY. No; I see the force of that objection, and have considered it. If I join you now, I must stick to you,—at least, for some years.

MR. GL-DST-NE. Sufficient to the day is the Darby thereof, as the proverb says. Don't look too far ahead, or you'll get wavering. Now, what post will you take?

Lord D-RBY. The safest, the most remote from English politics, and the one about which least questions are asked.

MR. GL-DST-NE. Then India is the place for you. It's pretty hot sometimes in the Commons, but in the Lords nobody knows anything about it; or, at least, no one will bother himself.

Lord D-RBY. Thanks, no. I prefer the Colonies. Send K-MB-RL-Y to India. But what about H-RT-NGT-N?

MR. GL-DST-NE. Oh, H-RT-NGT-N would be only too glad to get out of it. He says since they began to send over deputations and specimens of the Army, the thing's become very boring. I expect him here presently. What time is it? I've given up carrying a watch. I always forgot which pocket I put it in, and occasionally sat on it; so Mrs. GL-DST-NE took it away.

Lord D-RBY. Three o'clock.

MR. GL-DST-NE. Well, H-RT-NGT-N will be here shortly. I told him half-past two, and he's never much more than half-an-hour late, now.

(Enter Mr. CH-LD-RS and Sir CH-RL-RS D-LKE.)

Good morning, CH-LD-RS! How do, D-LKE? Let me introduce you to our new colleague—the only man of his age who has been in two Cabinets within the space of five years. CH-LD-RS, I am going to hand over the Chancellorship of the Exchequer to you. Fact is, we are at the end of our tether in the way of sparkling Budgets. No more leaps and bounds. Your style of oratory is perhaps a little more homely than mine, and will better suit the altered circumstances.

MR. CH-LD-RS. Thank you. After the success of H.R.H. and myself at the War-Office, I feel equal to anything.

MR. GL-DST-NE. Yes. But you mustn't make your budget-speeches too long. The time for that's past, too. I once went to five hours. But after fifty minutes of your style, clear as it is, the SPEAKER would be bound to take note of the evident sense of the House, and you'd be clôtured.

MR. CH-LD-RS. I really don't think I ought to take less than two hours. I should have the House on the hip, as I would keep all disclosures till the last.

MR. GL-DST-NE. Well, don't carry it too far.

(Enter Lord H-RT-NGT-N.)

Here we come at last!

A diller, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar;
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon!

Lord H-RT-NGT-N. What's that from? HOMER?

Lord D-RBY. More likely from a Gaiety Burlesque.

MR. GL-DST-NE. It's a verse of my childhood. I would repeat you some others if we had time; but we must get this thing settled to-day. The newspapers have been at least a week before us. You don't particularly care about the India-Office, do you?

Lord H-RT-NGT-N. Not at all. It's a dreadful bore every way, and I believe it's the only place in the world where O'DONNELL has a brother.

MR. GL-DST-NE. Well, you shall be relieved of it. K-MB-RL-Y will go to the India Office, and of course O'DONNELL cannot get at him in the other House, and you shall have the War Office. Will that suit you?

Lord H-RT-NGT-N. Yes, as well as anything else, except to be out of the business altogether. It leaves no time for study, or improving the mind.

MR. GL-DST-NE. That's all settled. And now, I don't know that we've anything else to do. Oh! I beg your pardon, there's DILKE. He's done so well at the Foreign Office, he must leave it. What can we do for DILKE?

Lord D-RBY. DILKE reminds me of—(no offence, but rather the contrary)—Bottom the Weaver. He's ready to take any part.

Sir CH-RL-S D-LKE. My answer to that must be in the affirmative. But though the suggestion does not arise out of the question on the paper, and is therefore irregular, I may point out to the noble Lord that there is a difference between "any part" and "all parts," and that though I am ready to do any work appointed to me, I like to have it always under the same flag.

MR. GL-DST-NE. Come, come! You two will have next two or three years to quarrel in. Don't begin now. I'll tell you what will suit you admirably, D-LKE. You shall be Minister of Agriculture.

Sir CH-RL-S D-LKE. Agriculture! I know nothing about it. The market gardens in Chelsea have been built over.

MR. GL-DST-NE. That you know nothing about it is one reason why you will suit the place. It will be quite new and with quite a new man will be *en suite*. But you don't do yourself justice. Remember your asparagus. No one within twenty miles of Toulon grows it bigger or whiter. Will you leave foreign politics and bend your mind to turnip-tops and mangold wurzel?

Sir CH-RL-S D-LKE. Not without a seat in the Cabinet.

MR. GL-DST-NE. You shall have it. But you must keep us supplied with asparagus. Now my Lord and Gentlemen, I think we've settled everything. If you will excuse me, I will just sit down and send a line to the newspapers to tell them what they may say to-morrow morning.

[Writes.]

CHAMBERLAIN AND BUOY'D.



CHAMBERLAIN AND BUOY'D.

THE CONSTITUTION'S NEW MONTHLY NURSE.

The following is the Real Text of the Prospectus of which a much-garbled and mangled Version, surreptitiously put forth, has lately deceived the Press and deluded the Public.

'Tis sweet to hear the honest watch-dog's bark
Bay thunderous—monthly—warning to the Town.
'Tis sweet to know he'll save the Social Ark,
And "crown the edifice"—for half-a-crown.

"THE undersigned beg to introduce to your notice a project for calling into play,—or rather, perhaps, into work—the literary and political talent at present dormant in the ranks of *Bow-wowdom*.

"It is intended thereby to place more plainly before the Country the objects of a truly *Bow-wow* policy. It is needless here to explain what is the nature and true essence of *Bow-wow*. *Bow-wow* is as old as the hills, older even than 'our glorious Constitution,' almost as old as platitude and *petitio-principii*. Its polity is justified by the uniform experience of the whole of mankind—except those pestilent erratics the thinkers. *Bow-wow* is, as it were, the watch-dog of—well, in point of fact, of *Bow-wowdom*, that is to say, of everything that is worth watching, including Property, Privilege, and all the more respectable 'isms.' But that watch-dog is at present drowsy, even torpid. It is not proposed to let this sleeping dog lie, but to stir it up with a long—literary—pole, till he bays each revolving moon with a sweet-mouthed welcome worthy of the best *Bow-wow* traditions.

"It is unnecessary to indicate in detail the various forms of hostility against which the principles of *Bow-wow* have in these dreadful days to contend. We all know them only too well. The policy of the *Anti-Bow-wows*—principles they have none—tends to the withdrawal of *Bow-wow* from universal domination, the gradual severance of the bonds that link *Bow-wows* all the world over, and the ultimate separation of *Bow* from *Wow*.

"These pernicious aims will be infallibly attained unless *Bow-wowdom* rouses itself to vigorous action; and, appealing, as it alone can do, to the sound sense and feeling of all possessed of sound feeling and sense—in other words, to itself—arrests the invasion of Privilege, and counterbalances the threatened degradation of Palaver, by disseminating true *Bow-wow* principles through the community at large.

"The undersigned are not insensible to the great work which the *Bow-wow* Press, and the many other organs of *Bow-wow* opinion have done, and are still doing, but they believe that a large space in *Bow-wow* literature remains unfilled, which, for the best interests of the rational Universe—or, what is the same thing, of *Bow-wowdom*—it is imperative to occupy.

"In furtherance of these views it is proposed to issue a Monthly Magazine, whose pages shall be devoted to the consistent, homogeneous, and uncompromising expression of every legitimate phase and shade of *Bow-wow* opinion.

"The conflict between *Bow-wowism* and all that is not *Bow-wow*, however, is carried on not in the field of politics alone, but in every sphere of mind and every department of manners. The Magazine, therefore, will not by any means be devoted exclusively to political *Bow-wow*, but will aim to nurture and nourish the eternal and ubiquitous principles of *Bow-wowism* in Art, Letters, History, Religion, Philosophy, the Drama, Manners, Agriculture, Bicycling, Shove-halfpenny, SHAKESPEARE, and the Musical Glasses. The spirit

in which these several subjects will be dealt with, may be indicated by the mere enumeration of such names as COPE, R.A. (Art), ALISON, TUPPER (Poetry and Philosophy), FURNIVAL, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL (Manners), LOWTHER, HYNDMAN, and TRACY TURNERELL. Space will be liberally devoted to the consideration of plans for converting the working-classes to the great, but by them much misunderstood, principles of *Bow-wow*.

"From the purely business point of view the ruling maxims of the new Magazine will be two:—

1. Money no object.

2. Subscriptions payable in advance.

"The name of the Magazine will be the '*The Big Bow-wow*.'

"Such in its main features is the proposal which is now brought under your consideration by the undersigned. They are of opinion that it will conduce in a signal degree to the creation of sound—that is *Bow-wowish*—habits of thought, and to the right understanding—that is, the understanding, in a *Bow-wowish* sense, of those fundamental questions on the true—or *Bow-wowish*—solution of which all the most comfortable and respectable arrangements of Society are founded. They desire to recommend—so far as sonorous sesquipedalianism carries weight—this invaluable project to the hearty support of all those who desire the stable superincumbence of the superincumbent, the unmoved maintenance of Society's pyramidal equipoise, the continued union of the traditionally united, and the consolidation of the vast and varied (vested) interests of unlimited *Bow-wow*.

"(Signed)

"CANABAS,	HOOKCROOK,	E. C. SCHAPE, M. P.
GRANDHOPE,	I. STANDFAST, M. P.,	ALFRED BUSTIN,
TOPLIGHTS,	A. BALDER DASH, M. P.,	M. T. SHORTSCOPE."

A LONDON FOG.

A Fog in London daytime like the night is,
Our fellow-creatures seem like wandering ghosts,
The dull mephitic cloud will bring bronchitis;
You cannon into cabs or fall o'er posts.
The air is full of pestilential vapours,
Innumerable "blacks" come with the smoke;
The thief and rough cut unmolested capers,
In truth a London Fog's no sort of joke.

You rise by candle-light or gaslight, swearing
There never was a climate made like ours;
If rashly you go out to take an airing,
The soot-flakes come in black Plutonian show'rs.
Your carriage wildly runs into another,
No matter though you go at walking pace;
You meet your dearest friend, or else your brother,
And never know him, although face to face.

The hours run on, and night and day commingle,
Unutterable filth is in the air;
You're much depressed, e'en in the fire-side ingle,
The hag Dyspepsia seems everywhere.
Your wild disgust in vain you try to bridle,
Mad as March hare or hydrophobic dog,
You feel in fact intensely suicidal:
Such things befall us in a London Fog!

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.—A seasonable donation is going to be presented to the inhabitants of West-End, Hampstead, and the Eastern suburbs of Kilburn, in the shape of a boon which existing circumstances must dispose them especially to appreciate. They "are about to enjoy the benefits of a considerable augmentation of Police-protection." Just what they wanted. "A capacious Police-Station," recently erected in their midst, and furnished "with a staff of four inspectors, five sergeants, fifty-seven constables, and with two mounted-patrols attached," is to be opened by Mr. HARRIS, superintendent of the S Division, on New Year's Day. In view of the increasing frequency of burglaries in and around the Metropolis, they could hardly wish to receive a gift more acceptable, opportune, and appropriate to the commencement of the New Year.

THE Cornish Pilehard Fishery, it is stated, has been a continuous failure. "Only about five hundred hogsheads have been caught." Of course, it's a failure if you go out expecting to catch fish, and the result is a draught of Hog's Heads.

"No, no, they won't take me in," said dear old Mrs. RAMSDOTH M.
"As Hamlet says, 'I know a cork from a Bradshaw.'"

CHRISTMAS GHOSTS.

'Tis Christmas Eve, a festive time,
They loved it in the Middle Ages;
'Tis honoured both in prose and rhyme,
On many illustrated pages:
But not for me the songs they raise;
All youth's illusions long have vanish'd;
Here come dead faces of old days—
The phantoms that I'd fain have banish'd.

Here's FRED, who wrote his father's name,
And cash'd the cheque, the strangest notion;
Brave BILL, whose burglaries won fame,
They sent him gratis o'er the ocean.

There's MAZAMUKE, who made a noise
By running off with Lady JANET;
And SAM by slaying two small boys,
His children, in the Isle of Thanet.

Dear Ghosts! Although your chains may clank,
May your small failings be forgiven;
Believe me that you left a blank,
When from your friends untimely riven.

So here I pledge each honest soul
That Charon o'er the Styx has ferried,
Though folks may think, upon the whole,
It's just as well they're dead and buried!

APPROPRIATE.—The Exhibition of Rational Dress will be called the Rational Gallery.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 116.



J. A. FROUDE.

Carlyle's Speaking Likeness (grimly).—

"AFTER MY DEATH I WISH NO OTHER HERALD,
NO OTHER SPEAKER OF MY LIVING ACTIONS,
TO KEEP MINE HONOUR FROM CORRUPTION,
BUT SUCH AN HONEST CHRONICLER AS—FROUDE."

OUR CHRISTMAS CARD-BASKET.

MARION & Co.'s Christmas Cards. The name sounds as if the cards in question would be pictures of *Robin Hood*, *Little John*, and *Friar Tuck*—(Tuck, by the way, has his own special Christmas Cards)—but they have nothing to do with the lawless Foresters, whether at the Gaiety or elsewhere, though, of course, suggestive of Gaiety, as they should be at this season.

Mr. HARDING, of 157, Piccadilly, has called and left his Christmas and New Year Cards. Charming designs. But Christmas and New Year are getting very mixed, and we find ourselves sending a Happy New Year, without the Merry Christmas Card, to arrive on the 25th, and then we shall have to send the Christmas Card to arrive on the first of January. Poor Valentine's Day!! What can be left for that occasion?

Last, but very far from least, in this receptacle we find those of the latest visitors—*Prang's Prize Cards*,—and real Prize Cards they are too, some of them being the most beautiful of all this year's prolific, varied, and artistic crop. They must rank first among the Prang-cipal productions of Christmas time.

HEE-HAW! HEE-HAW!!

AMONG the novelties at the Alcazar are advertised "The wonderful Aesthetic Donkeys." It is satisfactory to know that Messrs. MAUDIE, POSTLETHWAITE, & Co. are going to do something at last towards earning an honest living.

THE COMPLIMENT OF THE SEASON.—All the ingredients of stuffing.

THE CORRESPONDENT IN TURKEY.

QUITE astounded! Received my "first warning" this morning from new "Censor of Foreign Correspondents." Don't know what for. Can the SULTAN possibly have got hold of that capital joke I sent to the humorous column in the *Mull of Cantyre Weekly Advertiser* about the Golden Horn not having much gold in it at present? Must really be more careful, or shall have to discontinue connection with *Mull of Cantyre Weekly Advertiser* altogether.

Find a new "Central Press Bureau" has been established. Correspondents invited to "correct their apprehensions by authentic official intelligence," and visit the Bureau.

Do so. Find a Pasha in attendance. Asks what paper I write for. Tell him the *Mull of Cantyre Weekly Advertiser*—most important journal. Gets out a map of China, and tries to find Mull of Cantyre.

Not a bad fellow, the Pasha. Offers me cigar and coffee. I ask him what official news he can let me have. He replies, "lots." Have I heard that SULTAN's constitutional tendency to toothache has been revived in attempting to please members of Harem by devouring all the boxes of Rahat-la-Khoum given him for Christmas presents? I tell him, politely, that this is not quite the sort of news the readers of the *Mull of Cantyre Advertiser* will care to read.

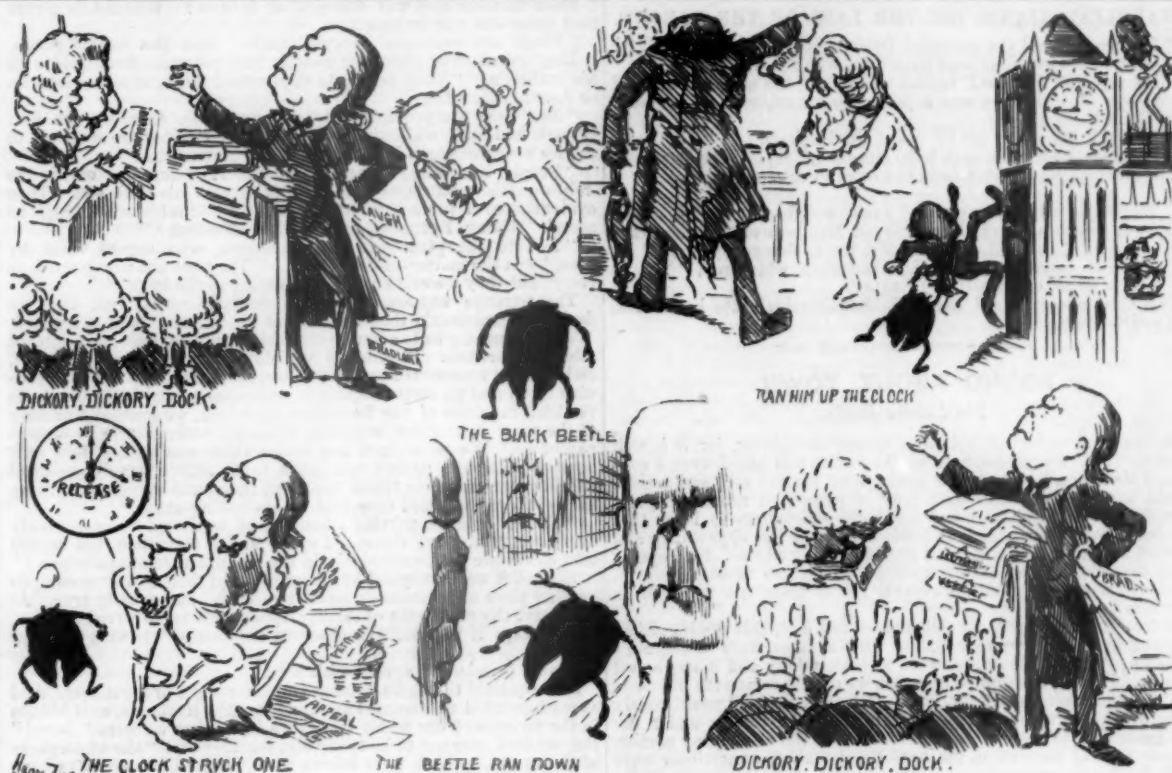
Pasha seems really pained. Asks, "what they do care to read?" I reply, "any high political news; state of Egypt; sentiments of Prince BISMARCK, Count KALNOKY, the Czar, &c." Pasha smiles, apparently pleased; says he can give me plenty of information which he is sure will be quite new to British Public on these points.

Egypt, he says, by latest advices, is simply longing to have Turkish

troops instead of British. Lord DUFFERIN has written private note to SULTAN, expressing his profound contrition for having ever thought himself better qualified than the Turkish Ministry to manage affairs of Egypt. As for the KHEDIVY, he can hardly be restrained by sixteen strong attendants and a strait-waistcoat from rushing to Constantinople, to fall at His Majesty's feet. Prince BISMARCK has sent a telegram (in cipher), to express his desire to float a new Imperial Ottoman Loan on Berlin Bourse. The Czar's friendly disposition shown by his attempt to borrow the "bomb-proof landau" in which SULTAN supposed to drive to Mosque, but which, as a matter of fact, does not exist, seeing that "the SULTAN is sufficiently guarded by the enthusiastic devotion of all his subjects."

Pasha wants to know if I should like any more news? "Not to-day?" "Then good-bye;" and I am to remember that I have lost one of my three "lives;" and if I lose two more, a special steamer is in readiness in harbour to convey me out of His Majesty's dominions. Failure to telegraph the news just given me will be regarded as an offence against the Censor. Hopes I shall not have to spend my Christmas on Mull of Cantyre, and is sure the *M. of C. Advertiser's* readers will be delighted to receive the authentic official news which is always to be provided at the "Central Turkish Press Bureau."

J. J. & J. SMITH'S DIARIES.—We like Diaries, specially *Pepys's* and *Evelyn's*, but, since the Belt Case, we don't intend to keep a Diary of our own, but are going to keep *Smith's* instead. The most useful are their Office Diaries, i.e., "Given," of course, "the Office."



PARLIAMENTARY NURSERY RHYME.

IN THE CALDECOTTIAN STYLE.

HOLDING THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE!

ENCOURAGED by the toleration accorded by the Public to the absurdities in the story of the new piece of *Comrades*, at the Court Theatre, it is said that the joint Authors have contrived several plots of a similar character. In the Drama above mentioned, a gallant old General is represented as denying fraudulently the legitimacy of his Son, by his First Wife, "just to please" his Second Wife. What a clever original idea to bring up your son, as what Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM would call "a bastard!" So natural! It is supposed that the following rough ideas will form the basis of some of the future coming Dramas.

Companions.—An Uncle, who is a celebrated Anatomist, fixes a murder on a favourite Nephew by producing the bones of his (the Nephew's) supposed victim. The Nephew is about to be executed, when the Uncle reveals in his sleep that the criminal bones belonged to a monkey, and not to a man. Reason for Uncle's deception—the monkey was a pet of his Wife's Father. **Dénouement.**—Wife's Father explains that he had long thought of killing the monkey on account of his mischievous tricks. The Nephew receives a free pardon, and embraces his Uncle. Wife's Father sheds tears of joy in the background.

Pals.—Duke, whose education has been sadly neglected, brings up his Eldest Son HENRY in ignorance of his birth for a certain reason duly revealed in the last Act. Eldest Son HENRY saves Duke's life three times, is made a V.C., a Major-General, a Q.C., and a Royal Academician. Eldest Son is engaged to be married to the Daughter of a Provincial Pork Butcher, but has to break it off as he (the Eldest Son) is unable to give the names of his parents. Duke, whose education has been sadly neglected, in a fit of intoxication reveals the truth. Reason for Duke's deception—unable to master the aspirate, he shrinks from showing his ignorance by having to call his boy "HENRY." *Dénouement*—the Daughter of a Provincial Pork Butcher marries HENRY, and they promise between them to furnish Duke with rudiments of a good sound commercial education.

Cronies.—Grandfather, by the aid of anonymous letters, and other questionable means, manages to get Grandson, to whom he is devoted, accused of forgery, bigamy, and arson. Grandson dis-

covers his aged relative's treachery; and, to save him from exposure, pleads guilty to all the charges. Grandfather's diary falls into the hands of his Housekeeper, who, by her evidence at the trial, saves Grandson from conviction. Reason for Grandfather's deception—he knew that his Housekeeper was fond of the criminal law reports, and wished, for her sake, to furnish the papers with that particular sort of literature. *Dénouement*—Grandson is released, and gratefully marries the Housekeeper. Grandfather, to expiate his sins, crams for, and ultimately passes several extremely difficult examinations in Lincoln's Inn Hall, and ultimately sinks into his grave a heartbroken Barrister.

Friends.—A Professional Man steals the fortune of his family (to whom he is fondly attached), and squanders it upon fowl-rearing, theatre-building, and other crazes of an equally idiotic and expensive character. Family gradually starve; but being fondly attached to Professional Man, take a deep interest in his various pursuits. Professional Man is mesmerised, and reveals the secret in consequent trance. Reason for Professional Man's deception—he had taken to fowl-rearing, &c., to secure the respect and admiration of a Sporting Schoolboy Godson. **Dénouement.**—Sporting Schoolboy Godson generously pays back fortune out of his pocket-money, and the family are restored to their pristine prosperity.

No doubt when the above rough ideas have been developed into deeply interesting dramas, other clever notions will be found emanating from the same brains.

LETTIS'S DIARIES FOR 1883.—As generally useful and as popular as they were when SHAKESPEARE wrote, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, "What, Lettis!—that one may enter."

We haven't space for an extra fancy portrait this week, or we should have had one of REGINALD WILBERFORCE, as the Witch of Endor, raising the Ghost of SAMUEL. And such a ghost!!!

A SUBSIDISED FAILURE.—At the Théâtre Français *Triboulet* is synonymous with *Tribulation*. The part is sadly deficient in *Gor*.

TWADDLESTONIANA; OR, THE LAST OF THE BARON'S.

"I SUPPOSE," said the beautiful Duchess of — to the Baron, "I suppose you'll have your bust done now, won't you?"

"No, my dear Duchess," replied the Baron, the merry twinkle of whose eye showed there was a joke somewhere, which must come out even if he died for it.

"Indeed! And why not?" asked the Duchess.

"Because—I am not a man to be chiselled," replied the Baron.

The Duchess was carried from the room in convulsions.

"Whichever way the case goes," exclaimed the charming Countess of X—, who was one of the privileged Members of the aristocracy on the bench, "I should, if I were Mr. BELT, change my name."

The Baron, bending towards her Ladyship, whispered, "Yes, he can always speak of himself as *LA-BELT*."

The Countess crammed her pocket-handkerchief into her mouth, and retired hurriedly.

ROUND ABOUT TOWN.

The London Docks.

A "TASTING order" is rather a dangerous matter, for it is well known, "that the atmosphere of the vaults will affect even a confirmed abstainer." So when a genial host invited self and artistic friend to accompany him on a tour of inspection round the great store-houses of London, it was decidedly satisfactory to learn that the party was also to include a celebrity with the appearance and dash of a cavalry officer, a small perambulating edition of a Popular Encyclopedia, and one other amiable, but rather taciturn gentleman. It was satisfactory, I repeat, for is there not strength in numbers?

Before entering upon the labours of the day, this distinguished Committee of Taste were supplied with a large store of captain's biscuits. When in doubt, we were to take a bite, and it was hoped that by following this simple direction we should escape the ill effects of "an atmosphere which for, &c." But as we decided, unanimously (I hardly know why) that perhaps it would be better, under the circumstances, to reserve the wine-vaults for the concluding portion of our tour of inspection, the anti-Bacchanalian comestibles were pocketed for the moment.

When we found ourselves in front of the first warehouse on our list, there was an air of determination upon every face. The Perambulating Encyclopedia was full of information, which he was anxious to impart to all of us. He kindly explained that the casks lying about the yard were made of wood, and was evidently on the point of adding that the iron hoops were probably manufactured out of metal, when his lecture was cut short by an invitation we received to enter a store-room. It was a long and lofty apartment, fitted with what at first sight seemed to be the withered branches of well-

grown trees. Here, to our secret satisfaction, the Perambulating Encyclopedia was at fault. I imagine that had no one in authority been present, he would have boldly asserted that the withered branches were a peculiar sort of cigars. This would have been generally accepted as a perfectly satisfactory solution to the mystery, as our general notion of the Docks were summed-up in the words, "Wines and Queen Victoria's Tobacco Pipe!" However, someone present was in authority, and our entertaining friend was consequently silent.

"Yes," said the official, who was kindly taking us round, as if in answer to a question; "these are teeth!"

The Encyclopedia was staggered. But he quickly recovered, and was evidently on the eve of entertaining us with a lecture upon "Dentistry in some of its branches," when our



Boning Ivory.

guide interposed with the remark—

"No, Sir; minerals have quite superseded rhinoceros horn, and so now we have no trade for teeth."

Then why (came the natural question) were the teeth so carefully preserved?

"Oh, for a multitude of purposes," was the answer. "Surely we had seen, for instance, ivory brush backs and billiard balls?"

The "teeth" were elephant tusks! And now we talked about them in a most knowing manner. Our host was so much struck with one large specimen, that for a moment I feared he might have some intention of decamping with it. But I felt it was safe. Did not

I know that our host was the soul of honour? Was not he aware that some one was looking?

"These are evidently decayed teeth," said the Encyclopedia, poking a number of more than usually battered tusks familiarly with his umbrella. "They belong to elephants, I think, of either African or Asiatic extraction."

"No," was the prompt reply of our guide, to whom the first remark had been addressed interrogatively. "They are dug out of the ice near the North Pole. Remains of Mammoths!"

"Deeply interesting!" murmured the Encyclopedia, giving the relics another, but more respectful poke with his umbrella. Then evidently as a preface to a lecture upon "Prehistoric Man," he added, "Going, I suppose, to the British Museum?"

"No; to the pianoforte manufacturers, who import them by tons," was the matter-of-fact reply. "They are not worth much as ivory, but they do well enough as a facing to the keys!"

This strange announcement so greatly surprised us, that we decided unanimously that the subject of "teeth" was exhausted. We consequently bade adieu to our courteous conductor, and entered other store-rooms. Passing up and down hundreds of stone steps, and visiting numerous apartments, we came across cinnamon, Peruvian bark, and all sorts of spices in enormous quantities. Thanks to the kind inquiries of our Encyclopedic friend, we learned a number of the most interesting statistics from the attendants who accompanied us. We ascertained how such a thing was bonded, how such another thing was packed up, how a third article was weighed and sifted. Our energetic friend was here, there, and everywhere, using the privilege conferred upon him by his tasting-order.

"These," said he, putting a handful of small spices unsparingly into his mouth, "are cloves. I speak under correction, but believe that cloves are used extensively in the manufacture of apple-pies?"

His belief was confirmed by the guide, and then he ventured upon another piece of information equally valuable, and equally true. At this point the gentleman of cavalry appearance made a remark.

"Perhaps it is time," he observed carelessly, "to visit the wine vaults."

We all (carelessly) agreed with him.

So we quitted the above-ground stores for those in the cellars. And as we descended we assumed an air of stealthy liveliness, as if hidden in the recesses of our secret hearts we knew that we were "Dogs!" But we took care not to be too lively, for fear that "the atmosphere of the vaults," which it is known to do, might be thought to have already affected us. We gave up telling one another confidentially in corners (as we hitherto had done) how greatly impressed we were with the vastness of the Docks, and the enormous resources of the United Kingdom, and began to cut a few jokes. We produced our biscuits, and pretended that their consumption had a sobering effect. In fact, there is no telling how funny we might not have become, had not our joy been converted into gloom by the appearance of a cellarman of the gravest possible deportment. We had (carrying lamps attached to flat pieces of wood) followed him into an enormous vault filled with hundreds of huge barrels. The Encyclopedia was not to be put down.

"Quite like the crypt of a very dissipated cathedral," he said, cheerfully. We encouraged him with our smiles.

The cellarman regarded us with gloomy wonder, and, heaving a heavy sigh, raised his lamp to the ceiling. It was covered with masses of fungi. The sigh was infectious, and we became sorrowful.

"Marvellous!" we murmured in awestricken whispers to one another, and looked (still carelessly) at the two large wine-glasses the cellarman was carrying tucked up like a half developed conjuring trick under his left arm.

Apparently pleased at the dismal effect he had produced upon us, he relaxed his features and very nearly smiled. Then he knelt down beside a barrel and tapped it savagely.

He produced a gimlet, bored a hole in the wood, and placed a wineglass before the aperture. A flow of port immediately followed. He washed out the glasses with the wine, and then filled them in a lavish manner with the same clear, inviting liquid.

He offered us the first glass. We pointedly insisted that everybody else should take the initial sip. The Encyclopedia (in the cause of science) ultimately was the first to test the vintage. He tested it—considerably. The second glass was put into requisition, and then we all tested the vintage—also considerably. A discussion followed as to whether it was quite old enough. And I am not sure that the committee (in the cause of science) would not have had another sip,



The Cellars and Buyers.

had they not discovered that their guide had closed the hole, and was already on his way back to the entrance. Still discussing the merits of the vintage, we joined arms and followed him. And here we were greatly pleased to find that although we had been some time in the vaults, the atmosphere, said to affect even confirmed abstainers, had not had the *slightest* effect upon us.

We changed our tone from gay to grave on entering the second storehouse, as we expected to meet another serious cellarman. Our new guide, however, was a contrast to the last, and seemed surprised at the extreme dignity of our demeanour. Anxious, no doubt, to cheer us up a little, he was profuse in his offers to "draw us some more." We found that sherry required (in the cause of science) a far more careful examination than port. We discovered also that our Encyclopedic companion was



The Exit. In Vino Veritas-ly.

not the only member of our party who could deliver a lecture. On the contrary, there was now a general inclination to express our sentiments simultaneously. Even the taciturn gentleman was heard to inform the genial cellarman, that he considered such and such a wine "decidedly nutty." After testing the sherry thoroughly, we ascended the upper air, and munched our biscuits heartily.

"What pleased me most—" observed the Encyclopædia, with grave decision. Then he paused, smiled slightly, but immediately changed the smile into a frown. We waited with a sort of languid interest to hear what was to follow. He smiled once more, said quickly something that sounded like "gotten what to say," and looked very fierce indeed.

Seeing this, my artistic friend, no doubt to create a diversion, told me that he had been greatly struck by an effect of light and shade. As he had some difficulty in explaining (though profuse of information) exactly what he meant, he kindly volunteered to reduce his impression to a study in black and white. With great rapidity he executed a picture in his note-book, which he then handed me with the explanation, "Don't see? Something o' that sort!" A fac-simile of the sketch is preserved in the margin. The Cavalry-looking Gentleman now seemed to think that sufficient justice not having been done to the port (although we had easy consciences about the sherry), the omission might be supplied by a return to the vault we had first visited. This suggestion (in the cause of science) was enthusiastically adopted, and then someone (I think it was the taciturn gentleman) proposed that we should go *en masse* to the play.



Docks-ology.

This idea was also carried by acclamation.

As my notes are a little out of order, I am not quite sure what followed next, but I know that before parting the Encyclopædia summoned us to the door of his cab to tell us "what-meant—just now to say."

"Strange!" said he, smiling affectionately at us through the window. "Strange—very strange! Atmosphere of Docks don't—'feet anybody! Hasn't 'fected any—us! Not slightest!"

We all agreed with him!

WHINES IN THE WOOD.

THERE is a market for everything, if one could only find out where the market is. From the following, which appeared in the *Era*, it would seem that stupidity is at a premium, and dulness by no means at a discount.

WANTED, WOODEN-HEADED FAMILY, AND DIALOGUE.

There are several families that we could recommend, also numerous people who favour us with ancient jokes, un-funny sketches, and abusive letters, who are probably as wooden-headed as this rash advertiser could desire; but, doubtless, his front-door has been besieged and his street blocked up by a crowd of applicants, who have, at least, a chance of earning an honest livelihood.

THE NEW "GHOST CLUB."

(The Substance of a Discourse delivered to the Serious Young Men's Intellectual and Social Union by Professor Sallus.)

SOME of you, my young friends, perhaps, imagine that Spiritualism has been killed by the exposure of catching a spirit—exploit performed not long ago at Peterborough. O, dear, no! Certainly, when the spirit was caught, the Medium was caught too. And caught out. Ah, yes. Caught out of her cabinet, and in a disguise. But not, therefore, Spiritualists plead in their papers, caught out shamming. They insist that, though the medium in such a case acts the spirit, she may act *bonâ fide*. That is, he or she (there being both cock and hen Mediums) acts in a state of unconscious metamorphosis. The spirit embodies itself in her flesh, and moulds her into its own form and dimensions with drapery superadded. As *Peter Quince* exclaims to bespirited Bottom: Bless thee, Medium, bless thee, thou art translated! So theorises a Spiritualist of no less note than Mr. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, the Natural Philosopher. I know what you'll say. More natural than philosopher. Don't. Supernatural rather than natural—Spiritualist. See *Light*—or see by *Light*. Here's your lucidity for Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD. Light, more light—on the subject. Mr. W.'s theory—WALLACE's, not WALKER's—perhaps takes rather too little account of the phosphorised oil, the mushin, the false beards, and other properties that have been found upon too many caught-out Mediums.

Spiritualism, my young friends, is still alive and kicking. Add, if you wish to be brutal, braying. A Society (see morning paper), entitled the Society for Physical Research, has just been established, with the view of "inquiring into a mass of obscure phenomena, which lie, at present, on the outskirts of our organised knowledge." There, indeed, you may think they do lie—some of them shamefully. They include supposed haunted houses, ghosts, and apparitions—spiritualistic and mediumistic inclusive.

Dr. JOHNSON once, turning the key of his room-door at Oxford, heard his mother, absent in the body, call "SAM!" But, he said, "Nothing came of it." Nothing has come of the old Cambridge "Ghost Club." Will anything more come of the New Ghost Club, the Society for Physical Research, so-named—unless Physical is a misprint for Psychical, or "metaphysical" in the Elizabethan vocabulary of the Divine WILLIAMS?

Now, what will you bet? Given scientific scrutiny under conditions altogether strictly and exclusive of humbug, what will any Spiritualist among you bet that any one spiritualistic phenomenon whatsoever will be proven? Will he bet five guineas? Will he bet five shillings? Is he game to bet so much as that comparatively small sum, five bob, on the demonstrable production, by spiritual agency, of even a single solitary rap?

If anybody, no matter who, were quite assured that the truth or falsehood of any ghost story, or other marvellous anecdote of modern date, was ascertainable by experiment, would he willingly wager five shillings—nay, half-a-crown, on its truth? "Upon my word 'tis true! And what will you lay it's a lie?" Wouldn't almost everybody's answer be—"Well, a considerable sum of money, if not any amount you like."

Go to, then. Or come, come, then. Perhaps few people accused of superstition are really, after all, quite so credulous as you may think. What's the faith that isn't worth five bob?

A HOLE AND CORNER REFORM.

THE Post-Office has broken the Sabbath in the same way that a timid boy throws a small stone against a pane of glass. The four millions of Londoners can only communicate with the provinces on Sunday night by sending to two or three railway termini about ten minutes before the starting of certain trains. As railway termini are not, by any means, in the centre of London, this official concession is more apparent than real. A four-wheel cab in Trafalgar Square, arranged as a collecting office, would beat the Government machinery, but then the Public would see it, and the Sabbath would be openly broken. The champions of Sunday stagnation are still strong enough to frighten a timid department.



Christmas Greeting.

[The Artist says that this is a Scotch joke—quite a side-splitter in North Britain—as "greeting," in Scotch, means crying. We hope he is right, and chance it.—Ed.]



UNCONSCIOUS REPORTEER.

Uncle Dick (an eminent R.A.). "WELL, JOHNNY, AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE?"

Johnny. "I SHALL BE A JUDGE, LIKE PAPA!"

Uncle Dick. "AH, BUT YOU HAVEN'T BRAINE ENOUGH, MY BOY!" Johnny. "OH, THEN I'LL BE AN ARTIST, LIKE YOU!"

"ROBERT" TRIUMPHANT!

As JEWELIUS SEIZENHER said on a sillybrated occasion, "Wine I, wide I, wice I!" so says I on a much more important one. (I don't of course know a bit what it means, but BROWN tells me it's the c'reekt card, as they says at Epsom.)

Be that as it may, I suddenly never thort as a few outspoken words of re-monsterance written in the hinner sense of my Art, would have had such a marvellous and sudden effec.

The LORD MARK has backed out, as a well bread and well broke Mare would wen she found as she was a running her hed bang against a brick wall, and now says, as "the credit of the Copperashun is jest the same thing as the credit of Grate Briton, and if as the world was to think wuss than they do of the one, they'd think much wusser of the t'other!"

Ah, them's summut like sentiments them is! Rayther diffrent from his timid tork about the wheels wanting iling, and the old forms being encumbersome; and all this sudden change caused by a few troothful words from a pore Waiter! Ah, what a thing Trooth is, isn't it, Mr. LANNYHEER? And now General Alderman HANSON follows sute again, as in course he should when it's the right 'un and not the wrong 'un, and sends word by a old mewtual friend as how as won he said what he did say about Copperashun Reform he didn't speak as a Ship-righter but as a Ironmonger who deals in Irony. Ah, my gallant Master of Hearts that's a werry two-edged sword that is, and sumtimes cuts our own hands instead of our enemys' heds.

It's allus best to be plane and a buyboard, and then even a pore Waiter can understand you.

I was perfeshunally engaged at the Lawyers Temple when the QUEEN cum for to open the Law Courts, and a fine time we had of it suddenly. The ellygant lunch, and it wasn't a bad 'un not by no means, was all laid out in the big Tent the night afore, and all the Cats of the nayburhood, who being of course all Lawyers cats never has a bit too much to eat, you may be sure, all come a-swarming in in reg'lar droves, and seized and carried off the chickens jest as if

they was so many mice, roast or biled was all the same to them, and to sich an xtent was it carried that our hole nobel Army of Waiters had to keep gard all night with carving knives drawn, ready like MACDUFF, to defend all our pretty chickens with their or rather our Dams, as there was plenty of these last all over the place, and I don't mean the old Hens, their Mothers.

I may say korseenhusly that we defended many of them to the werry last extremity, which in this case would of course be the back bone. We releevd gard every two hours, and if it hadn't bin that BROWN is a capital hand at mixing Punch, we should ha' been a-most frozen to death. I suddenly never saw a more sleepy lot of Waiters than we all looked nex mornin.

I was particklar anksbus to get into the Law Courts, not to see the QUEEN, and the Royal Family, God bless 'em all, I've offun had that plezzur, and herd their health drunk prapa offener than any living man; but I wanted specially to see the Queen's Beef-Eaters. Of course that's all perfeshnal taste; but I suddenly did werry much want to see the effec of sticking constantly to one kind of food, and I suckseeded, thanks principally to all the company as warn't Solgers or Lawyers, being drest just like us Waiters, so I managed to pass in with the rest; and I say at once, without any dowt or esitation, that Her Majesty's Beef-Eaters does credit to their national food.

It was a werry fine site on the hole, but wanted more culler. Of course I'm crittycal, seeing wot I sees in the City. But for a commical show give me about 300 barrysters all up in one corner, with their horse-hair wigs on, looking for all the world like a enormous bed of collyflowers just beginning to run to seed! I was told by a werry communicative Gent as how as the Siamese Ambassadors, who was there in all their glory, was not Twins, and they suddenly didn't look like it. One thing as struck me werry forcibly was the Queen's Trumpeters. Ah, they was sumthink like Trumpeters they was! They only had one chance, but didn't they just make use of it! When they'd quite done, as we all thort, without nobody asking 'em, they all began all over again, and blew their own trumpets louder than anybody as I've ever herd, and I've herd a good



A CHANGE OF "PARTS."

(CHRISTMAS THEATRICALS AT ST. STEPHEN'S.)

W. E. G. (*Portuguese to the Theatre*). "NOW, SIR CHARLES, WHAT AM I TO MAKE YOU UP AS?"

many people play upon that familer instrument many hundred times.

I was glad to hear afterwards that the QUEEN wasn't at all frightened at the butifal Griffin, as Captain SHAW LEFEVER had feared, but acshally larfed at it with admiration. The one thort that filled my manly busom at the Temple Luncheon was, that upon the whole I suddenly had never seen a finer display of magnificent appetites in the whole course of my waried career.

ROBERT.

THE SILVER KING;

OR, BEAUTIFUL AS A BUTLER.

THE DRAMA at the Princess's, written by Messrs. A. JONES—not the JONES, only A JONES,—and HENRY HERMAN, is, except for one fault, well constructed, carefully written, admirably placed on the stage, forcibly played by the men, weakly by the women, but sufficiently interesting from first to last when once the spectator has granted the rather improbable basis on which the whole action rests,—though 'tis fair to say that the action never does "rest" any more than do the villains of the play, who carry on their work with unflagging spirit.



"O Ware and O Ware!"

The situation in Scene 3, Act I., which brings down the Curtain, and the house, on the termination of some remarkably fine acting on Mr. WILSON BARRETT's part, specially as *Denver* the Drunkard, is, we believe, thoroughly new and original. *Denver* has come to kill *Geoffrey Ware*, but, stupified by drink, only wakes up to find himself alone with the corpse of *Geoffrey*, who has been shot by the captain of a gang of burglars. Then *Denver*, after stretching himself, and exclaiming, "Where am I? Where? Where?" approaches the body, starts, and echoes his own question, "Ware! Is this Some Ware, or No Ware, or Hard Ware? Is it Summer Ware or Winter Ware? Good Ware? A Wash and a Ware? Here's Ware—on the floor—and not in the Great Bed of Ware!" Gradually, as these misty notions—the last remaining effects of beer and skittles at "The Wheatsheaf," Clerkenwell—clear away, *Denver* fancies that he has murdered *Ware* without himself being aware! Then he staggers off, and rushes, through the *entr'acte*, back to his own house, where he confesses to his wife what he thinks he has done, and his wife (Miss EASTLAKE) hurries him off disguised as his own butler, the latter generously advancing forty pounds out of his hard-earned savings to help his murdering master to make away with himself as quickly as possible.



Latest News. "Hooray! I'm dead!"

Mr. GEORGE BARRETT throughout is excellent—a true artist. The weak point of the piece is that the sensation scene of the murder comes in the First Act; and though there are four Acts, and about fourteen scenes more, no such thrilling situation as this occurs again. Mr. WILLARD's *Spider*, a sort of modern *Robert Macaire*, is, as far as we are capable of judging such a character, a very clever performance. He is associated with three comic villains—reminding every playgoer of the accomplices of *Lesurque* in *The Courier of Lyons*—played, without very much exaggeration, by Messrs. CLIFFORD COOPER, CHARLES COOTE, and FRANK HUNTLEY. At the end of Act II. *Denver* reads of his own supposed death in a railway accident, and he is free.



Willard the Willin; or, the Spider and the Fly.

And now comes either a very weak point, or real touch of nature, according to the view of each individual spectator. Being free, *Denver* does not at once go to his wife, and say, "Now we'll be off!" nor does he go away to Boulogne, for example—(very few people, by the way, would think of going to Boulogne, for example; but we didn't mean *that*)—taking the name of JONES or HERMAN, and from that salubrious sea-port send for his wife and child to come out to him, and share his new name, and probable fortune. No; he makes use of his liberty, and of as much as remains of the confiding Butler's forty sovereigns, to bolt to Australia, leaving his wife and child behind him to get on as best they can, and sponge to any extent on *Daniel Jaikes*, the aged domestic above mentioned.

The man who takes a cynical view of married life, would at once say that *Denver*, with forty pounds in his pocket and free to call himself anything he likes and to begin the world again as a bachelor without responsibility, would naturally go away and enjoy himself; but the Respectable Member of Society, or the inexperienced Lover, would take the other line and say, "Of course, he might go away; but, hang it all, he'd at once send for his wife and child—which he could do in perfect safety." We do not pretend to decide: Messrs. JONES and HERMAN make him go away, give him a silver-mine, and then bring him back to his own native land, dressed much in the style of that lugubrious person, the husband of *Mrs. Haller*, once well known and indeed popular as "The Stranger," with white hair, a Guy-Fawkes hat, and an invincible propensity for wearing disguises and making long speeches just at a time when everybody most wants the Play to be "getting on." However, Mr. WILSON BARRETT & Co. must be satisfied that the Play is getting on uncommonly well.

Then the Silver King disguises himself as a modern "poor Tom's a-cold," and easily deceives the knowing ones, who open the door and take him in, when he in turn takes them in, and, mastered by some unaccountable desire to frighten the villains with a melodramatic attitude, he starts up among the hales and barrels in the marine-store-dealer's place, and exclaims "I am WILFRED DENVER!" which so takes them aback that, though they are armed and are four to one, they actually let him escape scot free. "Conscience makes cowards of us all," we know; but, as not one of these blackguards ever had any conscience, and as Captain *Spider* possesses the greatest sang-froid possible, this situation is comparatively tame. The remainder of the play is the return of the dead 'un, reminding us of *La Joie fait Peur*. Good plays, like good men, have their little weaknesses, but, making allowance for these, our friends in



Return of Mr. Barrett as "The Stranger," or Bogle the Silvery Haired King.

Mr. Barrett still as "The Stranger" makes his Missie halier! The Butler weeps at a reminiscence of his Childhood.

front cannot do better than pass an evening in the company of *The Silver King; or, Beautiful as a Butler*. And they won't see much better acting of its kind than that of Mr. WILSON BARRETT in the earlier part of the play, and of Mr. WILLARD and Mr. GEORGE BARRETT throughout.

Now that ARABI's trial is finished, Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM sincerely trusts that all the European Powers will settle down quietly and smoke the Calomel of peace.

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A BAD ENDING.

"WELL, WILLIAM, WHAT'S BECOME OF ROBERT?"
 "WHAT, 'AVEN'T YOU 'EARD, SIR!" "NO! NOT DEFUNCT, I HOPE!"
 "THAT'S JUST EXACTLY WHAT HE 'AS DONE, SIR, AND WALKED OFF WITH
 EVERYTHING HE COULD LAY HIS 'ANDS ON!"

A PERFECT CURE.

By a species of good luck, for which I can never be sufficiently thankful, I found myself seated at dinner, last week, by the side of one of the most eminent Physicians of the day. He was courteous, good-natured, full of fun and anecdote, knew all about Actors and Actresses, to me always a matter of great and almost absorbing interest, had attended Royalty, and some of the most eminent men in Art, Science, and Literature. I was, of course, charmed and delighted with his conversation, which never flagged, but passed from grave to gay, from lively to severe with the greatest facility. But what surprised me to a degree that I can scarcely express, was to see the delightfully free and easy way in which he partook of almost every dish that was contained in a most liberal and varied menu. There was no declining all the luxuries of the table from cowardly fear of indigestion, but rich sauces, stewed mushrooms, *Pâté-de-foies-gras*, *Vol-au-vent* of Lobster, all were welcomed and all, apparently, enjoyed. And as to wines, no nonsense about keeping to one colour for him, but Punch, Sherry, Hook, Champagne, and Port, were all partaken of, each in its turn, but all, I am bound to say, in moderation.

As much astonished at what I saw as I was charmed with what I heard, I ventured, with all that refined delicacy for which I have been long rather remarkable, to gently insinuate that I should much like to know to what he attributed his possession of such remarkably fine powers of digestion, when, without the slightest hesitation or doubt, he revealed to me the most important and satisfactory information that I have ever received in my long and varied career.

In order, said he, to live a life of peace and comfort and enjoyment, perfect peace, thorough comfort, and supreme enjoyment,

A ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.

(Just about this Festive Season in full bloom.)

Know ye the flower that just now blows,
 In the middle of Winter—the Christmas Rose?
 A plant, indeed, of the Crowfoot kind,
 Not really a Rose—but never mind.
 It blooms out o' doors in the garden bed,
 Its petals are white with a tinct of red.
 Though it lacketh perfume to regale the nose,
 To the eyes right fair is the Christmas Rosé.

A fiddlestick's end for the frosts and snows;
 Sing hey, sing ho, for the Christmas Rose!

Your Christmas Rose is a lowly flower,
 But a herb with a root of marvellous power,
Helleborus niger—the hellebore,
 Which the leeches, both Latin and Greek, of yore,
 In high repute as a remedy had,
 Withal to physic the crazed and mad.
 So lunatics, as the story goes,
 They sent to the Isle of the Christmas Rose.

A fiddlestick's end, &c.

No Colney Hatch was known to men,
 No such institution as Hanwell, then.
 No Bedlam had they, but, in Bedlam's room,
 Ye might say, the Anti-Bedlam bloom.
 Were hellebore still held a herb of grace
 That could heal the patients in such a place;
 Would the Medical Faculty now suppose
 They could mad folk mend with the Christmas Rose?

A fiddlestick's end, &c.

Such virtue in sooth had hellebore,
 That health of mind it would restore,
 What a goodly New Year's Gift 'twould be
 To others, of course, than you and me!
 For to most of ourselves the fact is plain,
 Great part of the world around's insane.
 And what a relief to Ireland's woes
 The Shamrock to twine with the Christmas Rose!

A fiddlestick's end, &c.

The Market in the Market.

At last the Duke of BEDFORD has shown a desire to meet the public wants, and has practically offered Covent Garden Market and a large block of adjacent property to the Metropolitan Board of Works. A Board so largely composed of builders and architects can surely not resist this tempting offer?

without a thought of Physicians, or any such necessary nuisances, and in a truly blessed state of ignorance of physiology or any such twaddle, two things, and two things only, are necessary, and those two things are, plenty of good hard work and plenty of good high living. With these two in thorough combination every man would lead a life of thorough enjoyment, and, barring accidents, go to his rest at a ripe old age without a pang.

But, continued my Guide, Philosopher, and Friend, the misfortune is, that the large majority of mankind addict themselves to one or other of these equally necessary matters, but not to both; the consequence is that those who work hard without living superbly wear out their ill-used bodies, and live and die miserably; while those who live luxuriously and freely without working hard, live a life of trial and suffering and gout, and their end is not peace.

I never listened to words of wisdom with more perfect faith, and thanking my kind instructor for his admirable and timely lecture, to his faith in which he continued to give me a practical example, I at once resolved to follow out his suggestions whenever that good fortune which I have been so long anticipating shall at last arrive. In the meantime I give the world the benefit of my kind Physician's priceless prescription.

AN OUTSIDER.

A REAL CHRISTMAS PUDDING.—Take a ton of Strand mud—there is plenty to spare—and mix it with two hundred weight of the experimental stones which are laid about once a month at the Pall Mall end of Waterloo Place. Garnish it with a few rotten cabbage-leaves from Mud-Salad Market, which have been wafted almost into the inner yard of Marlborough House, and then serve it up at the first Vestry dinner you can find. You can serve it according to temper.

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